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STORMS AND SUNSHINE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE

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OF

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

LT.-GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE, C.B.

1825-1881

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CHAPTER XXII.

MARRIAGE—AND TOURS.

(1843–46.)

THE news of the outbreak at Kabul in November, reached England only in the following March. Nothing beyond the bare fact of Burnes' murder was known until Lady Sale's letter brought further intelligence of it. One paragraph, said:—"Mackenzie defended the fort he was in until his ammunition was expended, and then cut his way in. Has three wounds." Then nothing more was heard for weeks. Terrible as are the shocks conveyed by telegrams, they are at least better than wearing suspense. But now Mackenzie was free. He reached England some time in June, and came to Malvern, where Admiral and Mrs. Douglas with their two daughters were staying, in July. Four years had elapsed; he was at liberty "to speak;" and he spoke to such good purpose that they became engaged on the 25th July while on a visit to his sister, Mrs. King King.

Admiral Douglas was at this time eighty-six. He had gone to sea at eleven, and for forty years had never been on shore for three months at a time. He had married at the termination of his active career as Commander-in-Chief of the West Indian and North American Station, and still

retained a remarkable amount of health and vigour—together with all the large-heartedness and warm affections which had distinguished him through life. He had long been very anxious that his eldest daughter should marry, but had left her quite free to refuse. He had always liked Mackenzie, and had been greatly interested in his doings in Afghanistan, expressing an emphatic opinion that "Colin Mackenzie was a fine fellow;" and when informed of the state of the case he consented at once, and told his daughter "she could not have chosen any man he thought so highly of," and that "he never saw one he would so willingly give her to."

It is characteristic of Mackenzie's earnest character that just after their engagement we find this entry in the journal of his betrothed:—

"Colin asked me if I liked to look forward to the end, to death, and the world beyond; and we agreed that the prospect of eternity enhanced *infinitely* present happiness. We like to remember that this is but a little bit of our life, and by familiarising ourselves with the view of death we learn to enjoy everything more richly from the happy prospect beyond, and to dread the dark and narrow passage to it far less. When he remarked that some would think this a strange topic for him to entertain me with, I could not help feeling that no other conversation could have given me the same deep pleasure or endeared him to me half so much."

The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 21st November 1843; Lieutenant Haughton, now nearly recovered, being one of the six "best men" who accompanied the bridegroom. A cousin of the bride, Patrick M. Stewart, long M.P. for Renfrewshire, still remembered with affection by many, and one of the best of speakers, chose to enlighten the company on "The Romance of Real Life," of which this was the result, and paid a

graceful compliment to the two "Heroes of Afghanistan" present.

On returning to civilised life the captives had with regret shaved their beards, for the Crimean war had not yet revived the custom of wearing them; but Mackenzie and Macgregor retained the moustache, though that manly ornament was then almost unknown in England.

The newly-married pair soon took up their quarters in London at the house of Mrs. Carpenter, Mackenzie's sister, which she had offered them. Then followed a winter of much fatigue and excitement. Although they went to no evening parties, yet they dined out on an average three times a week. Almost all the officers returning from Afghanistan were constantly at their house, sometimes with exciting stories, sometimes with serious business, such as the vindication of the dead or absent, or the redress of injustice to survivors.

Mackenzie was enthusiastically received at an India House dinner, and at the anniversary of the Highland Society; but he steadily refused to be made a lion of, and declined the most flattering invitations from strangers, even when conveyed by Lord Auckland. But there were numerous acquaintances he could not avoid forming, many of which (especially with the family of General Elphinstone) ripened into friendship. Two were specially interesting, one with Mr. Babbage, the other with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Both of us observed with pain the wrong impression produced on the public mind by the publication of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. The idea given of that warm-hearted genial friend is quite contrary to the truth. The morbid outpourings of a heartbroken man have been laid bare to those who knew him not, who never saw the humorous expression which took the bitterness out of some exaggerated sketch of a man or his doings, and who did

not know how faithful he was in friendship, how simple, pleasant, and kind in social intercourse. Mrs. Allan Cunninghame said that no words could express the kindness of the Carlyles, when she lost her eldest son Joe. Many delightful evenings were spent with him and his clever wife. I being then slightly deaf, Carlyle would come and sit by me and repeat anything I did not happen to hear, and the impression of sharpness was given rather by Mrs. Carlyle than by her husband. When we called in Cheyne Row twelve years later we were as warmly received as if they had parted from us the day before. Even after Carlyle had lost his beloved wife he came in to see his old friends, and, sad and broken as he was, showed much of his former warmth. On one occasion Carlyle dined with us to meet Mountstuart Elphinstone, and it was interesting to note how two men of such different antecedents fraternised on the spot, each recognising the noble qualities of the other. Carlyle spoke the broadest Annandale dialect and was very blunt in manner. His laugh was quite infectious, it was such a genial roar. He had no faith in phrenology—said "two bottles may be the same shape, but ye canna tell whether they hold brandy or small beer"—but affirmed that a long head invariably indicated talent. Burns had the longest head he ever saw. When his coffin was opened Carlyle put his own hat on the bare skull—it would just go on. He said decidedly that Dr. Johnson had done far more good by his writings than Coleridge, that the former had made a vast change for the better in English literature. Coleridge, he said, was "the maist we-e-erisome mortal possible to hear, he went on and on and you never could make out what he would be at—he just considered you a pail, into which he poured out his ideas, and no matter what you said, he continued pouring away. He was a weak man, could not give up opium till he hired a man to prevent him

from taking it. A weak man is not fit for the service; he should just leave the ranks; he's not fit for the world." He added that he felt inclined to say to Coleridge, "Eh mon, tell us what you *do* mean." Mr. Elphinstone told Carlyle the story of Mahmud of Ghazni paying the famous poet Ferdusi, for the labour of thirty years in writing the Shah Nameh, with a sack full of coppers. Carlyle expressed vehement contempt, laughed heartily at his own wrath, and then asked "Is this Ferdusi dead?" Another very interesting dinner-party was in honour of General Avitabile, who had suddenly arrived in London. No less than five languages were spoken at table. Avitabile related the mutiny at Peshawar to me, and two ladies at the other end of the table declared that they heard *uccidere* and *ammazzare* (kill and slay) at every second word. My husband had long before this fully regained his spirits, and used to say: "I feel quite a boy again. I feel like Job in his latter days."

He had of course appealed to the Home Authorities for redress in regard to his pay and allowances, but it is very unusual to obtain redress against a Governor-General, and the President of the Board of Control (Lord Ripon), "out of *delicacy to Lord Ellenborough*," referred the matter back to him! with what result may be imagined.

All the late captives were naturally opposed to Lord Ellenborough. On some one saying he ought to be impeached, Mr. Haughton replied: "If he were impeached, I would buy a new hat for the occasion." One of the ladies cried: "And I a new bonnet." Mr. Haughton rejoined in his deliberate way: "I would give alms to the poor." Lord Ellenborough had become more and more regardless of the Court of Directors. He would not even give them the customary appellation of "Honourable Masters," neither would he behave as *their* Governor-General. Their dissatis-

faction with him came to a climax in April, but the opposition of the Board of Control prevented them from recalling him. It so happened that among our warmest friends were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lindsay and Lady Jane Hamilton, who was staying with them. One Sunday (21st April) the Duke of Wellington paid a visit to his old friend Lady Jane, and gave both her and Mr. Lindsay clearly to understand that he agreed with them in their condemnation of Lord Ellenborough. Mr. Lindsay went the next day to the India House, related this conversation, told the twenty-two directors present that he did not think the Duke was one who would not avow in public what he had said in private, and the whole twenty-three signed the letter recalling Lord Ellenborough on the spot. Mr. Lindsay came home much pleased and much excited, was taken ill that evening, and died in his sleep. When some days after, Sir Robert Peel briefly announced the Governor-General's recall, the Duke openly disapproved of it! However, the deed was done. On learning it Lord Ellenborough was furious, left Government House at once, and went to one belonging to the Nawab Nizám at Alipur. However, after a few days, he was persuaded to return, so as not to make a scandal. The news gave lively satisfaction to the other members of his Government. Mr. Cameron wrote to Mackenzie (13th July 1844):—

"I never drew up any document with more alacrity than the notification for the *Gazette* that the Government being vacant had devolved upon the member in Council next in rank. Lord E. did not come into Council, and I did not see him for two days after. He was then in apparently good spirits, and said in his wild way: 'Do you know why they did not send Hardinge here as Commander-in-Chief?' 'No,' said I, 'I do not.' 'Because,' replied he, 'it was thought that when he and I got together no one could tell where we should go to!'"

In June 1844 we began a delightful round of visits among relations and friends, chiefly in Scotland, which did more than anything else to restore his shattered health. He had also become a convert to homœopathy, to which he faithfully adhered ever after. Among our visits was a charming one to Culhorn, a long stay at Crossmount, near Loch Rannoch, and a most interesting one at Taymouth.

Landseer and Lord C—— R—— arrived at Taymouth during our stay. The former was very amusing and full of anecdote. He told of the well-known Lady Holland saying that she "did not know how she would have got over Lord Holland's death if that dear boy Edgar" (a stalwart page) "had not read *Tom Jones* to her." Colin described how Dr. Wolff had rushed at him and kissed him on first meeting, and then related the martyrdom of Stoddart and Conolly, and Wolff's steadfastness when threatened with death by the tyrant of Bokhara. Lord C—— said with a languid drawl: "Why shouldn't he turn Musalman?" The answer was prompt: "Because he believes the words of our Saviour, 'he that denieth me before men him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven;' and although Wolff is an eccentric and odd man, yet I do not think he would save his life in this world to lose his soul in the next."

Her Majesty and the Prince had paid their first visit to Taymouth the year before, and it was still so difficult for people in those parts to realise that any one could be greater than "Breadalbane," that a toll-keeper said to Menzies of Chesthill, "It was weel dune o' Breadalbane to countenance the Queen and she sae far frae her ain hame."

A good deal of superstition still lingered in the Highlands. A boatman on the Tummel told us that there were still some witches farther north. A young lady replied she had heard there was one in Glenlyon. "She ought to be

burned up at once," was the energetic rejoinder. Colonel Macdonald of —— related that he, in common with others of the Macdonalds, is believed by the people to have the power of curing diseases by "handling." A man lately came to him whose thumb had been cut off, hoping that Colonel Macdonald could make it grow on again.

When my husband "came home" (to use the pathetic idiom of our exiles in India) he was naturally wholly ignorant of the merits of the Free Church controversy, and rather disinclined to a body commonly accused of wishing to establish clerical supremacy. The press and the English nation in general do not distinguish between the supremacy of the Church over the State claimed by Rome, and the supremacy of the Church over her own members in spiritual things. The Parliament and people of England, like Bishop Ryle, to this day see no other alternative than the supremacy of Church over State, or of State over Church. They have wholly lost sight of the fact that the Lord has set up a kingdom on earth of which He alone is the King and Head, of which the subjects are those who obey the truth, and in which the Bible is the only law; that this kingdom is as distinct from civil government, also established by God, *now* as it was in the days of Paul and Nero; that in all civil matters we are subject to Cæsar, but in all spiritual and church matters to the Lord Jesus Christ alone. I had imbibed these doctrines of the Church of Scotland firmly before the Disruption, but, finding he knew nothing of the merits of the case, I let the subject alone, feeling sure he would change his views when he came to understand the question. I had not long to wait. During our stay in Ayrshire he accompanied his host to an ordination in the Established Church, and was greatly pained and disgusted at the levity and even coarseness of the conversation at the ordination dinner. He began to think there might be good

reasons for leaving such a body. Subsequently, at Grangemuir, Lady William Douglas lent him Baptist Noel's pamphlet on the question, which satisfied his mind. The preaching of Mr. Wood at Elie and intercourse with Dr. Burns of Toronto, and a large party of Free Church ministers at Taymouth, determined him to join the Free Church, of which he was ever after a warm adherent.

In England men have left the Established Church because they dissented from some part of her formularies. In Scotland every secession has been for the sake of closer adherence to the standards and principles of the Church. The strongest bees swarmed into a new hive, and ever and anon there has been a fresh revival of zeal, and the process has been repeated. At the disruption the Church, as a body, disestablished herself. In 1844, therefore, after losing her best men and every one of her missionaries, the Establishment was at its worst. But since then faithful men have been growing up within her borders, and if they hold fast the old standards of the Church, the most earnest and devout among them, will probably "come out," unless the Establishment ceases to exist.

At that time party spirit still ran very high. Masters dismissed faithful servants and even tenants who joined the Free Church, and sites for building were generally refused, causing great hardship both to ministers and people. We came across several instances of this sort of persecution, which roused Mackenzie's generous indignation. For instance, opposite the Inn at Thornhill (Dumfriesshire), where almost all had joined the Free Church, there was a pulpit of wood very like a pigeon-house, used by the Free Church ministers, as the owner of the land refused a site for building. The maid was asked what the people did when it rained, as the benches were wholly without shelter. She said: "Oh, they just sit on and put up their umbrellas." In another case a

most excellent minister, felt keenly the pang of leaving his beautiful manse, though he had resolved to join the Free Church. His wife, took a small house while he was at the Assembly, and had the shop and back room thrown into one. One end was the minister's study, the dining-table was in the middle, and at the other end the piano and sofa. They had no servant except a woman, who came in part of the day to do the roughest work.

Only two peers joined the Free Church, and it was looked upon almost as a loss of caste to do so. A lady summed up her objections to it by saying it was "very vulgar and very expensive." But neither entreaty nor sarcasm could move Colin Mackenzie when his mind was made up, and he attended the ministry of Dr. Beith at Stirling in spite of both.

In Edinburgh a kind introduction from Lord Breadalbane brought us the great pleasure of Dr. Chalmers' acquaintance. My husband attended none but Free Churches, save the English Chapel of his dear friend the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond, who was in full sympathy with them. On his return to India he greatly enjoyed the ministry of John Macdonald and the friendship of Dr. Duff, Dr. Ewart, Dr. Mackay in Calcutta. Although now a decided Presbyterian, he still admired the English Liturgy, but his liking for it diminished, and latterly he never attended it, if he had any alternative. He would occasionally communicate in the Church of England, but he always refused to be present at the baptismal service, because he did *not* believe that "the child is regenerate" as soon as it is baptized; but held strongly that man could only give "the outward sign," and that "the invisible grace" was the gift of the Holy Spirit direct to the soul of the believer.

Two things in that eight months' tour were very striking. We only heard one bad sermon, and only met one

maid-servant who had not an intelligent apprehension of the question between the Free Church and the Establishment, surely characteristic facts of the state of Scotland. My husband always deeply lamented the schism between the upper and lower classes in Scotland, caused by the gentlemen becoming Episcopalians. This division is a new thing in Scottish history, and unhappily it is every day widening.

In August 1845 we took our two elder daughters[1] with a governess *via* Hamburg to Dresden, where we were joined by a very dear old friend, Mrs. Edwards, her son, and daughter, with whom we had the happiness of spending a year. On board the steamer were two fine-looking Jews, master and servant, from Bokhara. They were both exceedingly ill, and my husband doctored them and wrapped them up in his cloaks, for which, when they recovered, they rewarded him by a good deal of information, assuring him that the people of Bokhara would have hailed a British force as deliverers.

At the end of September he took me to Berlin that he might be present at the manœuvres of the Prussian army. General von Gerlach, to whom Chevalier Bunsen had given him a letter, being absent in Pomerania, commended him to the care of Captain Leopold von Orlich, well known for his interesting *Travels in India*. Captain von Orlich got quarters and a horse for him at a place four German miles from Berlin, where the troops were. He was obliged to leave me at the hotel, as, had I gone on horseback, so unprecedented a sight might have caused a fit of apoplexy to more than one old officer, for at that time ladies did not ride in Prussia.

On arriving at Jühnsdorf he was most kindly welcomed by a benevolent old gentleman, who turned out to

[1] By his first marriage.

be Baron Knesebeck, who was hospitably giving quarters to about seventy officers, who were stowed away five or six in a room. All received the stranger with the frank cordiality of soldiers, and admired his skill in shaving himself with cold water and without a looking-glass by fixing his eyes on a nail. Among others, he was greatly pleased with Ratibor Count Wrschowitz, of a very old Bohemian family, whom he described as saying his prayers lying flat in bed with his hands joined, like an ancient knight on a monument. The next morning the good old Baron superintended their breakfast, bringing in sweet cakes with his own hands.

On the ground Orlich presented the stranger to the Prince of Prussia,[1] who, on the King's arrival, commanded an A.D.C. to present him to His Majesty. The King was most gracious to both the English officers present, and during the manœuvres came up to talk to them with as much frankness as any gentleman doing the honours to his friends. He was surprised at my husband's youthful appearance, and said: "What! are you a captain already?" All the princes were most amiable, simple, and courteous, as were all the officers, without exception. According to the good German fashion, every officer and soldier salutes every other, so that my husband declared that his hand never left the peak of his shako. He had been provided with a troop horse who reared straight up and would not stand still a moment. The manœuvres were very interesting, and he could only detect one serious blunder, viz. that the attacking party left a regiment of cavalry drawn up in front of their adversary's battery, and this was immediately pointed out by the King. He spent three days at Jühnsdorf, and Baron Knesebeck showed him an arm-chair, the only piece of furniture left to him when the French plundered his house. Riding out early next morning my husband heard a

[1] The present grand old Emperor.

friendly voice behind him say: "Good morning, Captain Mackenzie, how are you?" "Very well, thank you, Sir, how are you?" and turning, found that his friend was the Prince of Prussia! The King greeted him in the same kindly way, besides coming up to speak to him afterwards. He dined with the Prince of Prussia, and when he took leave of Baron von dem Knesebeck, the good old man with tears in his eyes kissed him on both cheeks, and said he could not express the pleasure he had had in making his acquaintance, and that although they might not meet again in this world, he trusted that they would hereafter, adding: "I shall probably go first, and I will bespeak you a *logis*." Finding that he would be invited to accompany the King to the Opera and to sup with him afterwards, he begged Captain von Orlich to prevent the invitation, as he would be obliged to decline it, and asked him to tell His Majesty that he never went to any theatre, which Orlich promised to do.

He and Captain von Orlich formed a great attachment to one another. The latter was a small man with a most intelligent expression and eagle eye, very ambitious, but ambitious of distinguishing himself, and not merely of being distinguished. He told us many interesting things. He had a sister who died young. In 1815 she was esteemed the most beautiful girl in Berlin. When old Blücher returned from Paris he went up to her at a grand ball and said: "You are betrothed to such a distinguished officer, and you are such a beautiful lady, that I *must* dance with you."

Blücher's two grandsons, not having passed the examination necessary before becoming officers, he went in great wrath to the King, whom he had the privilege of seeing at all times, and said: "Sire, my two grandsons have not passed their examination, and they are not to become officers! I have examined them, and they know a great deal more

than I do, and yet I am Your Majesty's Field Marshal!" The King comforted him and promised that they should receive their commissions.

On the 25th there was a very interesting sham fight. Twelve thousand were to force their way, in spite of an imaginary enemy, to the gates of Berlin. They carried the village of Mariendorf, and then advanced in close column, three deep, instead of our "thin red line." He never saw men march so steadily and well, yet one-third of them were only raised ten months ago. They drill three hours a day. The march past at the close was most beautiful, and, even in charging, the cavalry preserved the line perfectly. The only things with which fault could be found were the long traces between the artillery wheelers and leaders, the weakness of the cavalry horses, and the practice of keeping the bayonet always fixed, which fatigues the soldier, unsteadies his aim, renders him liable to wound himself, and is of no use, as it is the affair of a moment to "fix bayonets."

My husband was invited on the field to dine with His Majesty. The dinner at the palace was in the magnificent ball-room, of white marble decorated with silver. About 200 were present, but no ladies except the princesses and their suite. Captains Mackenzie and St. Clair were about to take their places at the centre table, which was in little request, when the Grand Chamberlain came to conduct them to seats nearly opposite the King. The soldiers on duty were some of the handsomest men in the army, and instead of pages the royal family were attended by cadets. The young Princess of the Netherlands amused herself with feeding one of them, a very little fellow, with bonbons, which his comrades endeavoured to pillage from him, and one, not satisfied with eating a sweetmeat, licked his kid glove as a finale. A magnificent band played during dinner. The King then rose, and in the most hearty manner pro-

posed the health of his uncle, Prince Henry, now at Rome, and, having tossed off a bumper in his honour, he gave—'The Army and its Generalissimo the Prince of Prussia.' Many of the guards were veteran soldiers with three or four orders and medals, for whom all the old officers had either a little joke or a kindly bow.

The court dinner-hour was four o'clock, so that the guests were at home again before seven. The invitations were conveyed verbally by a courteous official, who carried a list of the proposed guests.

Directly on returning from Pomerania General von Gerlach came to call. It was a very interesting visit. The General was a truly Christian man, for many years Adjutant, or, as we should say, Aide-de-camp or Equerry to Frederic William IV. when Crown Prince. It was his duty to accompany his royal master to the theatre, but he would never go farther than the door, where he made his bow. Frederick William III. was devoted to the drama, but his son took little interest in it, and only cared for some Greek plays, which he caused to be reproduced and which put every one else to sleep. On the other hand, when on some State occasion His Majesty attended a ballet, he invariably slept all the time. General von Gerlach pronounced the theatre "*une chose abominable.*" He made many inquiries as to the state of religion in England, and said Ronge, the founder of the Lichtfreunde, was a mere Socinian. Prediger von Gerlach, the General's brother, is the only minister in Berlin who preaches against the theatre, and who refuses to remarry divorced persons. The present king made an attempt to secure the better observation of the Sabbath, and made people shut up their shops, and it was his intention to decrease the facilities for divorce. Infidelity is very common. An English officer in the Prussian service told us he did not think there was a man

in his regiment who read the Bible otherwise than as a common book.

We of course visited Potsdam, and saw the metal sarcophagus in which Frederick the Great is "beigesetzt," as the Germans aptly express this mode of disposing of the body above ground. Napoleon visited it, and, laying his hand on it, said: "*S'il était vivant je ne serais pas ici.*" Only one-fourth of the garrison can attend public worship at a time. This garrison church was lately the scene of a ludicrous ceremony. The Emperors Alexander and Francis and the late King of Prussia wished to be buried together to commemorate the "Holy Alliance;" but as this could not be done, their three uniforms were actually interred together with much ceremony last year at Potsdam. The late King himself designed the coffin for his clothes, and the funeral took place on Sunday, after church, all the garrison being under arms! It was of these three Sovereigns that the Court Circular recorded that, having ascended a hill, the "Allerhöchsten Herrschaften beteten zum Höchsten"—the *Most Highest* (Sovereigns) prayed to the "Most High!"

There was another very agreeable dinner-party at the Prince of Prussia's. The Princess is a very charming person, with perfect manners, not the least condescending, but full of quiet dignity and kindness. She spoke to every one. The Prince of Prussia asked Colonel Clunie if he had been in the war in Afghanistan, and on his replying that he had not been so fortunate, His Royal Highness answered, "*Ah, c'était une campagne pleine de malheurs, et d'honneur,*" turning towards my husband with a bow. This dinner was also exclusively military, no ladies being present save the Princess and two of her maids of honour. When the two officers took leave, the Prince shook hands with them, and told Colin he hoped to see him again in Berlin.

The German officers were much better informed about the East than people in England. Indeed the King complained to a friend of ours that he never could get any information about India from English gentlemen, remarking emphatically: "Something will surely happen one day which will compel them to inform themselves about India."

The Empress of Russia was at this time wasting away with a mortal disease. A lady related to me that she had just been standing in the hall of the palace when the Empress was carried in from her carriage on a chair. She was very simply dressed with a little cap, and accompanied by her daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga. The poor Empress visited all the rooms—those where she herself had played as a child, and that where her father died. She touched the sheets of the bed, stroked them, and murmured, "*Mein Vater! Mein guter Vater!*" and then, thinking, no doubt, of her approaching separation from her children, she cried: "*Meine Kinder! Meine armen Kinder!*" and so went away, weeping bitterly, her head hanging down, her face hidden in her handkerchief, and her beautiful daughter weeping by her side.

After a gratifying visit marked by the greatest kindness and courtesy from all quarters, we returned to Dresden and spent a quiet, pleasant winter almost entirely in German society, their hours and habits being so different from those of the English that it was hardly possible to see much of both.

There was great simplicity of manners and dress. The usual way of entertaining was at seven o'clock tea, to which Baroness Tümpling, the Mistress of the Robes, and the only lady who was "Excellency" in her own right, used to come in a sedan, while Baroness Lasperg, a Princess of Holstein, came on foot with a servant after her—the only preparation for receiving Her Highness being a shilling

cake! Another pleasant acquaintance was General Frederici, the Commander-in-Chief of the Saxon Army, whose presence at tea caused the rapid flight of every officer to put on full uniform. Almost the only intimate friends we made among our countrymen were two who became very dear to us—Mr. and Lady Lucy Grant of Kilgraston. He thought it advisable not to be presented at Court, as that would have involved attendance at balls which we both desired to avoid. At that time etiquette was still so rigid in Hanover and other parts of Germany that the aristocracy were divided by the most rigid line of demarcation from all who were not noble. At Court balls in Hanover every one was placed according to military rank, the Generals and their wives at the top of the room, the Lieutenants and Ensigns at the bottom; but at Dresden one had the great advantage of being able to mix with artists, and we derived great enjoyment from the acquaintance of Retsch, Dahl, Vogel, Professor Grahl, and others. Among many other charming German acquaintances, Baroness von der Decken, and her daughters became the dearest of friends.

Religion in Saxony was at a very low ebb. The chief Saxon minister, Ammon, considered preaching "an affair of police," *i.e.* he preached because Government paid him for doing so. He was bound to preach certain views, but he was not bound to believe them. He was a thorough Rationalist, and his family, if not himself, frequented the theatre on Sunday evenings. No one considered the Lord's Day as "holy to the Lord," even theoretically. The Gospel was nowhere preached save by Director Graul of the Missionary Institution, a High Lutheran, and his colleague, Dr. Trautman, and they were only allowed to hold meetings and to preach once a month, strangers being excluded from the prayer meetings at the Institution. This was a recent enactment of the police at the instigation of

the ministers of Dresden. The people had more faith than the pastors, and the most pious adhered to the Moravian Church.[1] President von Gerlach said to us: "Germany is so torn by religious discussions on points of vital importance, such as the Divinity of our Lord, original sin, and salvation by grace, that the religious differences in Scotland and England appear to us trifling in comparison. Here the contest is between Deism, Infidelity, and Christianity." He reckoned that in Magdeburg one-half were Deists, and as the Church of Rome is zealous in supporting the Divinity of our Redeemer and other primary Christian doctrines, those who desire something better than Deism are apt to take that Church for the only champion of Evangelical truth.

It was therefore astonishing to our German friends to find an officer who openly confessed his faith, expounded the Scriptures morning and evening to his family, and spoke boldly of the way of salvation, and on some it made a lasting impression. Eight months passed in this quiet happy life. We kept early hours. Breakfast was of coffee or cocoa, for tea cost nine shillings per lb., and good Russian tea twenty.[2] Dinner was followed by long walks or excursions in the beautiful neighbourhood, skating, and German lessons, in which my husband always desired to know the reason of every rule and the meaning of every syllable. He was much amused at finding that August the Strong was by his father's directions fed with the milk of a lioness "löffelweise" (spoon-wise), to the great indignation of his

[1] At present (thirty-five years later) the case is reversed. Unbelief now pervades the nation, while the pastors have in good measure returned to the faith, though as yet with but little influence on the masses.

[2] Although I was a very inexperienced housekeeper, our monthly household expenses for eight persons and two servants were only £17 : 10s., exclusive of rent and wages.

mother, who complained to her father, Frederick III. of Denmark, that "they had nourished her dear child with wild beasts' milk, and thus sinned against God and her Royal Stock." As the family circle were discussing the question whether this could possibly have had the effect of making the child so wonderfully strong, my husband inclining to the affirmative, I could not help saying: "I should like to know how they milked the lioness"—a practical difficulty which put a stop to speculations.

After supper and family worship, when the children went to bed, he read aloud during the winter nearly the whole of Calvin's *Institutes*, while we worked, and the evening was wound up with music. He had a very fine mellow voice, and learned a great number of Soldaten Lieder. He had no training, but a perfect ear and exquisite sensibility to good music, a luxury in which Dresden abounded.

In 1846 the Court of Directors partially paid their debts by a grant to him of 6000 rupees "in testimony of their sense of your distinguished conduct and services during the disasters in Afghanistan and the subsequent military operations, and of the important aid rendered by you both to your fellow-captives and to Government;" but even then the refusal of his proper pay and allowances left him deeply in debt.[1]

In the midst of this peaceful domestic life we received the intelligence of the almost sudden death of his mother at the age of eighty on 8th February 1846. On the previous Thursday she appeared in perfect health, and conversed with Mr. Beamish, who often visited her. She was taken ill that afternoon, but was not thought to be in danger till Saturday morning, when she became apparently insensible, noticing no one, until Mr. Beamish, after pray-

[1] The same sum was also granted to Captain G. St. P. Lawrence.

ing by her bedside, took her hand and entreated her to tell him if she were firmly trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ. The hand that seemed lifeless returned his energetic clasp, and with a radiant expression she answered firmly "I *am!*" She breathed her last about eight that evening, the news of her illness only reaching us after all was over, as letters from London then took nine days. On this followed the loss of his brother in affection George Broadfoot, who fell at Ferozshahar. He came in deadly pale and said: "Very sad news from India—Broadfoot has fallen, General Sale, M'Caskill, Colonel Taylor of the 9th, D'Arcy Todd."[1] He felt this unexpected blow so deeply that for the time it injured his health. Towards the close of this year it became necessary to return to India. Leaving the children in Germany we spent five most happy weeks with my dear parents at Wimbledon preparing for the voyage. Then came one of those terrible partings which are almost as bad as death.

I never saw my beloved father or aunt again.

[1] Broadfoot's body was not found for two days. He was buried at Firozpur on Christmas Day, the Governor-General, Commander-in-Chief, and all, following.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INDIA AGAIN—RAISES REGIMENT.

(1847-49.)

AFTER a comfortable voyage under the kindest of commanders, Captain Henning, R.N., we met with an affectionate reception from our brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cameron. During his stay in Calcutta nothing interested my husband so much as Dr. Duff and his mission. It was a wonderful thing to see a thousand young Hindus receiving a more thoroughly Christian education than they could have got in Europe, every branch of instruction being saturated with Christian truth and Christian principles. Dr. Duff, with his great powers of eloquence, persuasion, and administration, might have taken the foremost place as a statesman, but he was devoted heart and soul to mission work, and a very interesting knot of highly-educated young converts had now gathered round him. It was impossible to know this great missionary without entertaining the warmest esteem and affection for him, and he fully reciprocated the feelings of his soldier friend. His single-hearted and able Rajput convert Behári Lal Singh also became our life-long friend.

Society in Calcutta was still of the old Indian type: there was an amount of show and lavish expenditure which ceased after the Mutiny. The dress of the ladies was gor-

geous; sixty servants were to be found in one house; and to a new-comer the strict etiquette and even the wearisome "bara khánás," or great dinner-parties, were amusing.

One of the first greetings Captain Mackenzie received was a letter from Akbar Khan affectionately reproaching him for his neglect of the duties of friendship in not giving him news of his welfare. As it was from an enemy he of course communicated this epistle to Government, who did not wish him to answer it.

General von Gagern, Governor of the Netherlands India, came to Calcutta on his way home, with his very gentlemanly A.D.C., Baron d'Aerssens. Mr. Cameron being extremely occupied in preparing the Indian Code, it fell to Captain Mackenzie to escort the strangers to the different places of interest, and it was with deep regret we heard of the General's assassination two years after while in the act of addressing the insurgents at Baden. He fell a victim to the ambition of his brother, the President of the Diet at Frankfurt, and to his own noble and chivalrous character. My husband's absence from India during three years and a half, though necessary for his health and productive of much enjoyment, was very prejudicial to his advancement in the political line. When he returned every post was filled up. Lord Hardinge, being about to try the experiment of raising four Sikh regiments, offered him the command of the 4th with an expression of regret that he had nothing better to give him. We therefore proceeded up the country by Dák, *i.e.* in palanquins, taking seven days to reach Benares, where we stayed for ten days with Major Carpenter, who was in charge of several deposed princes, among them the Rajas of Kurg, Satára, and Vizianagrám. We had a very amusing visit to the Satára Raja and his ladies, the Raja leading me about by the wrist as if I had been a naughty child. Here, too, another friendship was

formed (as was usually the case when we fell in with a German gentleman). This was with a most intelligent cultivated young man, Karl Count Goertz, who was travelling to see the world before settling in life. His society was as congenial as that of two French Legitimists, Comte de B—— and Comte N——, was the reverse. The first of these two was very gentlemanly in manner, but the other excited the indignation of the young unmarried ladies by impertinent attentions, and both of them the grave displeasure of the men, Count Goertz included, by the coarseness of their conversation, whenever the ladies were out of earshot.

We had also delightful visits to Mr. Parry Woodcock at Allahabad, Mr. and Mrs. Edmonstone at Agra, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roberts, all of them perfect strangers, who received us with such open-hearted warmth as to make us feel towards them as to old friends. The hospitality itself was then a necessity as there were no hotels of any kind, so that one stranger thought nothing of announcing to another the arrival of a whole party whom he himself had never seen, but the kindness shown was of course due to the character of the host. At last Lodiana, then one of the ugliest stations in the country, was reached on the 26th February. It lies in the midst of an immense sandy plain on the Satlej, then the N.W. frontier of India, and had been partly burned and all the trees destroyed the year before by the Sikhs. So terrible an idea was formed of this out-station, that both in Calcutta and Benares friends seriously entreated my husband not to expose me to the hardships of living there. I however said I had come to India to stay with my husband, though I quite believed that the "mud houses" we were going to live in were something like the mud huts in the bazar! We found ourselves, however, the occupants of as comfortable a house of mud bricks as could be wished, one of

four which stood in the compound of the American Presbyterian Mission. There two happy years were spent in constant intercourse with the three mission families, the Janviers, Newtons, and Rudolphs, many of whom have been called to go "up higher," while the others are still devoting themselves to the service of the Lord.

Captain Mackenzie's work in raising and drilling the 4th Regiment Frontier Brigade, was so engrossing, that neither of us went into any society. Rising at gun-fire, *i.e.* early dawn, often before 4 A.M., he was every morning on parade, having only two officers, a second in command, and an adjutant. He was for some time very unlucky in his adjutant, who could not spell, wrote "wich," "campane," and so forth, and was quite incapable of drafting a letter or even copying one. A great deal of work thus fell on me; I had to write from dictation, keep the accounts of the regiment, and do many other things that the adjutant should have done.

I used to go every morning to parade either on an elephant or horseback to bring back my husband. Then we sat in the shade for *chota hazari* (little breakfast), that most sociable of Indian institutions, when intimate friends drop in for tea or sour curds, and chat until the heat drives every one into the house. Then followed a nap and a bath, prayers, and breakfast, during which, or even before it, came visits from Afghan friends, especially Hasan Khan, who to the satisfaction of all parties was living in comfort at Lodiana, which contained a large colony of Afghan exiles. Then followed inspection of men offering to enlist, among whom appeared one day a batch of Mahwáris, who are all professional thieves, but who seemed in no wise disconcerted at the laughter with which their proposal was greeted. Next appeared the Havildar-Major (Native Sergeant-Major) in his clean white garments with the regimental books, and the Quartermaster-Sergeant and the

writer (a very clever Turk) to do the work of the office. This was particularly heavy, because as the Governor-General chose to keep the Sikh regiments under himself, giving orders through the military secretary, all the military departments thwarted them in every possible way, ignored them, knew nothing about them, cut their pay, and would do nothing for them. A commandant does not get his full pay until his men are armed. The Ordnance Department sent Captain Mackenzie wretched old muskets which he stoutly refused to receive, demanded a committee who pronounced them "only fit to be broken up," and succeeded in obtaining serviceable arms just six months after he had indented for them, of course losing a considerable part of his pay while waiting for them. He said at the time : — "The magazine at Lodiana is almost totally denuded of everything it ought to have. The nearest magazine is that at Delhi, 200 miles distant, situated in the heart of the city, in the midst of a fanatical Muhammadan population three miles from the cantonments, with a slender guard, thus being open to a surprise by any daring adventurer or sudden outbreak." These words were almost prophetic, for we did lose the magazine at Delhi in '57 and the loss nearly cost us India. Numbers of other soldiers saw the danger, but our Government always neglects the most ordinary precautions.

During office hours native officers and men, came with complaints and requests. Then followed afternoon parade, when Captain Mackenzie again drilled them himself, so that it was sometimes six in the evening before he had time either to rest or bathe. The house was always open, and its master was always accessible to the multitude of Afghans, who came either to see him or to request his help, and, owing to the trust they placed in him, I as his wife was welcomed by all their families, being the only Euro-

pean lady they had ever seen. Some even came to see me, which was a still greater mark of confidence. The Afghan women are fair and often very handsome, full of spirit and intelligence, though of course uneducated. They have of late (1882) begun to learn from Zenana Missionaries.

Setting aside the injustice of invading Afghanistan because we were afraid of Russia, of devastating whole districts, destroying their fruit-trees (a thing expressly forbidden in Scripture) and their crops,—their only means of subsistence —because they would not submit to a sovereign whom we had set over them, the miseries inflicted by our interference on those whom we professed to support ought not to be forgotten. It was sad to see men of rank and property reduced to absolute want. In one case a father and son (nearly connected with Shah Shujah) never paid a visit together because they had only one *choga* (cloak) between them. Another man of rank was obliged to sell even his sword for food. An old retainer of Shah Shujah said sadly: "I live upon fasting, and the day when a little pulse is cooked in my house is a feast."

One little trait of my husband's quick sympathy may be given. Driving home one evening after dark he saw by the firelight a poor man and boy turning a little spit with a very scanty portion of kabob upon it for their supper. He sent his horse-keeper back with half a rupee, bidding him tell the man to make a good supper but to say nothing else. The sáis accordingly ran back, thrust the money into his hand, and cried: "Make a good supper." "Achha!" (good) cried the poor man, with his eyes and mouth wide open; but before he could say another word the sáis had vanished into the dark night, leaving him in doubt whether it was a Djinn or no. My husband turned to me and said: "I remember, when in captivity, watching a young Afghan eating kabobs which he had roasted on his ramrod. I sup-

pose I looked at him hungrily, for he bit off one end with his fine white teeth and thrust the other into my hand, saying: 'Eat and welcome'—I was very glad of it."

In June we had the grief of losing our faithful servant Jacob, who was carried off by a week's fever, during most of which he was unconscious. Hasan Khan was greatly grieved and said: "Read to him out of your book; it will do him good—read to him." My husband explained that he had been repeating passages of Scripture to him. Jacob kept tight hold of his dear master's hand, and, when asked if his faith were strong in Christ, squeezed it and nodded. He strove to say something to a Hindustani horse-keeper who had been with him in Afghanistan, pointing to his heart and then to heaven, as if he wished to exhort him to believe in the Lord. Mackenzie asked the man if he understood what Jacob meant. "Oh yes," said he; "this is what he has been saying to me for many days." He had been unwearied in speaking of the Gospel to all the servants and every one within his reach, and all were attached to him from his kindness and helpfulness. By his last letters he evidently thought his time on earth might be short. He wrote: "I myself looking to Jesus, where is my resting-place—that is to say *my sweet grave.*" To us it was the loss of a dear friend. His cheerful, loving service and sympathy could never be replaced.

Four artillery sergeants volunteered to carry the coffin, and many Afghans were present in the chapel. One man of rank arrived, counting his beads and repeating some sort of prayers for the dead. He sat with his fingers in his ears while the missionary read the 15th chapter of Corinthians, but remarked afterwards to Hasan Khan that there was "not much difference between us and them!" He saw clearly that we were not idolaters.

My husband constantly recommended the Gospel to all

about him—his men, his servants, and his Afghan friends. With several of the latter he used often to read the Scriptures in Persian, and, when the frequent remark was made, "The Sahibs do not live according to their book," it was a comfort to be able to reply, "Some do—the missionaries do," and to receive the invariable acknowledgment: "Ah! yes, *they* do." The Afghan princes showed their respect for the character of the missionaries and their native converts, by taking them into their own houses for protection during the Sikh invasion in 1845 and afterwards during the Mutiny of 1857.

It was painful to meet many instances of gross incivility on the part of Europeans, even such as were gentlemen by position, towards both natives and Afghans. All over India want of courtesy is considered a proof of low birth and low breeding. A poor coolie at Delhi was heard to remark to another, concerning a civilian who had just driven by: "He is no gentleman; he never returns a salam!" The Nizám ud Doulah, a brother-in-law of Shah Shujah and a man of great dignity and perfect manners, said of the English authorities at Lodiana: "I never go near any of these people, for they don't know how to behave!" Captain Mackenzie was one morning with the Deputy-Commissioner (a captain in the army) when Murteza Shah came in to speak about some business. Sayad Murteza Shah was quite a gentleman and very courteous, and to him our captives in Afghanistan were mainly indebted for their release. The Deputy-Commissioner would hardly listen to a word he had to say, leant back in his chair, repeating, "I can't do anything, I can't do anything," and at last cried imperiously, "Jao!" (Be off!), on which Murteza Shah did go, without even a salam. Captain Mackenzie hastily followed his old friend, made him get into his buggy, and drove him home. The Sayad remarked: "What a vulgar tyrannical man!"

Murteza Shah had not long returned from a mission to Kabul, where he was the means of recovering about a hundred children of Sepoys and camp-followers who had perished on the retreat, and among them a European boy. One of these orphans, a girl, had lost both feet from frost-bites. My husband and Mr. Janvier carried her to the American Orphanage, and the former had a little sledge on wheels made, on which her young companions dragged her merrily about. Two men in our regiment had escaped from slavery less than two years before. One was just above Istalif when we stormed it, and said the mountains were then full of our prisoners, many of whom were sent off to Balkh as slaves. He declared that there were some English among them. Had our troops only been allowed to stay a few days longer they would all have been brought in; but Lord Ellenborough's vehement injunctions to retreat prevented this. On another occasion Murteza Shah, on his way to visit an officer in camp, met a European who asked him what book he had in his hand, and, when it was handed to him, struck Murteza Shah with a bar of iron on the leg so that the blood gushed out. Again, a young Afghan gentleman on horseback took refuge in an officer's compound while an elephant passed by. The owner rushed out shouting, "Jao! Jao!" and flung a stone at him. Our friend said: "Not knowing whether he was drunk or only ignorant, I took no notice." He added: "I know you and several other gentlemen, so I am aware that you are not all alike; but such acts make unlearned people detest the British name."

Lord Ellenborough had promised that, as a reward for their heroic fidelity, Ferris' and Broadfoot's Jezailchis should be for ever retained in our service. There ought to be some record of Government promises, for notwithstanding this they were disbanded, some of them immediately, others

when Lord Hardinge, in a sanguine mood, reduced the strength of the army after the Sikh campaign. One hundred and twenty of these men were sent to Captain Mackenzie to provide for, and, speaking of the injustice of disbanding them, one of them plucked off his cap, and thrusting his bald head under my husband's very moustache, showed a tremendous scar the whole length of his skull, crying: "Do you think I took that on my head for nothing?" Another, whom he himself had cut down for mutiny, in the fort of Nishán Khan, seeing that his old leader did not immediately recognise him, turned up his sleeve and displayed the cut he had given him as a sort of love-token between them. He returned a short time after, having demanded his discharge from the regiment into which Mackenzie had got him, because he had not been promoted immediately. Captain Mackenzie slapped his cheek, told him he was an ass, and then took him by the shoulders and nearly shook his head off, all of which this sturdy Afghan, with battle-axe in hand, took most meekly.

When we heard of the death of my dear father the Afghans all showed the greatest sympathy. A huge burly native officer of cavalry, Atta Muhammad, who was afterwards slain in seizing Major Mackeson's murderer, came to express his sorrow. Placing his hands together like an open book he said: "Let us have a *fatiha* (prayer) for her." My husband put his hands in the same position and Atta Muhammad, with his eyes full of tears, prayed that the Most High would bless and comfort me, and that the blessing of Jesus the Messiah might come upon me. The Afghan women came and wept, and Hasan Khan admonished my husband—"Comfort her, comfort her!"

And yet these very men, so capable of strong attachment and sympathy, in general think nothing of the death of a wife. When in Afghanistan Captain Mackenzie was several

times asked—"Are you married?"—"No, my wife is dead."—"We hear you are very sorry when your wives die; did you weep?"—"Yes, I did." Whereupon they were struck dumb with astonishment that any one should feel the death of a wife so strongly. "Why should you grieve?" say they, "there are plenty of others." This is only one among many proofs that every violation of the laws of God brings its own punishment. Polygamy has destroyed family life and family affection.

Soon after we arrived at Lodiana, news came from Afghanistan of the death of Akbar Khan. It is said that when he ceased to be a Gházi he took to drinking. On his death, his father-in-law Muhammad Shah Khan, carried off his property to the amount, the Afghans say, of seven lacs, but the Amir Dost Muhammad, having razed Muhammad Shah Khan's fort of Badiabad (the same in which the captives were imprisoned), he was obliged to fly to the Hindu Kush mountains and take refuge among the káfirs, who are thought to be the descendants of Alexander the Great's army. From thence he wrote to Captain Mackenzie reminding him of their former friendship, and asking if it continued. The letter was brought by a Sayad, to whom he had given a token whereby he might judge of Mackenzie's disposition towards him. The Sayad began: "Muhammad Shah Khan says to you, 'When you were in peril of life by the fort of Mahmud Khan how did I act?'" My husband answered: "When the sword was raised to strike me he put his arm round my neck and took the cut on his own shoulder." Then the Sayad knew that he might deliver the letter. Captain Mackenzie replied that he would always acknowledge him as a friend, and sent him two Persian Testaments for himself and his brother. Some time after a poor-looking man, rosary in hand, with a most intelligent wily expression, came down with a second letter, which

he drew from the binding of a small book. He then sat down on the floor counting his beads, but quietly noting everything that was said or done. In this letter Muhammad Shah Khan and his brother declared themselves ready to obey the slightest nod of the British Government, but Government wisely would have nothing to say to them. A most gentlemanly old Afghan, Sirfráz Khan, brother of that "malignant and turbaned" old paralytic Aminullah Khan, related that the Amir, Dost Muhammad, having married a daughter of Aminullah, had then murdered him with his own hands, smothering him with a pillow! Such was the end of Aminullah.

An Afghan gentleman was with Captain Mackenzie one evening when he was sending medicine to a little girl ill with fever. He mentioned that the poor child often came to the house, adding: "And now perhaps she may die." "God forbid that she should die," cried he, "you are going to have prayers, pray for the child;" and then turning to him he said suddenly: "I wish you knew what is in my heart towards you. It is great friendship. I see here purity of life;" and then he expressed a hope that even though not Muhammadan he might be saved, saying, in a kind of soliloquy: "I have a strong hope that there may be a place for you in Paradise." My husband took the opportunity of explaining to him the grounds on which he hoped for salvation, namely, the blood of Christ alone. They used often to read the Scriptures together, and though the Musalman constantly capped a passage with some absurd legend from the Kurán, yet when they came to the part where the Jews cried "Crucify him! crucify him!" he could not forbear bursting out with a most emphatic exclamation of "Kambacht!" (wretches), and as he went on he uttered constantly an Arabic invocation, signifying—why are such crimes permitted!

Though as Commandant, Captain Mackenzie was extremely strict in punishing real offences, he was at the same time most friendly in his intercourse with his men. He would never countenance any act of idolatry or false worship, but took pains to explain to them why he could neither be present nor lend carpets, far less the colours of the regiment, for any of their religious festivals. He said he was a Christian because he believed there was no other way of salvation; that he never interfered with any man's worship, but, that as he looked upon idolatry as a great sin, he would be acting contrary to his conscience if he took any part in it. They always seemed quite to understand. He would lend carpets for marriages, and would take me to see their wrestling matches and sword-play, when I was sure to be drenched with rose water (from the same motive which made Jacob call the Queen "*he*") "out of respect." He spoke quite freely to his native officers and men, just as he did to Europeans, confessing his own faith, appealing to their reason as to the folly of idolatry, and all in so friendly a manner as never to give offence. One day he was telling his Havildar-Major about Ceylon, which the Hindus believe to be inhabited by demons. He said to him: "I often eat grief on your account and that of your countrymen whom I see worshipping idols; for there is but one God, who alone should be worshipped." The Havildar answered: "True, there is but one God."—"Is it not lamentable, then, that men should bow down to images which they themselves make of wood and stone?"—"And mud," interjected the Havildar-Major. "Your worthless Brahmans tell you these fables for their own profit and not for your good."—"True," said he, "they do it for their own profit; for the other day when we gave a little feast to our brethren of the 11th, they came among us and extracted fifteen rupees from us, and then told us all the gods were pleased;"

and the Havildar-Major finished with a little scornful laugh that spoke volumes.

Captain Mackenzie's tact was unfailing. A Havildar (native sergeant) and party sent out to apprehend deserters, were by some extraordinary mistake on the part of the civil authorities at Firozpur seized and put in prison, five deserters being allowed to escape. Justly indignant at this, Captain Mackenzie sent word to his men to remain in prison until he could effect their release with honour. But the civil authorities, finding they had got into a scrape, were far from imitating the magistrates of Philippi, but thrust the Havildar and his men out. They came back boiling over with indignation, and the non-commissioned officer, a very fine Sikh, cast off his turban to express the depth of the degradation to which he had been subjected. Had he been condoled with, he would have been an aggrieved man for life, but his commandant told him impatiently to put on his turban, for the matter did not concern *him* at all. "It is my affair," said he, "it is my honour that is involved;" so they went to their lines apparently quite convinced that that was the proper view of the matter.

In August 1848 a serious quarrel took place between the Sikhs and Afghans of the regiment, and the latter rushed off to our house late at night, bringing with them a Mullah, whose beard had been pulled by the irreverent Sikhs. My husband bade them go to sleep without speaking a word good or bad, to any man. Next morning, after a long drill from 4 to 6 A.M., he sent for the Sikh priest, gave the word to march, and led the regiment out five miles across country through great pools of water—in one of which a fat native officer stuck, and had to be pulled out by two Sepoys—made them charge at the "double" for a quarter of a mile, brought them back over rough sandy ground at nine o'clock, thoroughly tired out; drilled them again for

more than two hours in the afternoon, besides roll-calls every three hours, and finished by issuing an order (read at ten successive roll-calls) telling them that "the State required eight hundred soldiers, and not eight hundred Mullahs, Pandits, or Granthis, and that any one who insulted or attacked another on account of his religion, whether he were Christian, Musalman, Hindu, or Sikh, was guilty of a high military offence, and would be punished accordingly." There never was any quarrelling again.

The men built their own huts and even made their own bricks. Captain Mackenzie planted rows of trees between the lines, and gave them all his own vegetable seeds from England to make gardens. He delayed swearing in the regiment for many months, so that he could dismiss any man without trouble, and being a Deputy-Magistrate he could try and punish offences. It was eight months before the regimental pay was adjusted, during which time the Commandant had to make advances to them on his own responsibility from money procured from the Treasury, to the amount of ten thousand pounds.

He succeeded in forming a splendid regiment. Not one of the non-commissioned officers was under six feet. They were as "good to look at as to go." After the tragical assassination at Multán in May 1848 of Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, two of those many young lives full of promise which have been treacherously cut short in India, and Chutter Sing's subsequent outbreak, the whole regiment volunteered for service against him, to the great gratification of their Commandant. Unluckily a Bengal civilian was acting Resident in the absence of Colonel Henry Lawrence, and far from taking advantage of this gallant offer, he merely observed that he "was much *amused* by it!" Some months later, gallant old Lord Gough passed through Lodiana, and my husband rode out to

see his friends in camp. He had often said that he had volunteered quite enough, and did not intend doing so any more; but he had no sooner got into camp than all his philosophy and love of peace evaporated. He assailed the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General with requests to employ him as a volunteer, offering to do anything they liked without pay, when he fell in with his own Adjutant, Lieutenant Rothney, who had come out on the very same errand. Captain Mackenzie was filled with indignation at the very thought of losing his invaluable Adjutant, who in his turn was dismayed at the idea of losing his Commandant! After this he gave me a promise that when he wished to volunteer he would tell me beforehand, and I assured him I would not oppose his wish, and to this compact we both adhered. He always impressed upon his men that a soldier was a gentleman, and *therefore* should be foremost in doing whatever had to be done, and how thoroughly he succeeded in imbuing his regiment with his own high spirit was seen when they afterwards volunteered for Burmah, marching down the country in the midst of the rains.

Lord Dalhousie wrote to him on this occasion (13th September 1852):—

"Your Singhs are behaving beautifully, coming down wading rivers up to their necks, and carrying plump Captain B—— in his palki through on their heads, all readiness and good humour, and I hear with one hundred supernumeraries!"

It was still more evident in the way they fought during that campaign. As soon as Mackenzie, who was then commanding a division in the Dekkan, heard that his men were about to engage the enemy, he volunteered to join and serve as a subaltern under Captain Armstrong, who had succeeded him in command of the regiment, for the sake of leading his beloved corps the first time it went

into action. Lord Dalhousie wrote again to congratulate him on their conduct. But, above all, the metal they were made of was seen when in 1857, under Major Rothney,[1] they saved Lodiana by threshing the Jalandar mutineers, and by the way they fought at Delhi.

In December 1848 the Governor-General came up to Lodiana, and soon sent Mr. Elliot, the Political Secretary, to ask Captain Mackenzie, who was now one of the very few surviving officers acquainted with the Panjab and Afghanistan, to come to him. During an interview of two hours he was much struck with the great talent and tact displayed by Lord Dalhousie, who seized instinctively upon every point worth considering.

Early in January he was again summoned to the Governor-General's camp at Makku, near Firozpur, posting horses and riding the seventy miles at a stretch. He was hospitably received by Captain W. Mayne, commanding the Bodyguard, and went out coursing jackals the evening of his arrival. He wrote:—"Being well mounted, I entered with glee into the sport, and suddenly found myself laying in the dogs at a neck-or-nothing pace over very queeracious ground, and also instructing my brother sportsmen in certain mysteries connected with woodcraft.

"13*th January*.—Last night had a famous gallop across this huge plain, but this morning I refused to go out to hunt with —— and his officers because they swore so much. At breakfast they were more careful, and I earnestly hope it may please God, even through my weak instrumentality, to convince them of the sin of so detestable a practice. I am trying to persuade some of them to join me in public worship to-morrow. Strange that Lord Dalhousie has neither chaplain nor public worship of any kind on the

[1] His former Adjutant, then in command of the 4th Sikh Light Infantry.

Sabbath. . . . About five attended, and there was much less swearing. I think my freely expressed opinions have told a little. More than one has said he wished I could remain among them, frankly acknowledging the iniquity of his ways. One said: 'I know you are right, and that if I were to die this instant I should go to hell!'"

So careful was he to do nothing which might be a bad example, that he even refrained from writing to his wife on the Sabbath he was in camp. During the eight days he spent there he had many interviews with the Governor-General, and after the fatal battle of Chillianwala, Lord Dalhousie sent for him, and, with eyes full of tears, showed him the terrible list of killed and wounded. Four hundred of H.M.'s 24th were left stark and stiff on the field, and the next day thirteen of their officers lay dead in the mess-tent. The 30th Native Infantry behaved most gallantly, seized and spiked ten guns, with great loss, only one of their officers out of the seventeen who went into action was untouched. The 56th Native Infantry, who behaved nobly, were almost destroyed.

Mr. Courtenay, the Governor-General's Private Secretary, wrote to Captain Mackenzie:—

"Sir H. Lawrence and Lord Gifford came in from the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and have given us very clear accounts of the affair of the 18th (Chillianwala). The only conclusion I can arrive at is, that the Sikhs in every sense of the word licked us; and, if their cavalry had only gone on, must have routed us and taken the Commander-in-Chief's staff prisoners. Our own people were quite prepared for it, nor do they seem to know why it was not done. But providentially the fellows stopped, seeming bewildered by the success of their charge, and, without provocation, fled in confusion. There was at one time a body of three thousand Sikh horsemen on the open plain, to our right flank, unsupported in any way, who came and went without a single horse or man being sent at them."

My husband wrote:—"Lack of sarks will drive me home, as I have given two of my flannel shirts and drawers to a poor young officer ill of smallpox."

During this stay in the Governor-General's camp he was constantly employed in advocating the claims of others, among them those of General Ventura, whose property had been most unjustly confiscated. His letters are full of such passages as:—"Fought Ventura's battle, and completely enlisted Courtenay in his favour, not so Elliot." "I have put matters right for R—— by speaking to the Governor-General. I have got Elliot to put down R—— and C—— for political employment."

He urged, unfortunately in vain, the claims of Prince Shahpur to an increase of his miserable pension,—espoused the cause of a young Armenian lady who had been married and deserted by an English officer,—and succeeded in obtaining full pay for life for as many of his Jezailchis as still survived, with an extra amount for those who had lost limbs from frost-bites. All the Afghans found a friend and protector in him; he was never weary of recounting the services they had rendered to us, or in endeavouring to procure employment for those who were in need. Never was there a more zealous friend. The number of letters he wrote, of cases he stated, of memorials he drew up for other people, would have done credit to an active solicitor, and he expended his interest as freely as his time on behalf of others.[1]

After Chillianwala, Lord Dalhousie found it necessary to use the curb most strongly, and to give peremptory orders to the impulsive old Chief to wait for the force

[1] As a lad at Madras he told the Commander-in-Chief that his friend George Broadfoot was far fitter for an appointment than himself, to which His Excellency kindly replied that one need not prevent the other.

from Multán, and to use his guns when he did engage the enemy.

The Commander-in-Chief's camp was kept in constant expectation of an attack from the Sikhs, who occupied a strong position at Russul, about four miles distant, when lo! one fine morning the enemy had vanished, and for some days nobody knew which way they had gone or where they were. Our blunders and our inactivity made the Sikhs careless, the Multán force arrived, and at Guzerát, our splendid artillery being allowed fair-play for three hours, we gained a complete victory on the 21st February.

After we had set the Amir Dost Muhammad free in 1843, he had regained supreme power in Afghanistan, and now took advantage of our difficulties with the Sikhs to proclaim a Jehád (religious war) against us, which caused many Afghans in our service (as at Attok) to leave, though with much regret at doing so. Two of his sons and a body of Duráni horse having fought against us at Guzerát, where they were routed by the Sind horse, the Private Secretary consulted Captain Mackenzie "confidentially" as to the utility or expediency of inducing the Khaiberis to obstruct their return, and what would be the best mode of operating.

Prince Shahpur applied to be allowed to go to Afghanistan, either with or without British assistance. Muhammad Shah Khan had made him great offers of support, and he enclosed two of these letters, but the Governor-General wisely determined not to interfere beyond our own frontier. Captain Mackenzie had seen so much of the misery of the people under Sikh rule, that he had all along strongly advocated the annexation of the Panjab, both on this account and as the only way of putting a stop to the outbreaks of the Sikh soldiery. There was no settled government, and no probability of any; the soldiery had it all

their own way, to the great detriment of the peaceable inhabitants. The Sikhs are a very small body, but they were all military fanatics, with an exorbitant notion of their own prowess.

Sir Henry Hardinge had refrained from annexation after the Satlej Campaign in 1846, and had given the Sikhs another chance of governing the Panjab, by appointing a Council of Regency, with Sir Henry Lawrence at the head, during the minority of the little Maharaja Dhulip Sing. But the Sikh soldiery were not to be controlled. There is every reason to suppose that Mulráj was drawn into a contest with the British against his intention. But, now that we had been forced to overthrow the nominal Government of the Panjab, it became a question whether we should set it up again. John Lawrence was strongly in favour of annexation, but his brother Henry was vehemently opposed to it, and wrote to the Governor-General :—"I did think it unjust, I now think it impolitic," and at first refused to carry it out. Colin Mackenzie considered that the Governor-General showed considerable magnanimity in persuading Henry Lawrence to retain his post, but they never worked comfortably together. Lord Dalhousie always undervalued his opinion both of men and measures, and was not sorry to remove Sir Henry from the Panjab before he himself left India. It was soon known that the Governor-General had taken Colin Mackenzie into his counsels, and it was very amusing to watch the dexterity with which he parried every attempt to discover what was about to be done, baffling all inquiries by the most absurd answers. After the victory of Guzerát Sir Henry Elliot exhorted Mackenzie to bring forward his claims, assuring him of the Governor-General's support. Lord Dalhousie recommended him for Brevet and the C.B., but the want of the Afghan medal proved a bar to honours.

The two military secretaries, Colonel Stuart and Colonel Benson, now strongly advised Lord Dalhousie to secure the friendship of the Afghans by restoring the province of Peshawar, which had been wrested from them by Ranjit Singh. Sir Henry Elliot was greatly opposed to this, and wrote to Mackenzie to come immediately to camp. He rode out to Firozpur, where the Governor-General now was, and meeting some of the wounded, comforted them as far as he could with his sandwiches and cheroots. The Governor-General sent for him on his arrival, and asked his candid opinion. During a prolonged conversation he proved, to Lord Dalhousie's satisfaction, that the Indus, a fordable river at times, was no boundary at all, and that our only strong and thoroughly defensible frontier was the one we already held. To give up Peshawar would be to place the Afghans inside the gate of India, instead of keeping them outside. The Governor-General acknowledged his obligations to his adviser by following his advice, and by offering him his choice of appointments in the Panjab, which he declined, supposing that it would be purely civil and financial work, expressing his preference for military or political employment. On this occasion he met John Lawrence for the first time. That great public servant was decidedly unsophisticated in his manners. On being summoned to take his place at the dinner-table opposite to the Governor-General, he replied: "I'm going to sit here, I want to have a jaw with Mackenzie."

19th March 1849.—He describes his visit to George Broadfoot's tomb. "Poor old Sale lies close to him, and you may imagine my thoughts. We do indeed labour for the things that perish in the using, neglecting that which alone endures for ever. May God grant us both grace to have our treasure in Heaven, so that at whatever hour we may be called we may be found safe in Jesus."

He rode back the eighty miles to Lodiana without stopping, in order to spend his birthday with his wife. The following May he took me up, for change of air, to Simla, where he spent a considerable portion of the next six months. The presence of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief with about four hundred officers and their families, made it the gayest place in India. As there were no wheel-carriages, every one rode or went in a sort of sedan-chair called a *jhappan*. After more than two years' hard work, this holiday in the society of many friends, especially Mrs. George Lawrence and that lovable hero Major Hope Grant and his young wife, with excursions in magnificent scenery, a delightful climate, and exquisite music, were sources of great refreshment and enjoyment. The soldierly figure of the kindly, gallant old Chief, Lord Gough, was a prominent one at Simla; and his successor, Sir Charles Napier, won all hearts by his perfect simplicity of demeanour, his straightforward candour in bluntly acknowledging an error, his warmth of heart, and his original and interesting conversation. No wonder his staff almost adored him.

Henry Lawrence and his admirable wife came for a short time. The former was not happy about Panjab affairs, and had many conferences with Colin Mackenzie, who endeavoured to persuade him that it was far better the Governor-General's measures should be carried out by him, who had the welfare of the country so strongly at heart, than by any other. In these conversations Lawrence's beard was a great sufferer. It was long and scanty, and after tugging at it, he would turn the ends between his teeth and gnaw them reflectively. Colonel J. S. Hodgson, commanding one of the four Sikh regiments, had also a grievance against the Governor-General. So much did he take it to heart, that he resigned. Colin Mackenzie could

not endure the idea of such an officer being lost to the army, and exerted all his powers of persuasion to induce Lord Dalhousie to allow Colonel Hodgson to withdraw his resignation. Having succeeded with infinite difficulty, he found it no less hard to persuade the indomitable Commandant himself, but at last he prevailed, and Colonel Hodgson afterwards expressed his gratitude to him, and distinguished himself brilliantly in command of the Frontier Brigade.

While at Simla we received from our friends at Lodiana accounts of one of those famines so common in India, of which no one ever hears and of which no notice is taken. Mrs. Newton of the American Presbyterian Mission wrote:—

"*August.*

"We have had fine rains lately, but there is great distress among the poor. We undertook two weeks ago to employ at eight pice (one penny) a day all women and men who came begging, and would work in removing the sand which had accumulated. Our numbers have increased daily, and our means not being large, we reduced their pittance to six pice, thus securing the work to only the extreme poor. Still, as the news of getting employment spread, the numbers continued to increase. At this time more than three hundred miserable, half-starved, half-naked men, women, and children are in the compound filling holes and levelling sandhills, being paid in cowries, and it is piteous to see the poor women with a child on the hip and a basket of sand hurrying with their load, so eager for the cowries. We have thirty in the poor-house too much reduced to work. We cannot let the poor creatures perish, nor can we alone feed them much longer, so to-day we have sent out a statement of the case. Many of the people are from the villages, their cattle are dead, and they are unable to cultivate their ground both for that reason and for want of seed. At night they sleep on the damp ground without shelter or covering."

Of course a subscription was raised for them, but this

misery constantly recurs in most parts of India, except where irrigation works have been carried out, as in the Rajamandry district.

Lord Dalhousie always showed Mackenzie marked friendship, and shortly before leaving the hills offered him the command of the Elichpur Division as Brigadier of the 1st class. He said in his minute :—"I know no officer whose claims . . . are superior to those of Captain Colin Mackenzie. . . . The gallantry, ability, and endurance displayed by him in the events which occurred at the time of the rising at Kabul are amply recorded, and in connection with the subsequent events of that period entitle him to a higher reward at the hands of the Government of India than the command of a local corps in the Satlej Provinces."[1] This was very gratifying. It was a fine appointment of about 2000 rupees a month, but involved a very long and expensive journey. There was also an order against officers marching through the Central Provinces to the Dekkan (South) during the unhealthy season after the rains. We could not, therefore, start immediately, though like everybody else we returned to the plains at the end of October. There we had the pleasure of again meeting Sir Charles Napier when his camp came to Lodiana in November. There was a degree of affectionate intimacy rarely equalled between him and the members of his "military family," all of whom were devoted to their chief. When his baby grand-daughter appeared in the morning she was kissed and petted by the

[1] In a private letter to General Fraser the Governor-General wrote, 22d October 1849 :—"I have been glad of this opportunity of acknowledging the services in some degree compensating the losses of a gallant officer in your army, Captain Colin Mackenzie. I am sorry to lose him from his present command, but it was due to him in justice to promote him when I could." Captain Mackenzie had also been much gratified by a letter from Sir Charles Napier, 5th October 1849, saying :—"You have well earned promotion and the Companionship of the Bath."

whole Staff as if they had all been her brothers or uncles. It was very amusing to hear the lamentations of the Heads of Department at being deprived of two immense double-poled tents apiece and reduced to captain's tents, which are quite large enough for either use or comfort. The Commander-in-Chief had hitherto paraded the country more like a satrap than a soldier, with an enormous train of servants and baggage-cattle. Sir Charles Napier was determined to reduce this cumbrous magnificence out of regard both to the public purse and to military efficiency, and loud were the wailings of the injured dignitaries.[1]

Before leaving the north-west my husband was anxious to show me Lahore, where the little Maharaja Dhulip Sing was still treated as a sovereign, though his kingdom had been annexed. My cousin, Captain James Douglas, 60th Rifles, a model Christian officer, who was to us as a brother, came from Peshawar to meet us. I was the first lady he had seen for eighteen months. This ten days' visit to Lahore was full of interest. There was a Grand Installation of the Bath, when Sir Charles Napier warmly greeted his old antagonist Amir Shir Muhammad of Sind, who was placed near him, but would have nothing to say to the Sikh chief Tej Sing, who is said to have held back his troops from attacking us at Sobráon. "Tej Sing! I won't sit by him; he's a traitor!" Then came an inspection of the splendid treasury with Sir Charles Napier, a drive to the beautiful gardens of Shalimár with Mr. Montgomery, visits to the tombs of the Emperor Jehangir and of the Lion of the Panjab, Ranjit Singh, and a charming expedition to Amritsur, the sacred capital of the Sikhs, with its gold temple in the midst of a white marble tank. The city was still full of

[1] One reason subsequently alleged for a Commander-in-Chief not taking the field during the great Mutiny, was the impossibility of finding carriage for his office and records.

those fighting devotees the Akalis, dressed in dark blue cotton with pointed turbans, in which steel chains and sharp-edged quoits are intertwined. Herbert Edwardes was at Lahore fresh from gathering laurels at Multán, and also Captain Hodson, two very different men of very different principles, though of equal gallantry.

On our return to Lodiana parting with the regiment and our dear friends made Christmas a sad one. At his final parade Captain Mackenzie addressed every company in both Persian and Hindustani, twenty-three speeches in all. The men showed extraordinary regret, and after more than thirty years those still in the regiment speak of him with the greatest affection. "Ah, Sahib, that was *a man*," said one to a young officer.

Dr. Duff happened to reach Lodiana just at this time, and his quick sympathy was aroused by the mutual attachment of the men and their Commandant. Shahzadah Shahpur took leave of his friend with tears in his eyes. Hasan Khan squeezed him in his arms and sobbed.

We were obliged to go round by Calcutta to meet a young daughter recovering from consumption and two young cousins, her companions. At Delhi we enjoyed a delightful visit to Sir Theophilus Metcalfe in his beautiful houses there and at the Kutab, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Riley in his proper position as a commissioned officer. Some interesting visits were paid to the old King of Delhi, and portraits taken of his favourite wife and son Jewán Bakht—afterwards so notorious during the Mutiny. The retrospect of those ten days is bathed in sunshine, so full were they of interest and enjoyment, yet within seven years the kind host was dead, the beautiful houses plundered and ruined, the old King and his family in captivity in Rangoon. The corpses of three of his sons had lain in front of the mosk after 11,000 of our men

had taken Delhi by storm, paying for every step with the blood of a hero. Here Nicholson fell, tended by Neville Chamberlain, and comforted in his last hours by telegrams full of God's Word from Herbert Edwardes at Peshawar.

After a delightful visit to Agra and to Fattihpur Sikri, the Versailles of the East, we met with an affectionate welcome from the James Mackenzies in Calcutta, where we found our three young travellers. A pleasant visit was followed by a pleasant voyage round India to Bombay. Captain Dawson of the Arab ship *Sulemâni* and his wife were most agreeable companions, who seemed to be walking humbly with God, and it was a great grief to hear six months afterwards that they had gone down with the ship off Madras. The voyage, including a visit to Colombo, was a perfect pleasure-trip. The wind was so light that we were almost always in sight of land, and thus saw the romantic Western Ghâts, but it took six weeks before we entered the harbour of Bombay (beautiful as the Bay of Naples), at the end of March. Mr. Grey, the head of a great firm, received us all most hospitably; the house was at Breach Candy, some miles from Bombay. It consisted of two or three detached bungalows connected by covered passages and surrounded by wide matted verandahs, fenced by ornamental shrubs. There is something exceedingly soporific in the soft sea breeze which specially affects strangers, so that at a large party I once saw a lady asleep in every window when the gentlemen rejoined us after dinner, and we were assured that an officer on first landing slept for more than thirty hours, after which he was as wide awake as other people.

We had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Nesbit, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, of the Free Church Mission. These excellent

men were all remarkable linguists, vernacular preaching and missionary tours forming a great part of their work.

It was a very great satisfaction to find Mulla Ibrahim settled in Bombay. His noble brother Musa had died some time before, fully acknowledging the Lord Jesus as the true Messiah. Sad to say, his son has been made a Musalman at Meshed. Ibrahim was extraordinarily handsome, as fair as an Englishman, as were several of the Jewish ladies. It was astonishing to see how far the Arab Jews surpass those of Europe in personal appearance. The varied population,—Arabs, Jews, Parsis, Biluchis, Mahrattas, etc., etc.,—the beauty of the island and adjacent scenery, the wonderful caves of Elephanta and Salsette combine to make Bombay far better worth seeing than Calcutta or Madras. There have been converts from all these tribes, and very remarkable and efficient converts they have been.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELICHPUR.

(1850–1852.)

When we left Bombay on the 8th April, the season was so far advanced that it became necessary to hurry onwards with double gangs of bearers, making one march in the morning and another in the evening. Crossing the Godávari, we entered the Nizám's territory on the 14th, and henceforward had no more roads. The journey was entirely cross country, and a guide had to be taken at each village, even the cavalry escort being ignorant of the way. Though with very little baggage our retinue consisted of upwards of 120 persons. We stayed one night at Ajantá with a young married lady (whose husband was absent), in the native house where the Duke slept after the battle of Assye. It was a sad and lonely life for her, as there were no other Europeans within many miles, and her husband was never able to be at home in the day. The country was so infested with tigers that one had been killed in the bathroom of the house. We soon came upon other signs of the absence of civilisation, law, and order. The Rajputs of the country, being greatly oppressed by the Musalmans, had risen in arms, and being joined by Afghans, Arabs, and the hordes of masterless men who infest the land, in hopes of being hired to fight and especially to plunder, together with three hundred Sikhs, they burned and pillaged

the town of Mulkapur to the amount of upwards of two lacs of rupees. All this had been foreseen and reported to the Resident at Haidrabad, without whose positive order the Brigadiers could do nothing; but the foreseen outbreak was allowed to take place, the city was ruined, and, when all was over, a large force was sent into the field to "shut the stable-door" and sit down before it. We found Mulkapur completely deserted, so that when my palki was placed on the ground it roused a leopard, the sole occupant of the spot, the ravines about it being full of dead bodies. For fourteen marches there were no houses, and as we carried no tents the different Nawabs and other native authorities pitched tents and sent trays of native dinners (some of which were very nice) at each halting-place. The heat was sometimes 101° under canvas, and beyond that degree it did not much signify what it was, as one could not feel any hotter. It was impossible to keep awake even over the lightest literature, so that with more or less struggle all resigned themselves to slumber until sunset brought some degree of coolness and restored animation. Some of the Nawabs who politely came to pay their respects to the Brigadier, were fine old Patáns who had seen much service. The chief men of each place used to come on horseback attended by their sons and retainers, forming a gay and picturesque procession. The Patels or village headmen also came, generally with some complaint.

We had long known the marked difference in character, habits, appearance, and language between the inhabitants of Bengal and those of Behar, and between both, and the Rajput, the Panjabi, the Kashmiri, the Sikh, and the Afghan; but we now came in contact with totally different races. The small, sober, hardy Mahrattas, the fair intelligent Parsis, the simple hill tribes of Gonds and others, and great numbers of our old friends the Afghans under the appel-

lation of Patáns. People often forget that India is not a country but a continent, and that upwards of one hundred and thirty languages are spoken within its borders.

Elichpur was at length reached on the 24th April. It is in the great valley of Berar, the richest black cotton soil in India, full of luxuriant vegetation, with the picturesque and varied outline of the Sátpura range about twenty miles distant. The house and garden were large and commodious. A worthy conductor of artillery wrote:—"I most humbly beg leave to inform you that the heat is *insufferable;*" and as this exactly expressed the fact, a speedy move was speedily made to Chikalda, the neighbouring hill-station, close to the famous fort of Gáwilghar, taken by General Stevenson and the Duke in 1803. The bungalow at Chikalda consisted at first of only three rooms, but the delightful climate and scenery made up for any deficiency of house accommodation. It was a wild jungle life, to visit one's neighbours was impossible except by daylight, owing to the abundance of wild beasts. A panther carried off a small dog close to the sentry; a tiger walked in the dusk between my husband and me and two young ladies, who were in front of us; and when most of the officers returned to Elichpur at the beginning of the rains, a bear took up his quarters in the verandah of an empty house near us. Another bear used to come at night to eat the fruit of a magnificent banyan at the back of the bungalow. My husband would rouse me up, place a spare three-ounce rifle in my hands, and stealthily advance to get a shot at the intruder, while I in a muslin dressing-gown sat on the steps, laughing under my breath at the oddness of the situation. The shadows were so deep and the moonbeams so deceitful, that although he often got a shot at the bear, the bear never seemed the worse for it, and may have fed on that *Ficus Indicus* for years after. A tiger lurked on the path from the plains,

and at night the stampede of a herd of buffaloes was often heard when they were let out of their pen to drive off "Mr. Fluffy," as the tigers were familiarly called. My husband was often out shooting with his gallant little Rajput huntsman, both by day and by night. Sometimes they stalked the magnificent bison, sometimes the sambhar or elk, sometimes the boar, and often brought home the jungle bakri or wild sheep. He used to take out a man with basket and spade on these hunting expeditions and bring home the most lovely orchids, pink and white lilies, and other flowers. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the jungle. It was full of magnificent flowering trees and creepers, and extended seventy miles northwards to the Vindya range. Everything grew like Jack's bean-stalk. Geraniums and heliotropes became large bushes, climbing roses shot forth eighteen feet in one season, orange and fig trees bore fruit the third year. In our Elichpur garden there was a magnificent grove of orange and citron trees of various kinds. One of the former bore upwards of *two thousand* oranges in one year, all of which came to perfection. My husband had a great love and extraordinary fascination for animals, and in this wild place we were surrounded by pets of every kind. Besides his beloved Arab "Rubee," there was a coal black Rampur greyhound, one of a breed said never to have been tamed by a European, who followed me like a shadow, and would let no one approach me after dark without a terrific growl; a young sambhar or elk who chewed muslin flounces to pap, and gnawed off the corners of the chairs; a chikor, or hill partridge, the size of an ordinary hen, the boldest bird known, who pecked everybody impartially in the most unprovoked manner, drawing blood at each stroke, but took a strange fancy for me,—he would lie on my lap letting himself be stroked like a cat, and would sit on my shoulder when I walked

in the garden. We had tame birds of all kinds, especially Hira and Bibi, two parakeets, full of quaint and sweet little tricks. Hira would climb up inside the leg of her dear master's trousers, squeeze herself out at the waistband, unbuckle his stock and fling it on the ground, lay eggs in his jack-boot as he sat writing, and yawned to excess whenever he whistled "A Sprig of Shillelah." Bibi was his faithful little companion for more than twenty-five years, and used to recognise with a shout of joy, not only his step, but that of his horse, and when in London his knock at the door.

There was also a lovely little baby antelope, who stamped to be taken up in one's arms, would turn faithful old "Monty" (a wire-haired Dandy Dinmont) out of his place under my chair, lie down on it, and comfort him by licking his nose. With all these paradisiacal pleasures, with long rides to explore the country, for no carriage could be used, and with gardening and other improvements out of doors, and a good piano and books within, the time passed pleasantly, even when there was a deluge of rain. Besides public worship on Sunday, my husband had a weekly meeting at his own house for reading the Scriptures and prayer, at which he read many of Bonar's Kelso Tracts. The Brigadier was extremely strict as to the morality of his officers. He would have no intercourse, except officially, with those who were known to be leading immoral lives, and yet he treated them exactly as he did his friends in all matters of leave and other indulgences. More than one afterwards confessed he had been right, and became strongly attached to him. Another acknowledged that the Brigadier's refusal to associate with him was a real kindness, and was very grateful for his attentions and visits during a severe illness.

Several fights had taken place in the neighbourhood of Elichpur, and all sorts of atrocities committed on the defenceless villagers. The flames of their burning houses

could be seen from cantonments, while the Brigadiers were strictly forbidden to interfere! But the news of an impending attack on the Nawab induced my husband to return to Elichpur at the end of August, that he might at least be on the spot.

A poor Afghan woman came to beg for some assistance as she was almost starved, her husband, with about a score of others, having been kept in prison nearly two years on suspicion of being concerned in some of the chronic disturbances of the country. Finding that this was true, he made them petition the Nizám's Government, and forwarded their appeals, and the consequence was, they were tried and all of them released. Against some there was not even a charge. Of course it is more convenient to make a show of zeal by arresting respectable old Pandits and other innocent people, than to meddle with members of powerful gangs. At this time a Kazilbash gentleman,[1] Aga Muhammad, was living with us. He had formerly held a confidential situation about the person of Fattih Jung, Shah Shujah's son and successor. When this prince was obliged to surrender the Bála Hissar to Akbar Khan, the latter broke faith and imprisoned him. His death was determined on for the following day, when Aga Muhammad contrived his escape, letting him down over the wall by tying their turbans together. He hid Fattih Jung in the house of his aunt, a woman of noble character, raised all the money he could for him, and got him safe into General Pollock's camp. When our army evacuated Afghanistan, Aga Muhammad fled to Lodiana—a ruined man. About three years after, his wife managed to join him, and when we were about to leave Lodiana, the Aga expressed his intention of accompanying us. "I have no one but you," he said, and as he was a man of tried gallantry, most amiable

[1] Lit. "red head," *i.e.* an Afghan of Persian descent.

disposition, gentlemanly demeanour, and a good Persian scholar, my husband put him in charge of his servants and baggage on their march to the Dekkan. He then acted as a sort of major-domo, and, being an agreeable companion, he used to hunt with the Brigadier, and as he was much in his company, they constantly read the Scriptures together in Persian.

But all the luxuriant beauty and fertility of Berar was accompanied, as is so often the case in India, by deadly malaria. Nine of our servants were ill at once; the Aga was laid up for weeks; and my husband, having gone up to Chikalda, where I had been nursing a lady ill with fever, went down on foot into one of the gullies after sunset with another officer in pursuit of a tiger. He was attacked by a virulent jungle or typhus fever, and was in great danger. From the 21st to the 29th October were days of anguish never to be forgotten. Warburg's Fever Tincture was the means of bringing out copious perspiration and checking the disease. He was ordered to the Cape for eighteen months, the staff-surgeon stating that "this officer has a strong aversion to legitimate treatment, but pins his faith to homœopathy! He is extremely nervous, every feeling is suffering." Just as he was beginning to recover, the number of Rohillas in the district so greatly increased that the Nawab of Elichpur found himself obliged to entertain seven hundred of these lawless adventurers, who raged about the city, committing all manner of excesses. The Nawab could not afford to maintain them, and did not dare to discharge them. As an outbreak was probable, the Brigadier, though still so weak that he could hardly write, offered to give up his sick leave, if General Fraser thought his presence desirable, adding: "Should the troops take the field, I feel sure that I should be able to do my duty." The comment made by a friend was: "Just like that fellow Colin!"

There was a little shrine, something like a kennel, close to our house at Elichpur, where a lamp was burned at night before the idol. As this was on his own land, he ordered it to be removed. When we returned to Elichpur after his illness, the gardener came and entreated him to allow the idol to be replaced and propitiated with a light. He said: "You see you have been very ill, and perhaps you may die!" But of course his master remained firm in his refusal.

He left for Bombay on the 5th December in a palanquin, and regained strength so rapidly that in a week he went out shooting after the morning's march. Our route lay through a lovely country, though much of the land had recently been left uncultivated. The nights were very mild, but the days hot, and to avoid the sun it was necessary to mount at 4 A.M., and even earlier. There is no such thing as the gray dawn in the Dekkan, it is all gold and rose-coloured. When we reached Bombay, he was congratulated by every one on looking so well. This being the cold season, we were able to see more of Bombay than on our former visit. The sight of its riches, and above all, of the arsenal, elicited from an Afghan servant the enthusiastic exclamation: "What a glorious place for a chappáo!" (foray). Commodore Lushington took us to Elephanta, and had the caves lit with blue lights, which produced a most weird effect. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, and Hosmasdji Pestonji, one of the first Parsi converts, escorted me to the still more interesting Buddhist caves of Salsette. But the society of the missionaries was in itself our greatest pleasure. Dr. Murray Mitchell thus recalls this visit:—"Colin Mackenzie was not a man to be forgotten by any one who ever came in contact with him. . . . What my wife and I deeply felt was the very hearty interest he took in missionary work. It was then the day of small things in India. We were struggling with overwhelming difficulties, which friends in

Europe could hardly understand, and which drew forth from most of our countrymen in India only the sneering remark that modern missions were a failure. The Brigadier believed in missions, in the imperative duty to carry them on, and also in their ultimate success. He gave them his fullest and warmest sympathy. He was a most hearty friend, both of the missionaries and of the converts, and when I was lately in Bombay (1882) I heard the warmest expressions of regard for the memory of General Mackenzie, and it was evident that none of our Bombay friends who had come in contact with him could ever possibly forget him. It was his true, deep interest in mission work that first drew our hearts to him. But I do not require to remind you that he had the power to charm, almost to fascinate, in conversation. His narratives about Afghanistan, his captivity, his many 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' were most thrilling. His power of description, his power of expression, were most remarkable. A friend once said to me: 'Colin Mackenzie is a born orator.' The fittest word was never wanting, and it always fell into the fittest place. How much we wished that those vivid portraitures, those word-pictures, could be preserved! Scarcely less remarkable was his acquaintance with English literature. I often wondered how a man who had lived such a stirring life as a soldier, had been able to read and to recollect so much of the choicest books. All the things I have mentioned made him a delightful companion; but we soon saw that even these were not his noblest characteristics. The absolute truthfulness, the utter sincerity of his mind, appeared in every word he spoke. So did his instant and stern rejection of every suggestion that deviated by a hair's-breadth from the straight line of duty or of honour. With him the question was not what was expedient, but what was right. 'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,' might have been his motto.

He often reminded me of the character we ascribe to Cromwell's Ironsides, but I might say more, he had much of the spirit of the martyr in him; he would at all hazards obey the Lord's command, and vindicate His cause; and if he could do so only at a tremendous cost, then he rejoiced to make the sacrifice. His moral courage equalled his physical courage, and each rose to the measure of heroic."

The Aga's illness had been very severe, he thought he should die. One night on the march down he went out into the open air and prayed to the Lord Jesus to heal him. When he told his friend this, he added: "He heard me, for you see here I am." He expressed an earnest wish to be further instructed in the faith of Christ; my husband therefore left him and his wife in Bombay with Dr. Wilson and Mr. Murray Mitchell.

My husband having completely recovered his health, gave up his sick leave, and after an absence of three months, spent chiefly at Bombay, we returned to Elichpur on the 15th of March, and as usual spent the hot weather at Chikalda—the Brigadier riding down to cantonments whenever business required; but so insecure was the city of Elichpur that we never once set foot inside it. On one of these temporary absences he wrote:—"It is incredible how abuses creep in slily. Men always think me soft at first, because I do not annoy them as some senior officers do, so that in the case of coarse natures I am obliged to bite to convince them that I have teeth. I am trying to obtain justice for the poor old Patel (headman of a village) of Dhokulkera." As there was no chaplain, the Brigadier or his staff officer was expected not only to conduct public worship, but even to baptize, marry, and bury. Major Mackenzie was asked to perform the marriage ceremony for a bride of only thirteen. He flatly refused to sanction so monstrous a deed, and the family were there-

fore obliged to delay the ceremony for a year or so. He mentions reading in church Chalmers's sermon "Heaven a Character, not a Locality," which seemed to be appreciated by some who would not have been expected to do so, but who probably had never heard such a sermon in their lives." He was at all times a first-rate reader, with great force and emphasis, and some people complained that "the Brigadier preached the sermons instead of reading them." Certainly nothing could be less formal or humdrum than his elocution.

At Christmas 1851 we had the pleasure of welcoming my mother and sister, whom I had persuaded to come to India instead of going straight to the Holy Land. But before they arrived I had already been attacked by the same Berar fever which had so nearly proved fatal to my husband. Less violent in my case, it was much more pertinacious—returned at every full moon, and at last every other day. I was ordered to Europe as the only chance of life. This was in April; but it was impossible to move during the fierce heat of the hot season or the combined heat and damp of the monsoon. The black cotton soil of Berar becomes liquid mud; and as there were no houses on the way, there was no alternative but to wait until November, hoping I should hold out till then.

The Contingent was now six months in arrears of pay. The men had to borrow at ruinous interest to keep body and soul together, and the Brigadier repeatedly urged upon the Supreme Government the justice of paying this interest for them.

In July he was obliged to start suddenly for cantonments on account of a band of Rohillas who, being cheated of their pay, were pillaging the country, children being seized and held for ransom. The Thug Department had a list of three hundred to four hundred Dacoits, but entire

villages were in league with them, and turned out to rescue those who were arrested! The Nawab of Ridpur, a place twenty-five miles distant, fled to cantonments to ask for succour. The Brigadier directed him to return, if attacked to resist stoutly, and if overmatched to apply for help and he would be succoured in a few hours. The Rohillas, however, thought better of it and drew off. Our own carts were attacked near Jalná, the drivers robbed of everything, and one of them wounded; but the banditti considered it more prudent not to detain the carts, as they contained nothing they could carry off. The Governor of Umrauti[1] and the Commandant of the native garrison, a gallant Rajput named Bhowáni Sing, came to blows. The latter threw himself, with a small party, into the Travellers' Bungalow, blocked up the door, and fortified himself by hollowing out the floor, so that his little child, his horse, and his men were safe, even when they brought artillery against him. After a most gallant defence for about three days, until the house was reduced to a heap of ruins, he managed to escape into cantonments, where the Brigadier gave him refuge on parole, and afterwards sent an escort with him to Haidrabad to secure him from being murdered on the way. He was a thin, wiry man, with deep set eyes, aquiline nose, and a most melancholy, determined expression. He died not long after.

Though my husband was brimming over with fun and humour he was excessively sensitive to emotion, passionately fond of music and poetry, for which he had an astonishing memory. He wrote to me about this time :—

"Please screw up the strings of our Æolian harp; its sounds transport me into the azure fields above to mingle with that company of whom we hope hereafter to form a joyful group.

[1] The chief commercial city of the country.

'In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes,
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en listening angels lean from Heaven to hear.'

That description belongs to a higher class of melody than the ecstatic trills, wild flights, and mournful soul-stricken cadences of the harp of the viewless winds ; but I love with all my heart the sounds which first awoke pure and high fancies in my boyish heart. I cannot tell you the effect an Æolian harp still has on me."

During his absence I had a severe shock. A Brahman orderly who always attended me asked leave to go out shooting, was seized by a tiger, and though not severely injured died the second day after in spite of all we could do. My husband returned, gave him stimulants, and endeavoured to cheer him ; but the poor man said : "My heart is gone from me." The doctor said he had seen numerous cases of high-caste natives who eat little or no meat dying from injuries from which a European would easily recover, and yet their powers of endurance are far greater. This brought on my fever every other day, but at last November arrived. Warburg's Tincture checked the fever for six weeks, and allowed of my being moved to the plains and then to Bombay, where Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell received us with the utmost hospitality and kindness at a lovely little house in the midst of a palm grove. There we met the Aga and his wife, the Bibi, who had just returned from a visit to the Panjab. Coming down the Indus the Bibi's favourite parakeet fell into the river. Without a moment's hesitation the Aga plunged into the rolling waters and rescued it.

All the disadvantages and dangers of India are nothing to its partings. Leaving all the friends one has in the country to go among strangers, perhaps fifteen hundred

miles off, with small prospect of ever meeting again, is a trial that seldom happens in Europe; but the tearing asunder of parents and children, husband and wife, is a pang one can never forget even when reunited. A man, who has been one day happy in the midst of his family, finds himself bereaved of them all at a blow, and has to return to his routine of work, and wander sad and solitary through his desolate home with nothing to cheer him but the kindness of friends. Sympathy is very rarely lacking, but no amount of sympathy can equal his need. Happily he does not realise that in most cases he has lost his children for ever, that the little petted daughter who has been his delight will refuse to return to him, or will come back as a stranger with none of the tender reminiscences which fill her parents' hearts.

To my husband this parting was peculiarly trying, the remembrance of his former loss suggesting many anxious fears. New Year's Day 1853 was indeed a sad one. Again he left his wife on board and returned alone; but he now knew in Whom he believed, and could cast all his care on the unspeakable Love of his Redeemer.

In his first letter to me he mentions that on his rough little voyage from the ship he was unsuccessful in convincing his companions, who were strangers to him, that "missionaries in India are not idle, luxurious, bigoted fellows, whose teaching, aided by bribery (!), is likely to cause the loss of India to the British!"

Our finances had hardly recovered the heavy expense of the journey from the Panjab, of bringing so large a party from Calcutta to Elichpur, and of the purchase of two houses, furniture, etc. Mulla Ibrahim, who was beginning to prosper as a merchant in Bombay, but whose capital was still very small, in the most brotherly way brought my husband four thousand rupees as a loan. Of course he

began to repay this in a few months, but the prompt and friendly service was most opportune. Nothing showed the Brigadier's real attachment to his Afghan friends more than the way in which he reckoned on their sympathy. When he heard that I had passed the first few days of my voyage in safety and felt better, he "communicated his joy not only to his friends at Bombay, but to Hasan Khan, Prince Shapur, and Abdul Rahmán Khan."

He spent some days with one whom he styles "the Colonel Gardiner of the day," his "dear old friend Major Havelock," and writes :—

"Dear Havelock cleaveth unto me, and truly his friendship is a great honour. With him I spent as pleasant a time as could be in your absence, for Havelock is an experienced, mature, and much-tried Christian. He is a Baptist, and we used to discuss the difference in our opinions most amicably without the one making any impression on the other." [1]

In this time of trial he was surrounded by "the fervid love of the children of Him who is Love," and he felt that a separation such as he was enduring, taught him more and more the value of the undying love of God. "I am quite sure that this season of loneliness to my heart is meant to be one of grace to my soul. Calm reflection, communion with one's own heart if accompanied by earnest prayer and searching the Word, must promote the growth of grace in a believer. It will comfort you to know that I

[1] He records a matter of public interest. "Havelock has a large compilation of genuine and most valuable memoranda of the last Afghan and first Sikh wars ; but these will never see the light until after that truly Christian soldier shall have entered that blessed state where the wicked have ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest ; and so he frankly told Lord Hardinge the other day when questioned as to his literary intentions, for, quoth he : 'My Lord, I have a value for my commission.' Lord Hardinge said nought." Havelock also drew up a memoir of George Broadfoot never yet published.

am much in prayer, and I am striving to bring every thought into subjection to Christ." Having taken the chair at the Bible Society, he writes: — "The Romish Bishop has attacked our Bible Society meeting, is much disgusted with Dr. Wilson, and anticipates very little toleration for the poor Roman Catholic soldiers from the circumstance of Brigadier Mackenzie being in the chair, warmly supported as he was by Colonel Havelock! This is the way these designing priests always appeal to the passions of the lower orders. Nothing would please these fellows more than being able to excite the minds of the soldiery, for well do they know the weak side of unbelieving rulers, and they hope that 'in a grate feere' the said rulers would issue some stringent order on the subject of military men assisting at Christian meetings and demonstrations."

"15*th January* 1853.—Last evening I dined at Parell. Lord and Lady Falkland were *most* kind in their inquiries after you, and really showed much sympathy. I sat next Lady Falkland at dinner, and we had an animated conversation. Some joke having been uttered about becoming old and consequently foolish, I took occasion to point out to her very quietly the hopes of and promises to a Christian, quoting 'They shall bring forth fruit in old age,' etc., and instancing Hannah More. My hostess seemed to agree cordially, so I went on, and our discussion ended by her maintaining (gently) baptismal regeneration. I begged her to allow me to send her a book with a chapter on that subject marked, to which she assented after a fashion. Consequently I have this morning despatched *Protestantism compared with Romanism*, with a letter, to which I hope she will make a pleasant answer, and consent to read the discussion on baptism. At all events (as the Hielandman said), 'She hath done what she could.' Lord Frederick Fitzclarence talked a great deal with me, desiring me to

call on him again before I leave Bombay. I am to go to witness his mode of drilling men in the park at Parell. He is far too much of the pipeclay-and-ramrod officer to my fancy, still he might be an efficient man in actual warfare. I saw him the other morning review the 78th Highlanders at Colaba, and truly M'Intyre, who commanded, deserves credit for not losing his temper, so much was he bullied by the fat man. You should have seen the quizzical expression of many of the soldiers as they caught my eye while filing past me during the Commander-in-Chief's antics. They evidently esteemed them at their proper value."[1]

The command of the Aurangabad division became vacant. In healthiness and nearness to Bombay it was preferable to the Elichpur division. My husband wrote:—"I should like the command at Aurangabad, and shall accept it if offered. The great question ought to be—'Where can we best serve the Lord?' So the best way is to resign ourselves entirely into His hands and to pray that we may have no will of our own." Soon after he says:—"Mayne goes to Aurangabad, and all my friends are filled with wrath against me for not having entered the lists against him. I prefer resting on my oars, and leaving these things in the hands of a wise and kind Providence, unless it appears quite plain that I ought to act, and, in this instance, I had a great objection to place myself in a position of rivalry with my old comrade. Moreover, I with my habits, can, humanly speaking, stand the climate of Elichpur better than Mayne.

[1] Highland soldiers are peculiarly shrewd in such matters. It is told of Sir Colin Campbell that in the midst of a volley of abuse which he was hurling at a regiment on parade he was compelled to pause for want of breath, when a stalwart Highlander in the ranks remarked aloud, quite coolly, to his comrade: "Eh Jock, the auld man's madder than ever to-day!" The abuse stopped, and Sir Colin rode off laughing.

Depend upon it, all will turn out for the best. You will rejoice with me to learn that our Sikhs have been engaged and that they have greatly distinguished themselves, the despatch describing them as having gone at the enemy 'like lightning.' You may imagine how thankful I am. Oh that these gallant fellows were Christians!

"On leaving Bombay Mr. Mitchell asked me to allow Venkat Ráo, a Christian Brahman, to accompany my people, as he was anxious to obtain an interview with his young wife at Mominabad (Mayne's cavalry station), where her relations kept her imprisoned. I consequently gave him Kashmiri to ride, supplied him with funds, and gave him letters to Mayne and others. Captain Wroughton received him most kindly, but Mayne professed himself 'unable to help him in any way!' I fear the name of 'convert' indisposed him to exertion. Had the man been a Muhammadan or a Hindu, doubtless he would have done his best to help him.

"I liked what I saw of Venkat Ráo much. He is most meek, patient, and trusting, and I am sure, whether he regains his wife or not, the Lord will bless the expedition in some way to his soul. My servants tell me that he spoke 'sweet words' to them on the road about salvation. Well, all is arranged for the best, as we shall see and *fully* acknowledge hereafter. Oh for more faith and patience meanwhile!"

He spent a month after his return to Elichpur with his kind friends, Major and Mrs. Ward. He then went back to his own house. "Here I am *quite* alone. I have with difficulty swallowed some breakfast, and am struggling to feel as a Christian man who cannot number the mercies he has received from the Lord. . . . I have much more comfort in making my requests known to God than I used to have. This alone is an inexpressible privilege."

All his sympathies were called forth by the bereavement of an officer who had taken his young wife to the coast after a trying illness borne with the utmost gentleness, fortitude, and patience. She told her husband she knew she must die after two days, but said she was quite happy. One morning he looked cautiously into the palki, supposing she was enjoying sweet sleep, but she had departed. Mackenzie wrote:—"My heart bleeds for him. He has our earnest prayers that the spirit of God may deal with him and give him cause to bless this terrible affliction." When he returned to duty the young widower of course called on his commanding officer. The latter spoke to him of the precious promises of the Gospel, and "remembering how a similar affliction had first led himself to the throne of grace, he was quite overcome with emotion." F——, who was a Romanist, heard him most attentively, doubtless moved by this warm sympathy, assented to all he said, and observed that the doctrine of "perseverance" was new to him and most comforting, and promised to read the Bible for himself. He soon began to find great pleasure in so doing, and often dined and spent the evening alone with his friend, joining with him in reading and prayer. He seemed anxious to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the "ancient faith," as he called it; the last point to which he clung being prayers for the dead. A few months later my husband wrote:—"F—— told Ward yesterday that reading the Bible and remaining a Roman Catholic were incompatible. For this the Lord be praised!"

4th March.—Mr. Munger, a most excellent American missionary from Nagar, came to Elichpur. The hot winds were already blowing, but the good man would not allow the Brigadier and Major Ward to post bearers for him "lest he should lose the opportunity of preaching in some villages where the sound of the Gospel has not yet been heard." On

the Lord's day he preached early for two hours in Mahratti and afterwards two excellent sermons in English. As his tent and saddle had become useless, his friends fitted him out between them, and discovered that he was starting on his long journey with only sixteen rupees in his pocket!

Writing of a person who delayed joining an appointment where active hostilities were expected, Major Mackenzie says characteristically:—"Political agents must, on occasion, stick their pens behind their ears and betake themselves to the claymore. Any gentleman would feel cheered and enlivened by such a prospect, but not so this young infidel." The troops were, as usual, lamentably in arrears. "They have only been paid for November (five months ago); they are now beginning to feel that the enormous interest that they have been compelled to pay for the means of keeping body and soul together during the last two years has saddled them with a debt that a lifetime will scarcely enable them to pay off. My request that the Governor-General would compel the Nizám to pay off this debt, incurred by these poor men in consequence of his breach of faith, still remains unanswered, so I am resolved to pitch in another 'Junius' on the subject." At the weekly prayer-meeting he expounded Galatians, for which he carefully prepared "to counteract as much as possible the doctrine of sacramental salvation."

In March he writes:—"Dearest, this separation is part of the cross, which, if true disciples, we must bear cheerfully. Let us even now be glad in the Lord and encourage each other. I am steadfastly resolved, by God's grace, to use this time of trial and to realise its mercy."

April.—"Another week and I shall, D.V., have tidings of you, my best love. I quake a little, but I will not give way. I must hope or my heart would stop beating. It is very sweet in prayer to remember that we pray to Him to

whom we are going. The feeling is too common that we shall, as it were, come in contact with God first when we see Him on the judgment seat, and in praying to be kept prepared for that awful moment we make a distinction which does not exist between the great Being to whom we address our supplications and the Judge whom we fear to encounter. It is good to realise their identity, and I am enabled to feel that my Saviour and Judge are united in Jesus Christ."

Great delay having taken place in the arrival of the mail from the Cape, he writes, 23d April 1853 :—"I am terribly discouraged. I must write in the midst of all my anxiety and misery, not knowing if this will ever meet your eye. The Lord's will be done, but this suspense is to me perfect torture. I could not put pen to paper but for the fear that the omission of a single mail might subject you to a small portion of what I feel at this moment. I pray literally without ceasing, and I *know* that all is well."

My letters from the Cape reached him at last on the 25th April, "a day spent in fervent thanksgiving, and ever since I have been a changed man. All life and energy had been literally, in spite of many a rallying effort, dying out. Now I am so much encouraged at this display of the undeserved goodness and mercy of God that my spirits are good and my duties pleasant. I wake with a thankful heart and go to sleep with a deep sense that the Lord is sustaining us. I never had any doubt as to the wisdom, faithfulness, and love of our Heavenly Father, but after waiting more than three months and a half I could not help *fearing*. It is good for me to have felt this great anxiety amounting at times to almost anguish, for it drove me to spread out my heart as a scroll before the Lord. I went to Jesus as I was, 'poor and miserable, and blind and naked,' and truly He has succoured and fed and clothed me; there-

fore the purpose of my heart is, which may God confirm, to call on Him as long as I live."

Three days afterwards he received his Kabul medal, which he had won more than ten years previously, and which was obtained by the pertinacious advocacy of Lord Dalhousie.[1] "The Honourable Court have completely stultified themselves in having so long withheld it, my claims in '53 being exactly what they were in '43. I have locked it up, and truly I care not to wear it unless thou couldest attach it to the breast of my uniform. The ribbon ought to be a dark green, that being the sacred colour of the Muhammadans, of our victory over whom the medal is a sign, but it is a Frenchified, watered affair. Nevertheless, I am grateful to Him who dispenses even the smallest benefits that I have at last obtained justice, and I made the arrival of the hardly-earned sign that I had done my duty a subject for special thanksgiving."

On getting the medal he applied for the six months' *batta* (extra allowance) granted to Pollock's force, and obtained it for himself and for those of his fellow-captives who had served with it.

As usual, he made friends and then recommended the Gospel to them. "The senior jemadar of cavalry and I have lately become intimate. He is a fine old Patán from Alighar. I shall make him a present of a Gospel in Hindustani."

[1] He had all along said that "promotion and honours were favours, but he demanded the medal *as a right*." Mr. Courtenay, the Private Secretary, wrote:—"You will doubtless have received the extract from the Court's despatch, which they desired should be communicated to you, and I hope you will not have taken their harsh expressions to heart. My belief is that you never would have got even the scant and tardy measure of justice which has now been extorted from your honourable masters but for the vigorous importunity which they censure."

Writing of a friend who appeared to be unwilling to act, he says:—"The truth is that under Lord Dalhousie few men like to be responsible for the boiling of a turnip, for he has been lately so pestered by undue interference on the part of the Home authorities, the two Boards, that he is dangerous, like a solitary bull-bison. On very trifling occasions he goreth his inferiors, so we must make allowances for ——!"

"An unfortunate coolie[1] came to the door just now with his head so mangled by a bear that while the doctor was dressing it, I assisting, I scarcely knew whether to cry or faint, and the melancholy case was aggravated by the presence of the poor man's wife, the picture of wretchedness, and a host of children. I have sent him to hospital, and shall maintain him and his family until he is well."

5th May.—"The Mir Adil[2] has taken refuge in cantonments with his family. But for me I believe the old 'Chancellor' would have been murdered long ago. The rescue of a prisoner from his house was planned the other day; I quietly ordered the cavalry night picket to be on duty by day also (the one next the city), to have an eye to the Mir Adil's compound, and, in case of an attack, to fall on the assailants and give no quarter. This last clause leaked out, and no attack has been made."

Moved by false information Lord Dalhousie committed a great injustice by disbanding the 5th Cavalry. In vain Major Mackenzie and others endeavoured to put him in possession of the real facts—he was one who never abandoned a conviction right or wrong. He passionately pronounced the splendid Nizám's cavalry "rotten;" refused to listen to the Resident, General Fraser, who thereupon resigned, and was allowed to leave India after fifty years distinguished service (chiefly political) without a word of

[1] Day labourer. [2] Chief Judge.

acknowledgment. The Nizám, whose cavalry they were supposed to be, not being even consulted.

On the 14th June Major Mackenzie received the joyful intelligence of the safe arrival of his wife and daughter in England, and soon after had to take the field to carry out the annexation of Berar.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANNEXATION OF BERAR.

(1853.)

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Proverbs xvi. 32.

COLONEL LOW, an old pupil of Sir John Malcolm, had succeeded General Fraser as Resident. Of the most scrupulous integrity and honour, kind and courteous to all, men hardly knew what far-seeing wisdom and statesmanship lay hid under his pleasant, unassuming demeanour.[1]

The state of the Nizám's dominions was lamentable in the extreme. When the Great Moghul empire fell to pieces, partly from the deterioration in character which always takes place in Muhammadan sovereigns when they cease to be warriors, and partly from the invasions of Nadir Shah from the north and the Mahrattas from the south, the different viceroys became more and more independent. It was the same process by which first the Carlovingian and then the Holy Roman Empire of Germany were disintegrated. The Vazir of Oudh, the Nizám of Haidrabad,

[1] My husband wrote:—"I like Colonel Low better and better, whether he agrees with me or not, he writes and acts like a gentleman." When they became personally intimate these two men loved each other.

the Názim[1] of Bengal, from viceroys of provinces became practically sovereign princes, paying merely a nominal allegiance to the Emperor, just like the Electors and Dukes in Germany.

The Subahdar or Nizám (Governor) of the Dekkan became independent in the eighteenth century, and in 1798 Lord Wellesley made a treaty with him against the French, by which a contingent of 6000 troops under British officers on the Irregular system was to be maintained by the Nizám. It was a first-rate little army, the five regiments of Irregular Cavalry being among the finest in India. The Resident at Haidrabad was Commander-in-Chief, and without his sanction not a man could be employed. The Nizám was at this time (1853) sunk in the most disgraceful and stupefying excesses. Every office was sold to the highest bidder, and the farmers of revenue, in their anxiety to remain at the capital, both to "enjoy its abominations" and to watch their own interests, sub-let the soil, the revenue and the very flesh and blood of the agricultural population. A táluqdar (or holder of a fief) was often dispossessed in defiance of all good faith, because some one else offered higher terms to the corrupt ministers of the Nizám. Every man of importance had Arabs, Rohillas, or other mercenaries on his pay, either to defend the post he held or to seize one from his neighbour. The whole country was in a state of chronic anarchy and civil war; blazing villages, sacked and desolated towns, marked the track of these lawless freebooters, while the officers commanding the four divisions were forbidden to interfere. Every now and then the men in authority were compelled by the Resident to pay up and dismiss their Arabs and Rohillas (the latter being the common name for Afghans), but no precautions

[1] *Nizám* and *Názim* come from the same Arabic root, signifying order or arrangement. They were Governors or Viceroys.

were taken to prevent their re-entering the country. In 1851-2 Major Mackenzie informed General Fraser that the Rohillas were returning in small parties, and requested permission to hold the pass by which they entered and to turn them back, but this was refused.

The pay of the contingent being hopelessly in arrear, Lord Dalhousie determined in 1853 to take the management of the rich valley of Berar (a territory rather larger than Denmark, which had been presented to the Nizám in 1803 by Lord Wellesley), so as to provide for the past and future payment of the troops. In all arrangements between native princes and Government there are two sides to the question. It often appears that treaties bind us to a course of action towards the prince which is most unjust and disastrous towards his subjects. The sight of the way in which the country was ravaged made one long for annexation, for the sake of the poor inhabitants. It is curious to read a letter from Lord Dalhousie to Major Mackenzie, 12th September 1852. "As for taking the country, I fervently hope it will not be taken in my time at least. Treaties can't be torn up like old newspapers, you know." It would have been well if the Cabinet had acted on this principle in Oudh, when, as Sir John Low pointed out, the remedy provided by treaty would have secured all the advantages, and avoided the dangers of annexation. Brigadier Mackenzie had foreseen that a measure of this sort was inevitable in Berar, and had therefore set himself for six months previous to the positive announcement, to prepare for it. This he did by quietly employing confidential agents, chiefly his own Persian writer, Munshi Badr-u-Dín, and his Mahratta writer, Bápoji Pandit, to ascertain the value of the revenue of Berar, and the exact quota paid by every town and village within the province. This was accomplished by much anxious, personal labour, and at

considerable personal expense to himself. His two agents did their work very cleverly and well, without creating suspicion, or causing inconvenient rumours. Colonel Low, heartily acknowledged the value and correctness of this information, which he had been quite unable to extract from the Nizám, whose aversion to the dismemberment of his territory prompted him to oppose and thwart the British Government in every possible way. At last (27th May 1853), in the very height of the hot season, the Brigadier received instructions to march to Umrauti, the chief city in Berar (forty miles from Elichpur), to keep the public peace, and to prevent the Táluqdars (barons) from plundering and oppressing the Zamindars (farmers), bankers, and other peaceable persons, before the transfer of territory was effected.

Eighteen miles from Elichpur was the grand old fortress of Gáwilghar, the usual garrison of which consisted of six or eight worn-out old men; but as it still retained its reputation as a stronghold, it might have given trouble if it had fallen into the hands of a body of Arabs. The Brigadier's first step was therefore to send a company to take possession of it. His next was to issue a circular to the native authorities throughout his division, warning them that he held them responsible for every act of cruelty or oppression within their districts.

He marched the next evening, and sat down before Umrauti on the 30th. The first incident was an insolent refusal to admit the usual guard into the city. A party of Rohillas and Arabs in charge of the gate lit their match-locks and warned them off. The Táluqdar of Umrauti was the notorious Budan Khan, who had formerly been expelled from the Nizám's service by order of the Governor-General. He was at Haidrabad, and one of his Naibs or deputies, Mohib Ali, was Governor of Umrauti, and was the caitiff

who had done his utmost to destroy the gallant Rajput, Bhowáni Sing.

Cannonading a closely-packed commercial city, full of traders, was a thing not to be thought of, "save under the pressure of dire necessity." The Brigadier therefore encamped within cannon-shot of the walls, and demanded the reason of the refractory Naib's refusal to admit the troops of his master the Nizám. Beginning to fear he had made a mistake, Mohib Ali sent a vakil (envoy or agent), an ancient Musalman, with a venerable white beard, and a present. The envoy was received civilly on account of his age, but the present of sheep, sweetmeats, sugar-cane, etc., refused, and Mohib Ali was informed that prompt measures would be taken to (in military phrase) "take the shine out of him." The gate flew open, supplies for the camp flowed out, and the next day Mohib Ali, though afflicted with fever, appeared in very humble guise, professed profound repentance, and besought the Major Sahib not to humble him in the sight of the people by again returning his offering. He was received with respect, but reminded of his responsibility, a warning being added, that if the Brigadier were forced to attack, no quarter would be given. In the meantime the native authorities, great and small, were taking advantage of the actual interregnum to levy taxes in advance on every village, and the weather was so intensely hot—117° in the commanding officer's tent—that the infantry could not make forced marches to the various scenes of violence. He therefore ordered up two eighteen-pounders under Major Ward, and applied for additional cavalry.

The people were uncertain who would be their future rulers, and this uncertainty was kept up by daily letters from Haidrabad, asserting that Berar would not be ceded to the British. The native authorities refused to supply

the cultivators with the usual advances in money to enable them to sow, the rains were approaching, and had these advances, called "takávi," been delayed ten days more the whole country must have lain fallow for that year, with the result of starvation and misery to the people. The necessity for these advances arose from the system of rack-rent and extortion, under which the farmers had been kept in a state of perfect destitution. They were frequently without even a plough; their implements, cattle, nay, even their scanty wearing apparel, and in some cases their very children, having been seized and sold by some petty agent of their rulers. Major Mackenzie was of opinion that the need for takávi would probably cease in two years from our taking possession of Berar, but in the meantime his first object was to save the unfortunate peasantry. Hundreds of them were preparing to emigrate, or rather to flee, into the Nagpur territory, leaving all they had to leave; and if the land had remained uncultivated, the starving people left behind would have banded themselves together as Dacoits. He therefore acted on his own responsibility, issued proclamations from one end of the country to the other, exhorting the population to resist tyranny, and to make known to him without delay if they even apprehended oppression, to fear no man, and to apply to him for advances to enable them to cultivate. Having before him the complete revenue survey he had made, he was enabled to do this, partly through the Nawab of Elichpur, whom he guaranteed against loss, partly through Sunder Pandit, the Sir Desh-pandia of Umrauti (a man of extraordinary intelligence and aptitude for business), and partly through his own Persian and Mahratta munshis, who literally worked night and day to complete the advances in time before the setting in of the rains. Every case was examined, and after ascertaining both need and amount, the Brigadier

doled out half the sum, supplying the remainder only on receiving reports of the right application of the first part. He met with the most cordial support from the Resident, Colonel Low, who sanctioned all he had done, thus enabling him to give the guarantee of Government to the bankers who supplied the money, and to obtain it at one-fifth of the interest the poor people had been accustomed to pay.

Within a week after the proclamation promising protection to all, the Naib of Ridpur, who had on a former occasion fled into cantonments for protection, sent to beg the Brigadier to rescue him from a confederacy of his own Patels (heads of villages), who had gathered a party of Rohillas, and were "walking over his head." It was the Sabbath, but Major Mackenzie forthwith despatched Captain Clagett with a squadron of horse to surround the village, some twenty miles off. On reaching the spot, Clagett found that the exactions of the Naib had driven the Patels to take up arms, and that "the force of Rohillas" did not exceed a dozen men. They all surrendered at once, and were brought into camp prisoners, the Naib being ordered in to answer for having made a false representation. My husband continues:—"I admonished the Patels never to take the law into their own hands, and told them to return to their village; thrust the Rohillas out of the country; and having turned the Naib's face upside down with a sharp reprimand, sent him back 'a humiliated Moslem.' The chief sufferer was Clagett, who was laid up with sunstroke, and forced to go to Chikalda, leaving a very pleasant fellow less at the mess. Although it ended in smoke, the prompt attention paid to the very first requisition probably prevented the necessity for any further 'dours,' *i.e.* raids."

In due time formal orders arrived from the Nizám

(which had been promptly demanded by Colonel Low), requiring Mohib Ali to dismiss his mercenaries, and to repair to Haidrabad, with, at the same time, secret instructions from Budan Khan to delay, and try to humbug the Brigadier. The latter was aware of this, but granted the Naib's request to be allowed to stay a few days to wind up his affairs, and in the meantime sent for his friend Nawab Jáni of Jhalgám, the most influential man in Berar—of great prudence and energy, and who had suffered so much from the tyranny of the Nizám, that he was devoted to the British—to take Mohib Ali's place at the head of the district. The mercenaries were started towards Haidrabad, followed up by a troop of horse to watch their behaviour. It would have been better for Mohib Ali if he had gone when he was bidden, for Major Mackenzie, discovering that he had been forestalling the revenue, placed him under surveillance until the arrival of Captain Bullock, the newly-appointed Commissioner, and directed the Mir Adal (chief judge), whose salary was five years in arrears, to reopen his court. But one of his greatest difficulties came from his brother-Brigadier, William Mayne. Early in June, on learning that the latter was ordered to co-operate with him, Major Mackenzie requested the Resident to settle their relative seniority, he himself being only a captain in the army with the local rank of Major, while Mayne was a Brevet-Major, and expressed his willingness to serve under Mayne's orders if Colonel Low wished it. Most fortunately for the country, the Resident decided in favour of Mackenzie, who was senior as Brigadier, and who was thus enabled to control Mayne. The latter was bent on finding some opportunity for personal distinction, reproached Mackenzie for his forbearance towards the refractory Naib, saying, "At this rate we shall never win our spurs," and insinuated that advances to the cultivators were mere waste

of money. Mackenzie, on the other hand, thought only of the good of the people, and earnestly sought wisdom and guidance from on High. He had intercepted a letter from Haidrabad directing Mohib Ali to "provoke Mackenzie Sahib to shed blood," which would have enabled the Nizám to complain that his territory had been wrested from him by force, and would probably have set the whole country in flames. Mackenzie did not allow himself to be provoked by either side. His letters to Mayne are models of courtesy, though he had no small difficulty in restraining him. In his eagerness to bring on a fight, with prospective honours at the end of it, Mayne repeatedly insulted the Naib of Akot in the most scandalous manner, using expressions which cannot be committed to paper. Fortunately the Naib (a Hindu) had the prudence to restrain himself until he saw how matters were going. Major Mackenzie wrote to Major Mayne:—"So far from wishing to fight, they are ready, if you treat them decently, to come out and make *pujah* to your jackboots," which proved to be the case.

Meanwhile Major Mackenzie was endeavouring to reconcile the different officials to the change. As he was already on friendly terms with most of them, his personal influence enabled him to effect this, and he was zealously assisted by the Nawab Jáni, "of whom he could not speak too highly," and the poorer people were no sooner convinced that they would be protected than they came to him in crowds. He gives the following picture of camp life:—

"I am daily beset by multitudes who openly curse their Moghul masters, and frightful cases of cruelty and tyranny are brought before me, many of which I cannot meddle with, being of old date. But I have apprehended some murderers and thieves, inquired into some cases of alleged torture, and put some tyrannical officials in irons. The

rustic population will now start fair and full of hope and confidence in British rule, knowing that for this year at least, they will only have to pay 2 per cent for the money lent them, instead of from 10 to 20 per cent. If the poor are for once clothed and fed, and if the Government receive their due, my labour will not be in vain. . . . I am striving to tread the narrow path with an enlarged and joyful heart. I have more peace than I used to have, and that encourages me wonderfully. . . . I think you would be surprised to witness the quiet and family-like look of our camp and mess. We all breakfast and dine at mess, and I have made myself perpetual president, and say grace at all meals—your dear father's simple and comprehensive prayer.[1] We have public worship at gunfire[2] on the Sabbath. A second service in this dreadful weather (117° in my tent) is impossible; all attend, subordinates and all, and are very attentive to the sermon which I read—dear Ward[3] doing curate and reading prayers. At last F—— has joined us. The Bible has done this. There is a diabolical idol in the midst of our (the officers') tents, which I was constantly tempted to smash into very small fragments. I cannot help thinking that the sight of this abomination, hung with fresh garlands every day, contributed to make F—— feel a more intense disgust at the similar idolatry in the Romish Church. My Brahman orderly tells me that idolatry is a great lie, and that now he never worships images. He knows that Christianity is true, but caste is too strong for him. I have given away some tracts, and I have had more than one opportunity of explaining the doctrines of Christianity to intelligent persons.

[1] "O Lord, supply the wants of others, and make us truly thankful for Thy mercies, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

[2] Early dawn. [3] Major Ward, commanding Artillery.

"The excessive rains have turned the soil into a perfect slough. Part of the camp was inundated and the officers of the 5th Infantry found themselves surrounded by a rapid and broad stream." Being unfettered by commissariat regulations, the Brigadier was enabled to take any measures he deemed proper for the health of the troops. He therefore had every tent surrounded by a deep trench to drain off the rain, and furnished with a brazier and plentiful supply of charcoal to keep out the damp. This made the men both warm and cheerful. Raised paths were formed through the camp, and on these the sentries paced to and fro, instead of having to wade through slush.

"A leopard, mad with hunger, in the midst of the heavy rain, came into the camp and tried to eat a sentry, and then various sleeping persons, merely snatching at and biting their legs, anxious for flesh, dead or alive. We killed a great number of deadly snakes, and literally scores of scorpions. Droves of wild boar used to come into camp every night and bully the sentries, who were in a 'grate feere.' And all this within half a mile of the city walls, a significant proof of the government of the country not being one that encouraged agriculture and a multiplying population. I found a very old and sick Sikh; him I doctored and fed, for the sake of our poor old friend, and I gave him a present when I came away. A most picturesque elder, with a beautiful white beard. I also got hold of an Afghan in extremity. He might have been cured, but he would not take nourishment during the day, it being the Rámzán, wherefore he died and was decently buried at my expense. His death made me very sad.

"Forage having failed in this neighbourhood, I ordered the artillery back to Elichpur, telling Ward to choose his own time. He started too soon, before the break in the

rains was confirmed, and the battery is stuck fast in the mud six miles from here. I cannot help him save by sending him port wine and bread."

Even with the help of a hundred extra cattle and whole villages clapped on to the drag ropes, the guns were seven days marching thirty-six miles.

The whole population appeared delighted at their deliverance from worse than Egyptian bondage by coming under British rule. Thus Mackenzie, by taking on himself the work of a commissioner, saved the Government from a loss of from half to three-quarters of the revenue; and it was due to him alone that Lord Dalhousie was able to boast in his parting minute that Berar had been annexed "*without shedding a drop of blood or losing a rupee of revenue.*"

The Deputy-Commissioner, Captain Bullock, who took charge of the ceded districts, wrote to the Brigadier:—"You made the best arrangements and in the best possible way, and you have saved us from a serious defalcation in the revenue."

My husband wrote:—"Now mark my words: this service will never elicit a 'Thank ye' from the superior authorities;" and, with the exception of one from the Resident, it never did. Unfortunately Colonel Low was soon promoted to a seat in the Supreme Council and succeeded by Mr. George Bushby.

In the middle of July the Brigadier made over all revenue and civil matters to the new Deputy-Commissioner, to whom he lent his writers. He was greatly vexed with what he styled "the penny-wise and thousand-pound foolish" character of the new arrangements, of which no one was more sensible than Captain Bullock. For instance, the Mir Adal was henceforward to receive only one-half his former salary, which, even in the case of a comparatively

just and conscientious judge, was "doing Satan's work in the way of temptation."

Mackenzie never forgot that it was the ill-timed parsimony of the Supreme Government in trying to save £14,000, which brought on the outbreak in Afghanistan, and he strongly held Sir Henry Lawrence's maxim that "in a new country liberality is economy in the end." The ex-Naib Mohib Ali confessed to him that he had taken many bribes, but defended his misdeeds on the plea that, although he had so great a charge and necessarily great expense, his salary from Budan Khan was only two hundred rupees a month, and all the respectable natives present agreed that this was a very strong palliation. But our Government allotted to his successor a salary of fifty rupees a month, thus insuring abundant crops of "unlawful hay." With similar short-sightedness the pay of the native collector of customs, a position of peculiar temptation, was fixed at five shillings a month! What was even worse, the fief of the Nawab of Elichpur was taken by Government, and no compensation was made to him. His ancestor had rendered essential service to the British under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and we had guaranteed the possession of his lands to him and his family. The Nawab had co-operated with the Brigadier in the recent annexation, and in return he was left in extreme old age, with about three hundred women of his own and his predecessors' families, to absolute penury. In vain Major Mackenzie made the strongest representations in his behalf; all his exertions were unsuccessful. Lord Dalhousie did not attach sufficient weight to the statements of those on the spot. Surely our reputation for generosity and for gratitude for past services was of more political importance (to say nothing of morality) than a heavy balance to our credit.

Now that my husband had done his revenue work, he

got through a great deal of reading. His first leisure in the day was always given to the study of the Word of God. He read with especial pleasure and edification *Tait on the Hebrews*, which "filled him with joy and comfort." "This book," he says, "has been a means of realising to my soul many promises which I had previously appreciated very feebly. Truly, the clearer our views of God's surpassing love in Jesus, the more profound becomes our abhorrence of sin. To me sin is now as a body of death, and I bless God that I can at times feel with Paul that *my* Lord and Saviour has delivered me therefrom. At other times my faith is feeble and sense of sin and infirmity very discouraging." Barnes' *Notes on the New Testament* he pronounces "more suited for a Sunday scholar than for grown people who have studied the Scriptures." That which he liked he never failed to recommend to others; thus we find him reading Pollok's *Course of Time* aloud to two of his officers till they are both delighted with it. Another is studying D'Aubigne's *Protector*, and the new convert is carefully reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

He left Umrauti 15th August, not having lost a single man, owing under God to the precautions he had taken for the health of the troops. A most welcome break in the monsoon made the return march to Elichpur delightful. He thus sketches their halt at Daigám:—"We encamped in the prettiest grove I have seen in India. The day was cool, and I was thinking all day, and especially in the evening when I took a stroll with our plumy pets on my head and shoulder, how very much you would have enjoyed this most picturesque scene. The grove is of vast extent, interspersed with knolls, little glades, and lawns. The short green grass was like a velvet carpet, and the white tents of the infantry shining through the luxuriant foliage

of the magnificent trees, the gleaming of their arms, piled in front of the regiment, the picketed cavalry-horses, the groups of men and women in every imaginable costume, from the British uniform to that of the primitive and scrupulous Hindu—whose dusky skin, while engaged in the religious rite of preparing his simple meal, is set off by the white cloth from his waist to mid-thigh—the hum of cheerful voices, and the loud laugh (for all were in high spirits at the prospect of rejoining their friends and families), the occasional bugle blast and roll of the drum announcing some military duty—all combined to throw an air of romance over our encampment." Another great mercy was that a dreadful epidemic of cholera did not break out at Umrauti until the day *after* the force had left it, and all these favours were gratefully acknowledged as gracious answers to prayer.

But the exposure to forty days' continuous rain proved fatal to his matchless Arab, Rubee. All his friends knew Rubee, and used to inquire for him in writing as a member of the family. In vain his master sat up all night with him, and every remedy was tried to alleviate his sufferings. "When he was in extremity I began to caress him and talk to him, when he turned his large black eye on me with such a beseeching human expression, rested his head on me, and in the midst of his great pain appeared quite soothed by my voice and touch." He died on the second day after of inflammation. "I was thankful when his pain ceased. . . . Shall I grudge my best horse, even though he was my friend, to Him who in answer to even such prayers as mine gave me your precious life, my Helen. Not even a sparrow can die without God's permission, and all that I have, you and my children, are His. Do you know the fondling ways of Hira and Bibi (his little parakeets) soothe me in this trial. . . . I do not think it wrong to receive

consolation from this tiny source, for their love also is a gift." He writes some time after:—"Do not grudge the loss of Rubee. I am obliged to be on my guard to smother that regret which might degenerate into unwillingness to acquiesce cheerfully."

Whether a love for animals be, as some affirm, a Celtic characteristic or not, it was a marked feature in Mackenzie's character. He inculcated humanity on all around, and never would suffer an animal to be teased. One of his little girls when walking sprang forward, carefully removed a snail from the path, and then explained—"Papa told me *particularly* never to let a creature be trodden under foot." It was not only an instinct; it was also the consideration that they were God's creatures, and therefore cared for by their Creator.

His two beautiful little parakeets almost lived upon his shoulder, or on his helmet when out of doors. One of them, "Bibi" (a perversion of baby), was his faithful little companion for more than twenty-five years, and was as dear to him as a child. He had that primary qualification for a rider, perfect sympathy with his horse, and his magnificent bay Arab Rubee would stop in full career at a word, and frolicked like a kid whenever he happened to laugh. Though a very strict disciplinarian he suffered extremely when he had to inflict punishment. At this time he writes:—"I am trying by general court-martial a gross case of murder by a husband of his wife. If we convict the man I shall contrive to avoid being present at the execution. I have a greater horror of witnessing a violent death than you imagine natural in a man of blood and broil. My principal feeling is that after death comes the judgment, and that there is not the slightest ground for hope for the wretch whom we *with deliberation* are sending to his fearful doom."

His kindness to all about him was unbounded. He stood up as stoutly for men he did not particularly like as for those he loved, if they needed his help. It was quite a matter of course to invite an officer who had no house to be his guest for three or four months at a time; now he sits up three nights running with a man who had made himself so unpopular that no one volunteered to help; then he incurs the displeasure of Lord Dalhousie by his pertinacity in representing the injustice of depriving an officer of his appointment.

At the weekly prayer-meetings he now explained the Epistle to the Romans; both officers and subordinates attended. Many seemed to profit, and after he left, these meetings as well as public worship on Sundays were kept up by the subordinates.

His pay as Brigadier was about two thousand rupees (= £200) a month. Of this he sent one thousand to his wife, and writes:—"I find I can without being stingy, *i.e.* seeing officers at my table and entertaining a chance wayfarer, live on five hundred a month, so that we may hope to break the neck of all our debts." But taking the field brought innumerable extra expenses, and he incurred great loss by the changes made in the Contingent. The four divisions were merged into two, and he was eventually moved to Bolarum, near Haidrabad. He writes in July:—"I hope (D.V.) I may have the Northern Division, but I leave it in His hands with confidence;" and again:—"This change to Bolarum will be ruinous, for of course no one will buy our houses;[1] but my mind is quite easy, for He who guides our steps can easily recompense us. *N'importe!* we know whose are the silver and the gold. Faith has the promise of the life that now is and of that

[1] As Elichpur thus ceased to be the headquarters of a division, the Brigadier's house was not wanted.

which is to come. I would far sooner remain in India all my life than increase in riches and be led to set my *heart* upon them. I cannot help feeling thy absence. . . . In general, however, I am cheerful. The only way for me is to abound in prayer, and never to be idle for a moment."

His secular reading was Alison's *History* and Coleridge's *Friend*, which he enjoyed, but adds :—"Coleridge is at times unnecessarily mystical. I question if he could translate some of his own sentences into plain English. . . . I feel so much pleasure in resuming my old habits of regular study." His Brigade-Major, who was living with him, was Captain Sutherland Orr, whom he always looked upon as a legacy from Broadfoot, whose Adjutant he had been. Orr was a man of warm feelings and great gallantry, and appeared sincerely attached and grateful to Mackenzie, who lost no opportunity of forwarding his interests,[1] and had been the chief means of procuring for him the command of a cavalry regiment.

About this time he was grieved to hear of the assassination of Major Mackeson at Peshawar by a fanatic Afghan, who also mortally wounded Atta Muhammad, the Afghan Kotwál, or Mayor of the city, who endeavoured to save Mackeson. Regretting the neglect of the precautions he himself would have taken in such a perilous post, Mackenzie quaintly remarks :—"It is an *advantage* to have had a knife at one's throat. It puts a man on the *qui vive!* . . . Good Colonel Wheler is suffering much persecution at the hands of the military authorities for preaching the Gospel and for refusing

[1] In one instance he dictated an appeal from him to Lord Ellenborough pointing out that he was in command of Broadfoot's sappers when Akbar was defeated on the 7th April 1842. Every other captain, including those who were laid up by wounds, received a brevet-majority on this occasion, but Orr got nothing.

to abstain from telling his fellow-sinners that they have souls to be saved and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. He has been removed from his regiment in Peshawar and ordered down to Barrackpore, some fifteen hundred miles, at this unhealthy season. Well, the servant is not above his master. But who can say that persecution has ceased? Mackeson resisted the preaching of the Gospel, in defiance of Christ's command, lest a religious hostility should be aroused among the Muhammadan tribes. Did that save him from the dagger of a religious fanatic? Depend upon it that preaching the Gospel will never make mischief between the British Government and the tribes of India or Central Asia, Hindu or Muhammadan. Quite a contrary effect may be expected from a faithful performance of the duty for which God has sent us to this vast region; and woe to us as governors if we shrink from the honourable task."

Major Mackenzie himself did not think it his duty to preach. He held that, besides an officer's obligation to obey, if he remains in the service, it was not usually for the advantage of the cause of Christ that one in authority should preach the Gospel among the heathen. It holds out a premium to hypocrisy, and makes it difficult to judge of the purity of the motives of an inquirer. He found that there were abundant opportunities of speaking of the way of salvation in friendly conversation with men of all ranks, and he often gave both tracts and portions of Scripture to Musalmans and Hindus. Just at this time he writes with much concern:—"The Mir Adal, I fear, is dying. I have never been able to gain his ear." In this, as in so many other points, he and Herbert Edwardes were entirely of one mind. A few months later Major Edwardes wrote to tell him that on his recent arrival at Peshawar to succeed Mackeson, Major Martin, 9th N.I. (who had given 10,000

rupees anonymously for the purpose of establishing a mission at Peshawar), came with Mr. Maltby the chaplain to consult him about it. "There was a panic from poor Colonel Mackeson's assassination, and I cannot account on any other supposition than that it pleased God to advise me well, for the unhesitating assurance which I *at once* gave them, that as Commissioner I would not forbid the mission, as a magistrate would protect it, and as a private individual do all I could for it. . . . Here is your friend C——, the best of men, has been preaching in the streets of Kohát, a little poky Afghan valley, hedged in with rocks and ruffians, and collecting fog and fanaticism beyond other places. The Deputy-Commissioner reports an excited populace, and calls on me to get C—— removed from the frontier before he be killed. That is embarrassing, all because C—— could not remember he was in the service of man, and must leave it if he wishes thus entirely to serve God. A missionary is in the eyes of natives an English Fakir. They respect and hear him, but they don't clutch their children up out of fear of him. An officer of Government comes to them with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other, and at once there is a cry of persecution. The orders of Government, therefore, in my judgment, fall in with the best interests of missions."

Not long after his return to Elichpur my husband went up to Chikalda, which in October was in full beauty, the climate quite European. "Orr and I are sitting with a fire, which is exceedingly comfortable. Poor dear Hira is in her cage very sick. She, the night before last, dreamed a frightful dream, and struck her beak so forcibly against the iron bars of her cage, assaulting a ghostly cat, rat, or rival, that she was all blood when I hastily took her out, and her tongue has been ever since so swollen that she cannot eat anything.

To-day I contrived to pour a few drops of thin arrow-root down her throat, and I constantly bathe the sweet thing's mouth with arnica and water. She moves me to tears by her helplessness and mute appeals for relief. I hope I shall be able to save her life, for truly her nest is in a corner of my heart. Surely it is not wrong to pray for the life of a little creature that loves you. . . . I think I may say Hira's life is safe. I shall give her a warm bath during the day, and dry her before the fire. The weather is glorious this morning; Nature smiles and adores; and all the trees, fresh and shining, clap their hands. May God give me grace that I may not be behind inanimate nature, but that I may serve Him henceforth with gladness and singleness of heart."

Sutherland Orr was greatly concerned about the little pet. It is a pretty picture—these two stout soldiers engrossed in tending a little wounded bird. The next extract from my husband's letters is in almost droll contrast:—"The Afridis having waxed bold since Mackeson's murder, a force has been assembled near Peshawar to coerce them. I have a sort of hankering at times to be there, which is rather increased by S. Orr's warlike longings, but I shall not volunteer."

He was at this time doing two good things—watching against sin and striving to help others. He says:—"Sudden anger is a terribly besetting sin of mine, but I shall gain the victory over that and all other causes of stumbling, for I am striving to overcome in the strength of our gracious Lord and Master. You will grieve to know that all my exertions to obtain justice for the poor old Elichpur Nawab are as yet unsuccessful. He is literally left to starve in extreme old age. I am still working for him. I wish I had the second volume of *Calvin on the Psalms*. His comments comfort me much in all my troubles by encouraging

me to seek relief from the free mercy of God. I see more clearly the privilege of being treated by God as a son. The promise I will never leave thee or forsake thee is as often fulfilled in sending as in withdrawing affliction, as Paul proves."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTURING ROHILLAS—BOLARUM.

(1854–5.)

My husband felt leaving Elichpur and Chikalda very much, and to his distress all "his establishment, Munshi, Pandit, and others were, under the new arrangements, sent adrift without even a donation!" He provided for as many as he could. But he had also a great comfort. Just as he was preparing for his departure the Rev. Robert Hunter of the Free Church Mission Nagpur, arrived, and two converts sat with him at the Lord's table, Captain F—— and Baldeo Sing. This young Rajput who had come down from Agra three years before with the Brigadier's servants, had afterwards expressed a wish to become a Christian, had been instructed and baptized by the Nagpur missionaries, and had given great satisfaction by his conduct. My husband writes:—"You can imagine my joy and gratitude to the Most High."

He left Elichpur on the 10th January 1854 amid the sincere regret of all classes, and endeavoured to take advantage of this warmth of feeling to impress spiritual truth on the minds of those he was leaving. The native officers came in a body to thank him "for the consideration he had always shown them; the Nawab Jáni (who afterwards appointed him guardian to his children) came to Elichpur on

purpose to take leave. Many parted from him with tears. He tells his wife:—"My friendly banker, Sukrám Das, thrust into my hand a small sack of the famous Bikanir sugar-candy wherewith to keep up my spirits! I really think that the only persons within my compound (for I speak not of the rogues in the bazar) who were right glad to see me go, and who loudly and indecently expressed their joy (*fact!*), were the crows, against whom you know I have waged war to the knife ever since their relations at Lodiana murdered sweet Hira's and Bibi's dear little predecessors."

He travelled the first forty miles in a bullock-carriage "horsed" by relays of gun bullocks. Meeting an officer *en route* to Elichpur "mourning over separation from his wife and family," he at once invited him to occupy his house. The third day found him at Mangrul, where it was reported to him that a party of Sepoys on detachment were drunk and bullying the villagers. "I sent the Naib Daffadar (a non-commissioned native officer) and six troopers, and made them prisoners. I am carrying them as such to Hingoli. Had I had the power I possessed in Lodiana I would then and there have 'taught them' as David did the insolent elders. . . . The foremost in the fray, a Naik, still intoxicated, took his oath that he had exhausted himself in vain efforts to keep the peace. Soodial, my old Brahman orderly, is with me, having taken leave to carry my gun and to see me safe to Haidrabad. He is such a good-natured, cheerful fellow that he is quite a comfort to me. He is, moreover, indefatigable, and brings in supplies even more quickly than the greencoats, for he says, 'The sawár sits on his horse in front of the Kotwali,[1] and cries "leáo" (bring), and the Kotwal answers "muharo" (wait), but I go and fetch the things.'

"Do not be alarmed at the newspaper accounts of the

[1] A very modest native version of Town Hall.

Rohillas being out, as thirty Sepoys are with my carts and twelve troopers ride with me. A *dour* (raid) has gone from Hingoli against a band of Rohilla marauders supposed to be connected with those who the other day attacked Colonel B——, his wife, and daughter, on the road to Nagpur, robbed them of everything, wounded him severely, and stripped the ladies, leaving them only their shifts (and that after much entreaty), and beat Miss B—— cruelly because she had no jewels. This unfortunate family were obliged to walk some four miles in the hot sun to the next miserable village, where a poor old woman sheltered them and put her all (four rupees) into Colonel B——'s hand, beseeching him not to betray her doing so." From Hingoli the Brigadier started on the 18th to take command of the above force at Sirpur, near Indur, and was nearly a month in camp.

"3*d February*.—Having a civilian Resident and a peace-worn Secretary to satisfy that I put on my pinafore with legs and clean my teeth every day, must plead my excuse for brevity. My sweet wife, Marlbro' and the Dutch Deputies were a joke to C. M. and Bushby and Briggs. William Orr had done the principal part of the work before I reached camp, and had done it right well. The marauding bands are for the most part prisoners, or dispersed to assemble again at a more convenient season, and renew their horrible outrages and depredations. Two forts on the great road from Haidrabad to Nagpur are still held by Arabs and Rohillas, and may oblige us to make an example of them. I have sent them my ultimatum.

"21*st February*.—Since I wrote I have secured three gangs of marauders. The last batch showed fight, supposing themselves safe on the side of a steep rocky hill; but our troopers scrambled up in a wonderful manner, having outstripped the infantry, slew one or two, wounded others,

and (contrary to my ideas of no quarter in all cases of resistance) brought in some prisoners, among them the notorious Guláb Khan. I was much vexed at their sparing this murderous rascal, for by bribery he may now escape hanging. My nice dog 'Peggy' was carried off by a hyena close to my tent." It was curious that while many of his far more important services were unnoticed, this almost bloodless campaign was trumpeted forth all over Europe, the five hundred prisoners being multiplied into five thousand.

The "campaign" being over they made a forced march to Bolarum. Here he met his old acquaintance, Mr. Bushby, and had the great pleasure of finding an evangelical chaplain, the Rev. R. Murphy, and a true Christian friend in Brigadier James Bell, commanding the Company's troops at Sekanderabad, six miles from his own headquarters at Bolarum, and about half-way between that and the Nizám's capital of Haidrabad. At his new station there were good rides and drives, and the climate was so superior to that of Berar as to make up for the great losses caused by the move. "The air is dry, the soil gravelly, even in April and May the nights and mornings are cool and pleasant, and during the rains the temperature is at all times fresh and balmy. The sawárs of the 4th Cavalry go to see the exceedingly pretty and chaste church which looks like white marble, and come out of it in astonishment, saying to each other: 'These people are not káfirs!' Clagett found this out from the hobblehoys of the regiment, to whom he is very kind, teaching them to ride, etc., and who place unlimited confidence in him. He says he looks on them as the *pulse* of the regiment. Donald Mackinnon, commanding the 3d Infantry, is a very good officer, an honest, warm-hearted, shrewd Highlander, and impressed by the Truth.

"There are about twelve thousand Arabs in the city of Haidrabad, but their great pecuniary stake in the country makes them averse to coming to blows with the British force. The Nizám owes them from two to four years' pay. All above the very lowest among them are usurious money-lenders, and are the creditors of every class, from Nawabs and Rajas down to the starved and naked peasantry of this misgoverned country. They charge from six to eight per cent per *mensem*, with compound interest in cases of unpunctuality. If the unhappy debtor cannot pay, they quarter a certain number of soldiers upon him, whom he has to feed and pay. I have known a man charged with an *imaginary* debt tied up naked by the heels, and flogged in that position every day until he contrived to escape from torture by suicide. By the way, the perpetrator of this enormity is 'a mild Hindu,' but you may judge from this instance of the usual *modus operandi*. The number of Arabs in the whole country does not amount to more than fifteen thousand men. They refuse to allow any one of their body to be tried by the Nizám's Courts, and arrogate to themselves the right of trying all of their own nation of whatever crime accused. Their enormous wealth, acquired by diabolical oppression and unheard-of usury gives them an amount of influence quite disproportioned to their numbers.

"13*th March* 1854.—I am glad to say that nearly four hundred of the banditti we lately secured in the districts of Bodan and Indur have been sentenced to imprisonment in irons for ten years and upwards. It remains to be seen if any will be hanged. Two of the chiefs taken ought to suffer death, for among their exploits of an equally atrocious nature they carried one unhappy zamindar, who refused to give up his rights, to the front of his own house, there deliberately cut his throat, and plastered his blood all over

the door and lintel, to the horror of the inmates. One man of some consideration and substance would not sign a bond for a large sum, so him they whipped with tamarind rods day after day so perseveringly that when we released him it was necessary, while hearing his miserable tale, to make him stand at a distance, as he was one huge fester from his neck to his heels. In short, their crimes will not bear enumeration. Nothing is so difficult as to obtain evidence against these villains, as in addition to mortal fear lest the ruffians themselves, being set free by bribery, or their fellows should avenge themselves (which was actually threatened in open Court by a prisoner), outraged women shrink from further humiliation, and their male relations not less so. This is natural.

"21*st March*.—I suspect that the officers employed to collect the revenue are screwing the people very unmercifully. They will not recommend a remission in part of rents lest their own names as successful collectors should suffer, and, considering the wretched season the agriculturists have had, I have privately done my best to open Bushby's eyes in this matter; but, as it is none of my business, I cannot say if my interference will do any good. The inhabitants of the valley of Berar are by no means contented with our rule, from which they had anticipated great things. I think that they have found out that the Sahibs can be grasping as well as the native táluqdars."

A little later he writes:—"The affairs of this miserable country cannot well be worse. The Nizám, sunk in sloth and unutterable debauchery, attends to no recommendation from either the Resident or his minister, and the vilest men, ay, and women, are exalted to assist in the downfall of his authority. The longer we delay the abolition of the devil's rule in the Dekkan the greater will be our responsibility as

the chosen arbiters of India's destinies. The unhappy subjects of this besotted prince would soon right themselves, but for the presence of British bayonets, and they therefore naturally connect us with all the miseries they are obliged to endure, with curses deep though not loud. This feeling operated much to our prejudice during our late campaign against the Rohillas. Information was not to be had, and witnesses hung back most pertinaciously. Even those who had suffered wrongs inexpressible could scarcely be induced to complain by our reiterated assurances that the British Government was in earnest and determined to protect them. Now that the Nizám's people, having been bribed, have allowed the desperate ruffians, whom we secured with such difficulty, to escape, and inasmuch as these very felons have been again hired by their former master, the infamous Budan Khan, under the very nose of the Nizám, again to burn, murder, and plunder on his account, their pay being *unlimited* license for themselves, what must the fearful population think of us but as art and part with the fiends by whom they are tormented? So it is. The present Minister, Salar Jung, is a hopeful and well-disposed young gentleman, but his swinish master will not attend to him; only grunts in answer to the strongest representations, and at last answers: 'Tu chokra!' (Thou boy!)[1]" With all these facts before him, it is no wonder that Major Mackenzie longed for the annexation of the country. Sympathy for the sufferings of the people often moves

[1] This "hopeful lad," an Arab by descent, became the celebrated Sir Salar Jung, who, after the death of the old Nizám, succeeded in introducing a degree of order and prosperity into the Haidrabad territory and finances previously unheard of. His loyalty to the British during the Mutiny was a service of the utmost importance. As a boy, Salar Jung had been intimate with General J. S. Fraser and his family, and it is said that he thus received an impression of British trustworthiness and honour which nothing could efface.

those on the spot to call for the overthrow of a native dynasty, while just men at a distance, looking only to treaties and engagements, vehemently oppose it. But there can be no doubt that, as it is British power alone which maintains the authority of native princes and secures them from the natural remedies for tyranny,—revolution and assassination,—that we are bound to put a stop to the misuse of the authority which we uphold. Men of these opposite views seldom understand each other, and it is for this reason that these sad details have been given somewhat at length. There is little doubt that a good native prince is better liked than our Government, but the latter is gladly hailed as a relief from tyranny and anarchy.

A few passages from his letters will show some of his thoughts and feelings:—

"13*th March*.—I am again reading diligently, and altogether time does not linger with me. The Lord is very merciful. Did you ever read Neal's *Puritans* through? It is very interesting, and every Protestant ought to possess himself of the facts of that history.

"In the next world, or rather in this world, redeemed from the curse and purified from sin, we shall breathe nothing but a fragrant atmosphere of divine love, every inhalation causing our hearts to throb with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Even in this our state of probation joy is too deep for expression. Shall we be able to express the tenth part of our happiness if it please God we meet on earth again? and if so, why when our *full* redemption is complete and we stand side by side in the presence of the Lamb, or rather when together we cast our crowns at His feet, those crowns which He purchased for us with His blood,—it will indeed require an immortal and glorified nature to sustain the ecstatic thrill of that first experience of the realities of Heaven. Do you

not feel with me, my own true-hearted and deeply-loved wife?

"With the knowledge that the anchor of our souls (I had almost written soul) is fast secured within the veil, the thing which to each is most terrible—the death of the other—loses much of its appalling nature. With the everlasting arms around us both, reposing on the same bosom, what signifies it which of God's children first falls asleep? God be praised, that I can at times realise and rejoice in my heavenly Father's, my Saviour's love, and when a cloud comes over my spirit, I pray and then relief comes."

Speaking of bereavement he says:—

"*7th April.*—The wound generally throbs more after the healing process has begun, and the benumbing effects of a severe stroke of affliction being over, after-recollections stir the heart and re-open the fountain of tears. Resignation to the will of God is not the act of an instant; it is a continuous effort, which cannot be sustained save by unintermitted supplies of grace from on High.

"*May.*—I am now writing at the table, where, in my airy speculations, I have assigned you a place; for I hope that we shall generally occupy the same room and work and study together."

He mentions an officer who was staying with him.

"I have spoken to —— over and over again. He acknowledges the necessity of religion, but, although by no means at ease, makes not the least effort in earnest to attain to a state of true belief. To me, now that *my* eyes are opened, this sort of apathy is not astonishing, but confirmatory of the truth of Christ's declaration that no man can go to Him except the Father draw him; and I marvel more and more at the Lord's long-suffering towards myself, for how have I resisted and grieved the Holy Spirit! Well,

we must pray for all such, and speak the truth in love, in season and out of season."

As usual, he notices his little pets.

"The parrot that sat on Eve's shoulder was not more intelligent than Bibi. I am sure she had a parrot, and that, with a loyal instinct surer than her reason, it refused to share the forbidden fruit. I often feel reproved by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, for 'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' etc. It seems in that, to me most affecting passage, the Lord, in expostulating with His people, purposely exemplifies their spiritual stupidity by showing their inferiority in common gratitude to these two reputedly dullest of dull animals."

He recalls his "matchless Rubee."

"Is he annihilated? or roams he through pleasant pastures? Will he in due season, at the restoration of *all* things, roam 'loose fly his forelock and his ample mane?'

"25*th May*.—I have succeeded in introducing a great improvement into the Contingent—viz. double quantity of ball cartridge, and half the allowance of blank ammunition; we shall (D.V.) now have steady good shots, and no wild firing in action." From Bruxelles I had given him some account of the dedication of the whole month of May to the worship of the Virgin. He writes (20th June 1854):—"You allude to Romanism being mariolatry, *i.e.* woman-worship. It is so literally, and in maintaining it so fiercely the priests are aware of the power of enslaving the mind possessed by that kind of worship, ever since men departed from the knowledge of the only true God. The worship of goddesses is always of a more enthusiastic nature than that of male idols—Diana, Mary, Káli, and others. We cannot examine this subject too closely without dwelling on what is better banished from the mind. The whole world lieth in wickedness." He came across many who remembered his dear

friend Captain Chalmers in Maisur, and writes:—"I love and esteem Frederick Chalmers with all my heart. Whenever I meet any old comrades, 'Christian, Roman, heathen, all same,' as the drummer said, *i.e.*, *all* speak of Chalmers in kind and laudatory terms. Truly he was enabled to walk wisely and kindly towards all."

While in camp my husband formed a strong attachment to Dr. W. Mackenzie, C.B., and later on to Mr. Gorton, the senior chaplain, who, alternately with Mr. Murphy, took one of the Sunday services at Bolarum, the Brigadier himself taking the other, and in case of illness, both; so that he used to style himself Mr. Gorton's curate. On one occasion Mr. Gorton related that he had heard Dr. Pusey lecture on the passage—"The Lord preserveth man and beast." Having spoken on the first part, he gravely added that "perhaps 'beast' might have some reference to dissenters;" so, of course, Major Mackenzie and all the other Presbyterians meekly styled themselves "beasts."

Hearing of my improved health, he writes:—"If you *really* can rejoin me this cold weather, oh, joy, joy! But be not rash, for I would rather continue to endure and trust in God for patience, than run the slightest risk to thy precious health." He was at this time persuaded to send in a memorial to the Court of Directors for a Brevet-Majority, with back rank from 1842. This was strongly recommended by the Resident, who shared the feeling of Mr. Astell, the senior director, when he declared that "if he could, he would make Mackenzie a General." Mackenzie adds:—"If even-handed justice be dealt out to me, all will be well; and if not, all will still be well,—ay, *best*." The application had no result. The letter (23d June) continues:—"I *know* that by the grace of God I can command any turbulent emotions, whatever the cause, much more easily than I could two years ago. I can, from my heart, thank

God for all the mortifications and trials I have gone through since we parted, of some of which you wot not. Our correction is sometimes hard for the flesh to bear, but Christ was made perfect (*i.e.* in a certain sense) through suffering. By and by I hope for a little respite, 'a sunbeam on a winter's day,' and when that comes from the Lord, then 'He addeth no sorrow thereto.'

"14*th July*.—I will *not* wear my medal, not even the ribbon, until you attach it with your own slender fingers to my breast. Bring me to a court feminine if you like, but on that point I am in open mutiny, and wish to be insolent!"

I landed at Madras with our three daughters, after a pleasant voyage in the *Owen Glendower*, six days before he arrived. We had the happiness of meeting on the 4th January 1855. While in Madras he took me to call on General and Mrs. Fraser, who were just going home. They were most cordial, and it was curious to behold the General's amazement at the change in the young officer whom he had last seen in Coorg. He said: "I remember him so well with his hair flying out, waving his sword at the head of his men;" adding reflectively, "He has quite the air of command." Then turning to my husband he said: "You ought to be in a very high position, your manner and way of speaking and writing are such." The correspondence between them as Resident and Brigadier had not always been harmonious, and the General had sometimes written as if he were addressing a presumptuous young gentleman who had no business to express his opinions. His surprise at the effects of twenty years of experience and command shows, that when men have to work together they ought always, if possible, to meet in order to understand each other.

The journey to Bolarum was a very fatiguing one, especially to my husband, as Colonel Carpenter had left his

wife, with a party of eight, in his charge. Five days' voyage in the *Owen* brought us to Cocanada (nowadays a flourishing port), where we found shelter for the day in the only European house in the place, that of the absent magistrate, whose servants cooked dinner for us. We then went by moonlight up the newly-finished Rajahmandry Canal, part of Sir Arthur Cotton's magnificent irrigation works, which, besides promoting traffic to an extraordinary degree, have rendered famine in that district a thing of the past. Fourteen palanquins and twenty-one carts being required for so large a party, we had to wait a week at Dowaleshwaram, where we were most hospitably entertained by perfect strangers, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson.

On entering the Nizám's country we were met by our own servants and escort; and it is characteristic of heathen manners that at Ellora the Tehsildar, with a crowd of dancing girls belonging to the temple, came to meet the Brigadier "out of respect." Some of them were very young and very pretty, and it made one's heart ache to think of their fate, dedicated to vice out of devotion to the idol! The rest of the journey was uneventful, save that a wild boar charged the line of march near Bezoarah and knocked over a bearer, but though speared by a sawár, got away. The bearer lay for dead from sheer fright, but turned out to be very little hurt. Every now and then some one was stung by a scorpion, and not having any ipecacuanha in my palki, which, when made into a paste with water, relieves the pain at once, a sawár dismounted, turned up his sleeves, and made passes down the afflicted leg, "drawing out the pain and throwing it away." I asked him what he called this process in Hindustani. The answer was "Ilm" (*Science*). The bungalows for travellers were all bomb-proof, and only accessible by a flight of steps to the top of the wall which enclosed them.

The 22d February saw us at home in Bolarum with most of our old servants about us. The butler Sivu was an invaluable servant, who spoke English well, but shared the curious incapacity of the Madras people to distinguish between *f* and *p*. He one day proposed to "have pups" for dinner. I objected, and endeavoured to teach him to say puffs. The result was that at dinner, to his master's great diversion, he solemnly invited him to eat *fups!*

In the middle of April, Aga Muhammad, with his wife and her old mother, arrived in safety in spite of having been stopped by Rohillas and much alarmed. The Bibi was a woman of high spirit and energetic temper, and, when she first heard that her husband intended to become a Christian, there were no bounds to her grief and indignation. She wept night and day, threatened to poison him or herself, and in short made his life a burden. But his patience and forbearance gradually softened her, he taught her to read, her prejudices gave way before the truth, he was admitted into the visible Church on the 23d October 1853, and his wife in November of the following year. It was a great delight to welcome them both as Christians. The Aga was so moved that he could not speak.

The climate of Bolarum was one of the finest in the world; the society very large; we had a comfortable house and lovely garden. The sky seemed without a cloud. In July the Brigadier's eldest daughter married his Brigade-Major, Captain Hoseason. Soon after the young Minister of the Nizám, Nawab Salar Jung, gave an entertainment in honour of the marriage of the Resident's youngest daughter, Mrs. Bell. We drove out to the Residency, and from thence went with Mrs. Bushby on a charjáma, or pad, on which three sit on each side of the elephant as on a jaunting-car, to the city about two miles distant. As we proceeded with several elephants and

palkis following, numberless torches and flaming cressets in front and on each side, and the Brigadier's guard of twelve Irregular troopers dashing after us, while the narrow streets and roofs of the houses, which were about the same height as ourselves, were crowded with people—the whole scene was most picturesque. The city, to enter which we had to ford a river, is inexpressibly dirty. Turning in at a gate barely wide enough for the elephant, we found ourselves in the Court of Salar Jung's house. It was lined with his guard, dressed and armed exactly like Madras Sepoys. He had also a bodyguard of Turks, two of whom we saw, armed to the teeth with swords and pistols till they looked like moving stacks of arms. A strong party of Arabs were also keeping watch over our safety. The noise was indescribable, every one shouting and pushing to *maintain order* and make way. Salar Jung received us at the door, and ushered us into his Shish Mahál, or glass palace, an immense court open to the sky, surrounded by arcades. Within these at each end is a spacious apartment or recess, with sofas along three sides of it, the walls and ceilings panelled with large mirrors and the pillars of glass. In the centre of the court, which was brilliantly illuminated by glass chandeliers, whose light was reflected a thousand times in the mirrors, was a large tank with three fountains, bordered by trees and shrubs, with rows of coloured lamps around its edge. The whole scene was fairy-like. The ladies were all in pretty demi-toilettes, as none who have sense would wear low dresses in a native house, as it would greatly shock their hosts. There were about sixty guests, and some hundred servants belonging to them and to their host, mostly dressed in white.

On both sides of the hall are apartments fitted up in European style with a piano, billiard-table, busts, and pictures. Passing through divers passages, quite capable of defence

(as every great house partakes of the nature of a fort), with sentries at the doors, we came to Mir Alam's Durbar, a great hall built by the grandfather of the present Vazir. It is open on one side to a court one story below it, where clients and petitioners resort. Here the dinner was laid, a small table at which we, the Bara Sahibs, sat, being placed at right angles to a longer one. The cookery was English, intermixed with native delicacies. A deer roasted whole at the top of the table, a raised pie of china, which when opened let loose a volley of small birds, an antelope made of sugar with black eyes, were the most remarkable dishes. The Nawab's little nephew had several servants waiting on him, whom he joked with and stuffed with sweetmeats. One was a little negro boy, whom he sent round for me to look at. After dinner we had some of the most beautiful fireworks imaginable. Many were fired from a mortar, and came down as gold and silver rain, stars, serpents, etc. Then we returned to the Shish Mahál, where coffee was served, followed by a Nách in the Dekkan fashion. The Nách girls were richly, but inelegantly dressed in very full petticoats gathered under the armpits, heavily trimmed with gold. One was very handsome, grave and stately. Several of the others would have been good-looking but for their bold expression. The dancing was slow and very monotonous. A few days later we recalled the medical opinion in the case of Miss Squeers, viz. that "if the comb had gone a few inches further it might have entered the brain." So if we had stayed at Salar Jung's a few hours later, we might all have been captured, for just after the company left his house it was invested by the Arabs. They had evidently no intention of annoying us, for they waited until we were all fairly away, and then seized the chouk or main street of the city, barricaded it, and shot several people, the *urong* people of course, for bullets, like promotion, seldom

fall on the right man. Some time before, the Nawab had imprisoned one of the Gosains (religious mendicants, the most intriguing set of men in the Dekkan), in whom the Arabs had some interest. The old Shams-ul-Umra, the first nobleman in the country, head of the rival family to that of Salar Jung, behaved gallantly, marched down at the head of his retainers, and advised the Minister to call in the Contingent and put down the Arabs by force; but although the Nizám confesses that he could not maintain himself without the Contingent, he is too jealous of European influence to permit it to be employed within the city unless the case were desperate. So after some days Salar Jung was obliged to make a compromise.

It was to us a pleasant, peaceful time. The garden with its magnificent yuccas like gigantic lilies of the valley; its gold mohur tree blazing in scarlet and gold; the casuarinas, underneath which my husband loved to make me stand that I might hear the mimic murmur of the waves,—was a source of constant enjoyment. There was a group of graceful cork trees, and he was promising himself the pleasure of showing them in full flower. Daily we watched the buds, but before "the cork trees were in blossom" came the Muharram, and all that it brought.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BOLARUM MUTINY.

(Sept. 1853.)

"It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have licence to answer for himself."—Acts xxv. 16.

"Summum crede nefas, animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."

THE story of the Bolarum Mutiny requires a few preliminary explanations. Most persons have heard of the two great hostile sects of Muhammadans, the Sunis and the Shiahs, who may be roughly compared to Protestants and Romanists. The Turks belong to the former, the Persians to the latter, whose religion chiefly consists in devotion to Ali, the son-in-law of their Prophet. The Muharram is the ten days' fast observed by Shiahs in remembrance of the death of Hasan and Husain, the sons of Ali and Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad. It is consequently a time of mourning and lamentation, when all devout Shiahs fast and deprive themselves of every customary luxury, spending every evening in reading and reciting dirges, beating their breasts, and bewailing with tears and groans the fate of the martyrs. On the tenth day of the fast, the Tázias, or models of the bier of Husain, are carried in procession, with allams, or standards—made in the fashion of an open hand,—to some plain representing the desert of Kerbella, where they are thrown into a tank. Of these allams the

only one recognised by Northern Muhammadans is the Panjá, or Hand of Husain; but many others are used in India,—one called the Nál Sáhib (literally, Mr. Horse-shoe), to which people, especially women, make vows. They are all made of metal or wood, but none of them are what we style flags. In the Dekkan the Muharram is so far perverted from its original purpose that it is a season of festivity, not only for Sunis—who are regularly and devoutly cursed during its celebration by all orthodox Shiahs, "Suni par lánat!" (Curses on the Sunis!) being part of the established formulary—but also for Hindus, who become, *pro tempore*, Musalmans, fight by their side against people of their own caste, and will eat no meat that has not been made lawful in Muhammadan fashion. But the stricter and more learned Musalmans highly disapprove of mummery and license, so inconsistent with the commemoration of a martyrdom.[1]

The Nizám's Horse, which consisted of five regiments (or Rissallahs), have long been considered the finest Irregular Cavalry in India, with the exception of Jacob's Horse.[2] Not one of these regiments had ever been stained with disloyalty, save the 3d, which had, some years before, cut its Rissaldar to pieces, had in 1828 murdered its Commandant, Major Davies,[3] and bore a general bad character for insolence

[1] The processions peculiar to Southern India consist of mummers disguised as bears, tigers, or women, and are of a very disgusting nature.

[2] The native Commandant of these regiments is called a Rissaldar, and the captains and sergeants of troops are styled Jemadars and Duffadars, the nomenclature being different from that in Northern India. It is worthy of note that there were not above twenty-five to thirty Shiahs in the 3d Cavalry, yet most of the regiment joined in the Muharram.

[3] This ill-fated officer, commonly called Tiger Davies, from his encounters with tigers, was a man of remarkable gallantry. On one occasion he routed the band of a noted freebooter, singled out the chief himself, who was a Hindu, rather fat and heavy, and followed him, determined to slay him. The chief knew who was after him and

and dissipation. They were opium-eaters almost to a man.

By an anomalous arrangement, the cavalry throughout

called out to one of his followers, a Muhammadan, who was galloping in front: "Is this the way you leave me, after eating my salt so long?" The Muhammadan's pride was roused, he turned round, allowed his chief to pass him, and confronted Major Davies, sword in hand, crying out: "Have a care, you Feringhi infidel!" Those who witnessed the fight said it was a beautiful thing to see two such sword-players, but in two or three minutes Major Davies ran his sword through the body of the Musalman. The chief, of course, got off. After this, a most foolish and injudicious young officer, in temporary command of the 3d Nizám's Cavalry, introduced some changes in the dress of the men, and, in particular, ordered them to shave their beards. They consented to cut them short, but refused to part with the symbol of manhood, so dear to a Musalman. Upon this he actually had the folly to have two of them held and shaved on parade. Consequently, one morning Major Davies was informed that the men had mutinied. Very unwisely relying on his power over them, he threw himself on his horse, rode to the spot with only one orderly, and commanded them to lay down their arms. The men wavered, when he unhappily added, that all should be pardoned save the havildar who was the ringleader. This man, seeing his life was gone, joined his hands, and approached Major Davies in the attitude of supplication, calling him Mábap (father and mother), as if suing for mercy, drew his pistol, and shot him through the body. This turned the scale in favour of mutiny. In spite of a score of sabre-cuts, Major Davies still kept his seat, though unable to draw his trusty sword. He galloped home, and just as he came up to the window where his young wife sat, waiting breakfast for him, fell off his horse—a dead man. The young second in command, Lieutenant Stirling, who had joined in irritating the men, followed and overtook the mutineers, who had by this time made off across the country. When they saw him, though his party was smaller in numbers, they dismounted and rushed into a small Masjid. The young officer immediately threw himself off his horse, called to his men to follow, forced the door of the mosk, and, after a terrible struggle, in which he received two severe wounds, slew the havildar with his own hand, and left every one of the mutineers dead on the spot. He himself was afterwards shot through the head in reducing a refractory zamindar.

the country was under separate command. At this time Captain Sutherland Orr was acting as Cavalry Brigadier in the absence of Major Mayne, and, though personally subject to Brigadier Mackenzie, exercised independent authority over the cavalry, with which Mackenzie, though his commanding officer, had nothing to do, save on parade or in the field. Every cantonment is divided into districts assigned to the different branches of the service, as the artillery lines, the officers' lines, the cavalry lines, which are sacred from the intrusion of those of another arm, especially as regards festivals or religious ceremonies. A Hindu procession venturing into the cavalry lines would probably be cut to pieces.

On the approach of the Muharram, the Brigadier directed his Brigade-Major to "issue the usual orders" for preventing collision between rival processions, by prescribing the route each was to take. These orders proclaimed (in accordance with universal custom *in all cantonments*) that "no processions will be allowed in any of the main roads near the officers' quarters," for it is easy to perceive the consequences which would result from bands of uproarious, half-intoxicated mummers, being allowed to range at will over the roads which form the only drives and rides of the European officers and ladies. But the Brigade-Major, thinking, by mistake, that Wednesday and not Sunday the 23d September was the great day of the Muharram, added a clause—"No processions, music, or noise will be allowed, on any account whatever, from twelve o'clock on Saturday to twelve o'clock Sunday night." As soon as the Brigadier read this in the order-book on Thursday afternoon he at once disapproved of it as injudicious, and learning that Sunday was the important day he cancelled the order, and Captain Orr reported that the troopers were pleased and grateful.

Everything appeared in order. The Brigadier had not

the slightest ground for supposing that the 3d Cavalry were mutinously inclined; but at least three persons had reason to know it. One was the Resident, who, two days before, to use his own words, had been "grossly insulted by those Muharram people" near the cavalry lines. Another was the Brigade-Major, who stopped a riotous procession near his house on the Thursday evening, but never reported the fact. The third was Captain Orr himself. He had been obliged to place a native officer under arrest for mutinous language, and had expressed his conviction, before more than one person, that if the order for stopping the Muharram on Sunday were not reversed "there would be *an awful row*." But not one of these significant occurrences had been reported, as duty required, to the Brigadier, and Captain Orr afterwards avowed that he had purposely concealed the state of his regiment from his commanding officer, as, "knowing his fearless disposition, he dreaded that he would put it down by force."

Friday, 21st September, was a beautiful evening, but at such a season of license the Brigadier thought it better that his wife and daughters should remain at home. We were all in the garden. I was busy transplanting a geranium when Captain and Mrs. Sutherland Orr were announced. The whole party sat down in the open air commanding a full view of the low hedge which separated the garden from the public road. A procession, accompanied by at least two men on horseback, came along the forbidden road quietly until they reached the corner of the garden, where they halted and then went on again, making a hideous uproar. The Brigadier said, "Orr, those are some of your people," and sent one of his chaprásis[1] to desire them to go round the other way. Mrs. Orr, greatly agitated, cried: "Oh,

[1] A Chaprási is an official messenger, with a badge, by which it is known to what office he is attached.

don't meddle with them! they nearly mutinied last year at Hingoli, and I am sure there will be something of the kind now." Captain Orr said: "You should not say that;" but added his entreaties that the Brigadier would not interfere. This, however was impossible. Wilful disobedience to orders is mutiny, and an officer is bound by his military oath to enforce obedience at any and every risk. The mob carried small square flags chequered red and green, which it appears are symbols of defiance, never used but with war-like intentions against rival processions or others.

The mob refused obedience, and the Brigadier then sent first his Orderly Naik (native corporal), and lastly the havildar of his guard, to reiterate the order, giving them the choice of either going or surrendering their flags; at the same time he himself walked towards the gate. The mob answered insolently that the roads were theirs, that they would not go, and would make a noise, and redoubled their clamour. The Brigadier, finding his authority set at defiance, had only two courses open to him, for there was no possibility of identifying the culprits afterwards, owing to their disguise. One was to send out his guard (at this season composed exclusively of Hindus) to turn the procession by force. This he was unwilling to adopt, as the chances were a hundred to one that the excited Muhammadan rabble, full of opium and wickedness, would have drawn their swords, and that blood would have been shed, thus affording a pretext for a permanent religious feud between the Musalman cavalry and the Hindu infantry. The other was to try what his personal interference and authority would do.

Captain Orr saw him going, but even then gave him no hint of the disaffected state of the Rissallah. Mrs. Orr became very much alarmed, and said to me: "Oh, you don't know how dangerous they are at the time of the Muharram!" Upon this I followed my husband, and

meeting Captain Orr half-way, he remarked that it was a pity that the Brigadier interfered. I understood this to refer only to the danger thereby incurred, and replied: "But he is quite right, don't you think so?" Captain Orr, on being pressed for an answer, replied: "No; I think it very wrong of him." Knowing nothing of the orders issued, I rejoined: "Then go and tell him so plainly; you know he can bear to hear the truth. Go now," and gently pushed him towards the gate. Thus urged, Captain Orr went out, leaving me close to the hedge, from which I distinctly saw everything that took place.

The Brigadier left the garden with his usual long parade step, quietly reminded the rioters of his orders, and gave them the choice of yielding up their flags or going off the forbidden road. They reiterated: "The roads are ours!" whereupon he seized first one flag, and then the other, drew them out of the hands of the bearers, and handed them to his chaprási.

Captain Orr came up at this moment, and there was a cry of "Here is our Captain Sahib! let us hear what he has to say." A sawár (Sir Bilund Khan) made as if he would strike the Brigadier with his sword, crying: "My flags (bauti) are as dear as my life." "Why did you not take your flags away?" said the Brigadier, turning upon him, and, wresting his sword from his hand, desired the guard to take him prisoner. The whole mob then dispersed and ran across the little green which separated them from their lines, shouting: "Deen! Deen!" (religion)—the Muhammadan war-cry. The Brigadier then ordered a duffadar, who had been sitting by on his horse the whole time, to desire the Rissaldar to send a picket of five-and-twenty troopers to keep the peace, and to come over immediately himself. Thus the Brigadier was successful in preventing the attempted insult to his lawful authority, and there

the first act of the drama ended. There is, however, every reason to believe that this procession was a pre-arranged trap to induce the Brigadier, by upholding discipline, to afford some pretext for the open mutiny of the regiment.

Captain Orr, alarmed at the idea of arresting a trooper, told the guard that Sir Bilund Khan was not the man they were ordered to arrest (pointing out another man), and "coaxed him" to go to his lines. The mutineer was no sooner released than he rushed off to the lines, threw his turban on the ground, and gathered the whole regiment by the war-cry of "Deen! Deen!" The rioters having fled, two of our servants, greatly alarmed at their master going into the midst of the mob, urged me to beg him to come in; and finding he did not come, I went out and found him, as he invariably was in moments of emergency, as cool and quiet as if he were taking an ordinary saunter. I rather expected he would be angry with me for going outside the gate, but when I remonstrated with him for thus exposing himself he merely replied: "You do not understand the matter; I cannot suffer my orders to be set at defiance." Finding it a plain question of duty, I of course ceased to object. He then desired me to go into the house. We all returned slowly to the compound, and were joined by Lieutenant William Murray, second in command of the Rissallah. Just after entering the gate an alarm was raised that the rioters were returning; and Captain Orr took his wife, who was quite hysterical, in my Bath-chair to the house. My husband again desired me to go in. I did so, leaving him walking up and down with Mr. Murray, some of his guard standing by.

I was unaware of fresh danger until some of our servants, finding I would not run, laid hold of my wrists. As a native would never think of doing such a thing except

in extremity, I did run, and found that Captain Orr had laid his wife on a spare bed in a little back room where our daughters all were. Mrs. Orr, who was very delicate, was imploring her husband not to go out, or he would be murdered. He said: "Mrs. Mackenzie, take care of my wife;" and cried repeatedly: "For God's sake, my dear girl, let me go; I'm disgraced for ever if I am not with Mackenzie." He took hold of both her arms to loosen them from his neck, but she clung to him with such tenacity that he could not have done so except by violence, which in her state of health was not to be thought of. I said to her: "Dear, I will stay with you. I will not even go out to my husband. *Do* let him go." She cried most piteously: "Oh, make him listen to me. I only want to say two words to him." I begged him to listen to her for a moment, as it would pacify her. He was just bending over her to do so when the Brigadier staggered in and leant against the opposite door. I ran and laid hold of his arm, and my hand went into the bone. He said: "Help me into the little court." I did so, and sent two of his daughters for wine, as he was very faint. It was too dark to see how dreadfully he was wounded, and I left him sitting on the step and sent one messenger to desire the 3d Infantry to come immediately and another for Dr. Whitelock, and on returning found that Captain Orr had laid the Brigadier on his back in the little walled court adjoining the room.

To return to what had passed outside. As I left him in the avenue, the Brigadier was aware of the near approach of another mob from the lines, and desired Aga Sahib to go into the house. The latter refused. He replied: "It is my order; it will be more dangerous for us both if you stay here." Whereupon Aga Sahib very unwillingly obeyed. Passing the guard-house he called to them to load, and flew to his own house to get his arms ready. As

soon as his wife found he had left the Brigadier in danger she reproached him vehemently before he could say a word in his defence.

In the meantime the Brigadier sent four Sepoys to close the gate, ordering them to allow no one to enter. The havildar of the guard had gone with a prisoner to the guard-house, which was at a considerable distance, and *quite out of sight.*

Mr. Murray entreated him to go into the house, but he replied, "I cannot leave my own avenue. I cannot suffer myself to be bearded by these fellows," feeling, as he afterwards explained to an officer who asked him why he had not done so, that "as a gentleman he could not run without a blow having been struck," and being anxious to prevent the mob from following the ladies into the house. "It was better," he said, "that I should face a fanatical mob like that alone, than bring them down on a party of helpless women."

Instead of obeying the order to bring a picket to keep the peace, the Rissaldar[1] rode over and sat on his horse at the gate to superintend the attack on the Brigadier. In a moment a crowd of armed sawárs burst open the gate; the four Sepoys ported arms instead of using their bayonets; they were thrust on one side, and the Brigadier, hearing the mutineers approach, said to Lieutenant Murray: "We must face them." As he afterwards related—"Murray stuck by me gallantly; he turned with me as if I had given the word of command, and yet he knew as well as I what was coming." They walked a few paces towards the mutineers, and the Brigadier raised his hand in the act of speaking, thinking that some spark of discipline must still remain in them, when a man sprang from behind

[1] This man was a duffadar (sergeant) in the regiment when Major Davies was assassinated.

another who was beating a drum, and struck him a violent blow with a sword on the head. Sabre-cuts followed in rapid succession; one split the skull, another severed the outer bone of the left arm, a third cut the deltoid to the bone, two others took off the middle finger of the right hand, and severed all the tendons and bones at the back of it. His not having fallen is no less than a miracle. "The Lord stood by him and strengthened him."

Mr. Murray was knocked down, stunned, and cut over the hip, and the Brigadier, finding, as he told the doctor with a spark of his old fun, that "there was no chance of the fellows listening to reason,"—in other words, that to stand there was to be murdered,—at last turned and made for the house. Streaming with blood, God gave him such strength that he actually outran his pursuers, though they were after him like a pack of hungry wolves. As he mounted the steps one or two overtook him, and gave him two tremendous gashes on the back, one of them eleven inches long. A chaprási and servant shut the door of the house after him, and while the mutineers were breaking it open, bursting the venetians out of their frames, he passed down some steps, across a small garden, up into a verandah, where he had evidently staggered, a large circle being sprinkled with his blood, in and out of bedrooms and sitting-rooms, through the dining and drawing-rooms, looking for his family (giving orders to put out all the lights), and thence into the little room beyond, where, by the good providence of God, the whole party were assembled. The whole way was tracked with his blood, and it seemed no less than a miracle that one so sorely wounded could walk so far, open and shut doors with both hands disabled, and retain such perfect coolness and presence of mind. He forbade lights being brought to examine his wounds, but the moon soon shone out, and one deadly gash after

another was revealed. Not knowing the mutineers were actually in the house, I not only went repeatedly into the dining-room, but sent our daughters for what was required, and one of them had barely time to get out of the drawing-room when the sawárs burst in the doors. The house was intricate to a stranger, and having effected an entrance into the new wing they searched it in vain for their prey. Seeing the Ayah flying, they called out, "Kill her too, she is a Christian;" but at that moment one of them destroyed the lamp with his sabre, and she escaped in the darkness. They then came round to the front of the old part of the house, broke in the doors, overturned the furniture, cut chairs to pieces, slashed wall-shades, Phankah frills, etc., threatening to kill the Mahratta chaprási if he did not tell where his master was, and loudly declaring they would put the ladies to death. They fired repeatedly; two balls were afterwards found in the house, and one passed over the Brigadier as he lay fainting on the ground. Gaffur Khan, himself belonging to the 3d Rissallah, who had been for some years the Brigadier's standing orderly, exerted himself to draw off his mutinous comrades, and persuaded them that they had killed the Brigadier and that the ladies had fled to the Residency. Wanting something for my husband, I was about to open the door leading into the room where the mutineers were, when the servants threw themselves in my way, and informed me the house and compound were full of them. I returned to my husband, expecting every moment the assassins would burst in. The door between us and them was not even locked, but no one opened it! I could not pray for anything. I could only rest in the thought "Thou God seest us," feeling the Lord's presence and waiting to see what He would do.

I had sent a message for the 3d Infantry to come over immediately, and Gurdial, Orderly, gave the alarm in the

infantry lines, which are very near the back of the house. The Subahdar-Major collected all the standing guards at hand, about twenty men, and was bringing them to the Brigadier's compound when Jemadar Sumjaun met him, and persuaded him to let him take them over, while the Subahdar-Major took charge of the regiment.

The jemadar made his men load, but found none of the mutineers. On asking for orders, Gaffur Khan, the Orderly, told him: "The Sahib forbids you to fire." He turned to the havildar of the guard and asked what he had seen, who replied that the Brigadier having sent him to the guard-house with the prisoner, he had seen nothing (the guard-house being a considerable distance to the rear of the dwelling-house), but that previous to sending him away the Brigadier had more than once refused to grant him permission to load. This was all true.

The arrival of the jemadar's party was immediately reported to Captain Sutherland Orr, yet he never went out or gave any orders to them, although the Brigadier, being totally disabled, had desired him, as his second in command, to act in his stead. Most of the mutineers having, as they supposed, accomplished their purpose of killing their commanding officer, issued from the gate of his compound, attacked the carriage of one of the Sekanderabad chaplains, and wounded the two ladies who were with him, and the party was only saved by the attention of their cowardly assailants being attracted to the carriage of Captain Donald Mackinnon, Commandant of the 3d Infantry, which came up at that moment. He being a first-rate whip, lashed his horses to their utmost speed, and burst through the crowd with no other injury than his hat, coat, Mrs. Mackinnon's bonnet, and the hood of the carriage being slashed in several places, none of the shots fired at them taking effect. As he drove along he ordered the alarm bugle to be sounded. On

hearing this the whole of the 3d Infantry, Musalmans and Hindus alike, flew to arms, many of them throwing their belts over their undress; and the sound of their approach soon cleared the compound of the cowardly troopers. Loud noises being heard in the cavalry lines, I sent repeatedly to learn the state of affairs. The answer brought was that they were "*triumphing*," and that they were all laughing in the lines.

The Aga's wife and her old mother, a bigoted Musalmani, had rushed over to the house, careless of the danger, and finding the Brigadier fainting, they threw themselves down and kissed his head, thinking he was dying. As the moon rose it was seen that he was soaking in blood. Fearful of wounds on his body, I cut and tore open his shirt and washed his chest, which was untouched, as he had parried most of the blows with his arms, each of which had received four sabre-cuts; his thickly-wadded coat had also helped to save him. When I found the frightful gash on his head he feebly said: "That is nothing; let that alone till the doctor comes."

Dr. Whitelock, who had been out for his evening walk, at last arrived; and, seeing the desperate nature of the wounds, went for further assistance. When he returned, the Brigadier was moved to the bed in the adjoining room.

About nine o'clock, Captain Orr having sent to the lines for some native officer, Jemadar Muhammad Huseyn, the very man he had placed in arrest for mutinous language, at length came. The Brigadier addressed a few words to him to the effect that he did not suppose the whole regiment concerned in so foul a business, but that there were bad men in every corps, who ought to be seized, when Captain Orr eagerly interrupted him, beseeching him to say nothing on that score.

When this man withdrew, the wounds were sewn up and dressed. There were no less than eleven sabre cuts, besides three severe contusions. The middle finger of the right hand hung by a shred. He said to me, "Dear, you must make up your mind to let them take off this middle finger," thinking more of the pain to me than to himself. When the head was shaved, the wound was found to be more than five inches long, down to the brain, and it was this that made the surgeons think recovery hopeless. He was perfectly collected, and bore everything without a groan, until chloroform was administered. Instead of making him insensible, it only excited him. He shouted in Persian and then some words in a language no one understood, but which the Aga thought were Pushtu. He called my name in the most heartrending tones, "Oh Helen! Helen! Helen dear!" and this was the hardest to bear of all. He then evidently thought he was fighting, and struggled violently; but when the poor finger was taken off he quickly recovered, and was very much troubled lest, as he expressed it, he had "shown any effeminacy." The whole was not over till past ten.

Dr. Pritchard arrived from Sekanderabad, and remained the whole night, and the verdict of the medical men was that, with wounds of such a nature, there was no hope. This Lieutenant Napier Campbell told me in the most feeling manner. I could not shed a tear, but begged him to pray, and went back to my husband. In the midst of extreme exhaustion he was wonderfully cheerful. I said: "Darling, it is God's will and therefore——" "Right," said he. I added: "He is with thee now; can you feel His presence?" "*I do*," was his solemn answer. Another time I said: "May the Lord stand by thee and strengthen thee!" He replied: "He *did* stand by me." I could not bring myself to repeat the doctors' opinion, but said: "The Lord will be

with you, dear." He answered brightly: "He *is* with me." In feeding him with arrowroot I took a large spoon. He smiled and said: "Don't; you'll spoil my mouth." No speech could have brought more comfort. From that time I never lost hope.

The favourite dog, a wiry-haired Scotch terrier, was found huddled up in a corner, and the little pet parakeet, who never heard his master's voice without giving a responsive shout, was trembling on his perch; both shivering from fear and both perfectly silent, though they had been in the room the whole time. The good Aga, with fever on him, would not quit his side, but lay on the floor near him. I opened my Bible at the 30th Psalm; it was wonderfully appropriate and encouraging.

Captain Donald Mackinnon and Lieutenant Napier Campbell of the Artillery were among the first to arrive after the outrage. The former posted sentries round the house, and immediately took the evidence of his men who had been present. They both showed themselves staunch and energetic friends, and Captain Mackinnon, to his dying day, always spoke of Mackenzie as "*My* Brigadier."

In the meantime, the Rissaldar, having superintended the murderous attack, had returned to his lines, served out ammunition, and sent out pickets on the Sekanderabad road, who met General Bell's pickets and turned them back by a false message. One officer from the latter cantonment met them on his way into Bolarum, and so far forgot his duty as to enter into conversation with men whom he knew to be at that moment in open mutiny, and to have just attempted the murder of their commanding officer. He carried *their* story to the Resident and to General Bell, stating as facts, that the Brigadier had seized the standards of the procession, trampled them under foot, spit on them, knocked down their bearers, and committed other acts of violence,

by which the regiment had been roused to a state of frenzy. General Bell at once said: "That is very unlike Mackenzie; I cannot believe it." A few days after he told his informant: "Why, there was not a word of truth in all that you told me!"

Many people came to our house that night, and I saw this officer in close conversation with Captain Orr. Up to that time there had been no reason to doubt the friendliness of either; but, by one of those intuitions for which it is impossible to account, it flashed across my mind that they were making mischief, and I immediately employed part of the sleepless hours in making exact memoranda of all that I had seen and heard. This I continued to do daily, a most fortunate circumstance, as intense anxiety and emotion would otherwise have rendered my recollections uncertain and confused, and I was thus enabled afterwards to draw up an authentic narrative of all that took place.

It was not till fully three hours after the attack that Captain Orr went near the Rissallah. He found the whole regiment under arms. They would not listen to him, and it was only after "soothing and coaxing" them for upwards of an hour that they professed obedience. He required, as a proof of it, that they should send a picket of fifty men to the Brigadier's quarters; this they flatly refused to do.

At last he prevailed upon them to consent as a *personal favour to himself*, and rode at their head to the gate of the compound; but there he encountered the Sepoys of the 3d Infantry, who drew up across the road, and refused admittance either to him or his troopers. Their commandant, Captain Mackinnon, was therefore sent for. Captain Orr called out: "You may take away the infantry;" and then added in a low tone, "Keep fifty men at the back of the house," thus showing that his confidence in the troopers was only pretended. Captain Mackinnon told him plainly that

not a trooper should enter, and that if they did, he would move away the whole of the infantry. Captain Orr therefore left the sawárs outside, and not one did enter the gates from that time till they left the cantonment, save three orderlies in immediate attendance on him. Nevertheless he officially reported that the cavalry had "*relieved* the 3d Infantry!"

At daybreak the next morning I went to examine the house and garden. My Bath-chair was slashed with sabre-cuts, the verandahs were full of broken chairs hacked to pieces. The place where my husband had been assailed was marked by a pool of blood and by two pieces of the loose muslin ends of the turban round his wideawake hat, the many folds of which had turned the course of the sabres.

From thence to the door the road was covered with fragments of cotton from his wadded coat, and with several pieces of muslin of different patterns, such as the native kurtas or shirts are made of, a pair of native shoes, and the papers of seven ball-cavalry cartridges. The path he had taken was easily tracked by the blood on the pillars, floor, walls, and furniture; and it seemed most wonderful that the infatuated murderers should have stopped short in the next room to that occupied by their victim. As a poor woman who had received kindness from him said, with awe: "God hid you, madam, in the hollow of His hand."

General Bell had immediately got the troops at Sekanderabad under arms, expecting a summons from the Resident, and came in early on Saturday to the Bolarum Residency, but nothing could induce Mr. Bushby to follow his advice. The Resident had hitherto been on the most friendly terms with the Brigadier, but he was a civilian of the old Calcutta school, and was now filled with fears of "a general rising among all the Musalmans of India, which would shake our empire to its foundations," and inveighed

furiously against all fanatics (meaning thereby not Musalmans but Christians), who ought, he said, to be turned out of the Contingent. Captain Orr had persuaded him that the Rissallah was quite innocent, but when General Bell at last prevailed on him to require them to give up the assassins, they positively refused, and rushed out armed on parade, thus openly mutinying *a second time*. Captain Orr was so far alarmed that he sent written orders to Lieutenant Campbell to get his guns ready "*very* quietly;" and to Captain Mackinnon to bring his whole regiment to the compound. The 3d Infantry were posted behind the bushes ready to receive the attack, which was expected every moment, and it was thought necessary to move the Brigadier in spite of his exhausted condition, which made it a hazardous experiment, to the upper story of the new wing, as this could be easily defended against any force. The Madras troops were ordered in from Sekanderabad, but were not allowed to act. The only result of their coming was, that on Sunday they so alarmed the mutineers by marching up to their lines, that they surrendered some of the culprits who had been identified. General Bell told the Resident plainly that an opportunity had been lost of giving an excellent lesson, not only to the Rissallah, but to the whole army, of which they stood in great need.

On Monday, 24th, it was reported that a large force was coming from the city to help the Rissallah. The Resident believed it, and sent his wife and daughter for refuge to General Bell's at Sekanderabad. Mrs. Orr and most of the other ladies fled, and it seemed safer to send away also the young ladies in our house.[1] The Aga's wife behaved nobly as ever. She was very unwilling to go, but when

[1] One young lady, Rose Riddell, an orphan, whom for her meekness the Brigadier used to call "Arrogance," resolutely refused to move, and installed herself for the night on the hearth-rug in my dressing-room,

told it was necessary (as I wished to be free from all other care but that of my husband) she quietly assented, made her preparations, and was ready with her old mother in a few minutes. She asked the Aga if he were going. 'No,' he answered, 'how can I leave my chief?' and without the least fuss she bade him farewell, though she supposed the whole party left in imminent danger. Great was the tumult at Sekanderabad—the troops under arms the whole night, the barracks filled with ladies and children roused out of their sleep.

After a great deal of coming and going all night, incessant messages and notes coming to me, the Resident at last sent his carriage to fetch the Brigadier. It was therefore necessary to communicate the affair to the latter. I did so in a few words. He asked "on what authority the report was believed?"—"A *baniah*" (shopkeeper).—"He ought to be flogged for spreading such nonsense! Are any of the 3d Infantry here?"—"Yes."—"That's enough; I won't move," and thus he settled the matter in two minutes. He was, however, greatly disturbed when he heard that Mr. Bushby was coming, and said several times: "That is very wrong. It is a great sign of weakness. Tell Mr. Bushby not to come, and that I am not going to Sekanderabad." But it was too late, for just after, about three o'clock A.M., the Resident and Mrs. Mackinnon, almost the only lady left in cantonments, arrived at our house. The ladies went to bed, the officers slept on chairs and couches, and the Resident sat up till daylight alleviated his anxiety. Five minutes' inquiry would have shown the groundless nature of the scare.

I very soon became aware that the mutineers' story as related to the Resident was generally received, and there-

determined to share the fate of her friends. Good faithful Rose has long entered into her rest, but her affection will never be forgotten by those to whom she was so true.

fore made a point of seeing all visitors for the first two days to put them in possession of the truth. Among them was Captain S. Orr, who on the first morning gave me a true version of the affair, which I at once committed to paper. But when two days later he told me a totally different story, endeavouring to persuade me, contrary to the evidence of my own eyesight, that the procession was composed "only of children, mere boys," and that "*nothing could be better than the temper of the regiment*," I became unwillingly convinced of his deceit and never saw him again. The press was entirely misled. The Brigadier was assailed on all sides; accused of "fanaticism," of "preaching to the sawárs," of "interfering with their religion!" and a Roman Catholic paper gravely asserted that some years ago he had pulled down either a Muhammadan mosk or a Hindú temple, they were not quite sure which! The flags were said to have been broken and trampled on; and the act (which was wholly imaginary) was likened to trampling on the Host in a Roman Catholic country, and to pulling the pall off a coffin in a Protestant one, whereas it would have been much more like confiscating a mince-pie or a branch of holly at Christmas. Never did party spirit run higher, and these baseless calumnies aggravated my trial to an inconceivable extent. It was necessary to conceal them from my husband, but I resolved that whether he lived or not his reputation should be defended, and therefore sent copies of the true account all over India. So careful was I to state facts in the most moderate manner that Colonel R. Henderson, who knew every circumstance, wrote:—"I do not consider that you have done justice to your husband's forbearance, when he first met the rioters; or to his bravery afterwards, when he scorned to flee before the infuriated mutineers intent upon his murder. I am perfectly satisfied the *whole affair was preconcerted*."

But if the outbreak of malice and even of treachery some who were most bound to the sufferer, was remarkable, the proofs of sympathy, esteem, and brotherly affection which poured upon him from all quarters were no less so, and verified the Divine proverb, that "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

Stout soldiers like his old schoolfellow Colonel Henderson of the Engineers, burst into tears and kissed him when they saw the state he was in. He said afterwards, with emotion: "All the most gallant spirits kissed me." Some knelt by his bedside to pray for him. Though dissuaded on account of the danger, for the troopers had possession of the roads, nothing could keep Mr. Gorton (the senior chaplain) and his delicate wife from driving over to Bolarum to see their friend. Not only in the Aga and his wife, but in every Christian without exception, strangers as well as friends, the real brotherhood of the children of God was manifested with the greatest warmth. In all the missions prayer was daily made in his behalf. This fiery trial was like a test to distinguish between base metal and pure gold. Every one's character was manifested with unmistakable clearness, as a flash of lightning reveals every feature of a landscape. While my husband was lying maimed and helpless, totally unable even to be informed of the attacks made on him, one friend after another stood gallantly forward to bear testimony to his character, and to his extraordinary influence among natives of all classes, "his peculiar facility," as one expressed it, of drawing their hearts *to* him.[1]

[1] An officer who knew him well relates that when he "spoke to his comrades of his kind, sweet, unselfish character, his experience, his knowledge of natives, much was the amazement. 'Most unaccountable how it could have happened.' I answered in one word, 'Bhang.' I don't believe that without it, a single native in the whole of India

He had always been very careful of the comfort and health of his servants, building good quarters for them, supplying them and their families with warm clothing and blankets, and was exceedingly gentle and kind to the women and children. They now showed the greatest faithfulness and affection; all were ready to wait on him day or night. Early one morning the wives of three of the servants were found sitting in solemn conclave in the garden over a curl of his hair, which they had picked up and laid on a white cloth, surrounding it with flowers, and making many salams to it, till at length they began to dispute who should have it. The gardener's wife said: "God has given me this curling hair of my master, and I will keep it," and so she did.

It is remarkable that all his native friends proved true. This almost provokes the inquiry whether mere outward profession of Christianity be not worse than ignorance of it. Hasan Khan, the Afghan princes Shahpur and his brother, the Nawab of Jhalgám, Mulla Ibrahim, the Rissaldar of the 1st Cavalry, the Mir Adal or Chief Judge of Berar, with many others, wrote repeatedly for news of his progress. The Mir Adal, a Hadji and Molewi of great learning, said: "The devil must have taken full possession of these wretches. Every one knows what a friend the Sahib has been to Musalmans. This is no religious quarrel, but pure 'Sheitan ka kisah' (a work of the devil);" and the Vazir Salar Jung, himself a Shiah, cordially agreed with him.

The Nizám, one of the most bigoted Musalmans and thorough haters of the British in India, when he was informed of the murderous outbreak, growled out: "Yih Dín ka kisah nahín: máro" (This is no religious quarrel:

who knew him, or had even heard of him, would do such a dastardly deed on Colin Mackenzie."

slay them—*i.e.* the mutineers); and yet, in spite of this decisive testimony, European officers were found to re-echo the cry of fanaticism, "interference with the religion of the natives," etc. etc., as if they knew better than bigoted Musalmans! The *Friend of India* indignantly pronounced this "the most melancholy feature of the affair. It is, we believe, the first time in which open mutiny has been extenuated by English officers, defended and palliated by an English press."

It was a principle with "old Indians," by which Government was strongly influenced, that the European, the officer, and especially the Christian, must be in the wrong; and the native, more particularly the troops, right.[1]

By General Bell's advice a company of the 3d N.I. remained on duty in the Brigadier's compound until the 3d Cavalry left the station.[2] The native officers actually quarrelled among themselves as to who should command the guard over the Brigadier. They were to be poorly requited for their fidelity.

Moving the sufferer to an upper story had a most beneficial effect; the room was lofty, open on all sides into wide verandahs, and consequently both quiet and so cool that no pankahs were necessary; and there was the comfort of feeling that in case of attack fifty men could hold it against hundreds. It was quite a fort. He went on so well for the first few days that I asked a medical officer if he did not think he might recover. He explained that fever must set in when the wound in the head began to heal, and

[1] This was clearly shown at the beginning of the great Mutiny. Colonel Wheler was compelled to retire from the service, though he had nothing whatever to do with the Barrackpore Mutiny, and although his own regiment, the 31st, to which he had preached for years, proved the Abdiel of the Bengal Army. [2] See Appendix A, p. 361.

that would be fatal. "But perhaps it will not set in?" He answered: "My dear Mrs. Mackenzie, in these days God does not work miracles;" adding, with great tears dropping from his eyes: "All God's people in these cantonments are praying for him:" and the Lord hearkened. No fever of any consequence did set in, and in eight days the head had healed so far that the bandage was taken off.

His coolness and perfect composure from the very first were most wonderful, and he was the most unselfish of patients. When I read Rom. viii. 35 to him,—"What shall separate us from the love of Christ; shall tribulation . . . or peril or sword?" he said, with great earnestness: "The sword, so far from separating me, has made me know more of the love of Christ. I *welcome* this trial."

He was evidently much in prayer, and whenever he had an interval of greater ease he would play me little tricks and laugh at their success. A tiny splinter of bone was taken from his head, which he called a "chip of the old block." He was almost entirely starved for five days, and only on the sixth day got a little beef-tea. This was a great mistake; he ought to have been well nourished. He suffered intense pain in the amputated finger. Both arms were in splints, and he used to say cheerfully: "Happy is the man who can rub his own nose!"

A letter to my mother says:—"From the first my dearest husband has recognised God's hand in this heavy trial. He quoted: 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby' (Heb. xii. 11). I felt the first days as if my heart would break to see my noble energetic husband so maimed and helpless, and the whole house dabbled with his blood, so that I cannot move without stepping on it.

"The Aga has been invaluable, nursing him with unwearied tenderness. 11*th October*. — He cannot be left alone, and now requires some amusement, such as being read and talked to, as he is able to sit up a little. Nothing can exceed his patience and cheerfulness."

Four days after the outrage, a Court of Inquiry assembled under the Presidency of Major Cuthbert Davidson, assistant to the Resident. As most of the officers composing the Court were junior to the Brigadier, and some under his command, there could be no inquiry into his acts; but the proceedings, though relating entirely to men under his command, were, in utter subversion of all military discipline, kept secret from him, and he *never saw them*.

On the 9th of October, at the risk of his life, he dictated a statement to Major Davidson and Major Pritchard, but paid dearly for this exertion by excessive subsequent exhaustion. So anxious was he not to injure Captain S. Orr, that he made no mention of his leaving him to face the mutineers alone, or of his remaining inactive afterwards. The inquiry was greatly mismanaged; Major Davidson was a very unsuitable president, as he had formerly been Commandant of the mutinous Rissallah, and none of the evidence was taken on oath. My husband was anxious that my evidence should be heard, as I was the only European eye-witness besides Captain Orr, but Major Davidson twice refused, on the plea that "ladies' evidence, unless absolutely necessary, is never taken."

The Brigadier resumed command of cantonments on the 10th, and immediately sent away the cavalry picket which Captain Orr had posted outside his gate, determined that *he* would have no hand in placing mutineers on duty. His motive for resuming command before he was even out of danger, was chiefly that he might demand a copy of Captain Orr's Report to the Resident. This Report proved to be

full of inaccuracies, self-contradictions, and inventions, the climax being directly contrary to fact. It stated:—"So satisfied was I of the fidelity and good-feeling of the men that I took a strong picket of them down to the Brigadier's house, *with which I relieved the regiment of infantry;*" and yet in the very next paragraph he states:—"There can be no doubt the rioters intended to murder the Brigadier,"—these rioters being all sawárs! The Brigadier refuted these statements, officially charging Captain S. Orr with falsehood, of which heavy charge no notice was ever taken.[1]

Not only did officers of the Rissallah deny that there had been any mutiny, and talk of the regiment being as "quiet as lambs," but Captain S. Orr asked one of the ladies who was wounded what could make her think the assailants were sawárs? (!), and continued to receive the Rissaldar in the most friendly manner at his own house. The Resident expressed his displeasure at those who spoke of the 3d Cavalry as "mutineers," and threatened to hand up one of the chaplains to Government for using this term *in a private note* to an officer.

The Hindu religious festival of the Dusserah fell on the 12th of October. The Hindus of the force had already obtained their usual ten days' leave, when they unanimously renounced it, both infantry and artillery stating that they could not think of availing themselves of it, "as the Brigadier would not be safe." Men do not give up at once an indulgence and the observance of religious rites without some strong reason, and the behaviour of the 3d Infantry and Artillery shows very clearly their opinion of the conduct and temper of the Rissallah. The Brigadier issued an order thanking them for their fidelity and zeal.

On the 1st November the 3d Rissallah was sent away to Aurangabad and relieved by the 2d Cavalry, who were such

[1] See Appendix B, p. 361.

ardent partisans of Brigadier Mackenzie, the natives even more so than the Europeans, that the officers considered it fortunate that they did not meet the 3d Rissallah on the road, as they would certainly have come to blows with them for having disgraced the mounted branch of the service.

In the meantime my husband had been suffering most severely. My letters are disjointed, but they may give a better idea of what he endured than a smoother narrative:—

"26*th October.*—To-day is five weeks, and they have taken the splint off the left arm, but the cut is not healed. He has been suffering dreadfully the last week from spasmodic pains, caused, they say, by loss of blood. Pray much for us, for I have had more anxiety than I could well bear. His unselfishness is wonderful. Our Lord is very gracious to us. His behaviour was most noble. I trust his cause to Him who has so miraculously preserved his life, and I doubt not the truth will be known. My hair has grown so gray the last month!

"8*th November.*—To-day my Colin walked and sat in the verandah enjoying the fresh morning air for the first time. The little dog caught sight of him from the garden below, and fairly shrieked with joy at seeing him again."

On the 15th he was able to take his first drive, but in a day or two the opium which had been given him on account of the spasms began to affect him. It was evident that the quantity must be daily increased, or that it must be left off altogether. He determined to give it up, and persevered heroically in spite of the dreadful feeling of indescribable horror which oppressed him. This lasted about a week, and he said afterwards "death would have been a relief." This seemed to me the most heroic thing he

ever did. Though by God's great mercy the spasms left him, he then suffered from extreme sleeplessness, and became so alarmingly weak and languid that the doctors urged immediate change of air. The very next day (23d November) he was moved five miles into Sekanderabad to the house of his old friend and fellow-captive, Captain E. Webb, with the result of an immediate improvement in appetite. The following day he went on six miles more to the Residency at Haidrabad, which Mr. Bushby kindly placed at our disposal. It is a magnificent building in the midst of beautiful grounds.

By the end of November he was able to read part of the day, and in spite of the nervousness and restlessness which troubled him, he was one of the most even-tempered and unselfish of patients. All the Resident's Staff showed him sympathy and kind attention, and the quiet of the place, with its noble tamarind and banyan trees making the garden always shady, was very soothing to him.

Not less so was the change in public opinion. The papers began to learn the truth, and spoke of him as "the very soul of honour," "the most gallant courteous gentleman," etc. The *Friend of India* stood up valiantly for him, and said that "not a shadow of blame could be cast upon him," and that "if the truth is known regarding his great forbearance in the first instance, and his undaunted gallantry in turning unarmed to meet these cowardly murderers, no one could withhold the highest admiration." The feeling of the European troops who had served with him was amusingly exemplified by a sergeant. The 3d Dragoons, then in the North-West, were eagerly discussing the news of the Bolarum Mutiny, when one of them, who had known him in Afghanistan, reassured his comrades—"I know Brigadier Mackenzie; *he* won't die, no, not he!" and then, as if it suddenly struck him that it did not quite depend

on a man's own resolution, he added, as a saving clause: "Or if he do die, he won't die funking!"

But the shock to his nerves had been terribly severe, and showed itself in most acute attacks of neuralgia or periosteal pains in the arms, which obliged him to walk up and down for hours every night. We used to pace the verandahs together until at last, towards the end of December, the pain was mercifully relieved by pouring pitcherfuls of cold water over the arms until they were almost numb.

When his little favourite, Bibi, the parakeet, was brought to him, the creature's joy was quite touching. It ran up to his shoulder, kissed him over and over again, ran round to the other shoulder, kissed him on that side, throwing itself backward to look at him, shouting, and trembling all over with delight. It was too much for his shattered nerves, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The faithful little thing could eat nothing that day from sheer excitement. And these are the creatures they shoot at matches in Bangalore as they do pigeons in England!

Although he kept up his spirits, he could not bear the slightest excitement without subsequent exhaustion for two or three days, and complete change of scene was pronounced indispensable to his recovery. He waited, however, for the Governor-General's decision, taking an interest meanwhile in the associations connected with the Residency —the Zenana Compound, built for the native lady whom a former Resident (Kirkpatrick) married;[1] the gigantic tortoises, older than the British dominion in India; and the tomb of a Sati, with a rough bas-relief of the victim riding behind her husband on one horse.

At last, in January, Lord Dalhousie's orders arrived. A gentleman came over from Bolarum to watch "how the

[1] Their daughter is the Kitty Kirkpatrick mentioned by Carlyle.

Brigadier and his wife would take them." Of course neither of us flinched a hair's-breadth.

The decision of Government was promulgated without any communication having been made to the Brigadier, any question being put to him, any hint given that blame was attached to him, or any portion of the evidence laid before Government—none of which was taken on oath—having been made known to him. General Bell had been in Calcutta, most anxious to express his opinion on the subject to the Governor-General, but Lord Dalhousie had allowed him no opportunity of doing so. On first hearing of it he said, "Mackenzie does not know what fear is; he has gone out among a fanatical mob, and got himself cut to pieces." He spoke of him with much affection and admiration, but he had got this idea into his head, and it never could be got out again. The only person whom the Governor-General consulted on the matter was Major Cuthbert Davidson, who went to meet his lordship on the coast. The information laid before Government having been very incomplete and inaccurate, there were several mistakes in the decision, which could not have occurred had the Brigadier been communicated with. Lord Dalhousie stated, "with sincere regret, that in his opinion, the immediate and the real cause of the outrage was the act of the Brigadier himself in rushing from his compound into the midst of a Musalman rabble, roused by the excitement of the Muharram, and there seizing their standards, and coming into personal conflict with them. The Governor-General in Council entertains a high respect for Brigadier Mackenzie, as a good and distinguished soldier, and as honourable, conscientious, and gallant a gentleman as the army can show. His Lordship in Council therefore looks with not less regret than disapprobation on the intemperate act which has produced so much evil, and has

brought down such grievous suffering upon the Brigadier himself."

Now the orders were those sanctioned by Government throughout India. He did not "rush;" his forbearance was shown by sending repeatedly and refusing to employ force; and a very important point was entirely overlooked. There was every reason to believe that the Mutiny was *preconcerted;* the only loyal native officer of the 3d Cavalry, now promoted to Rissaldar, openly declared this; therefore the Brigadier, in stopping the first overt act of mutiny, could not possibly be the cause of it. It was known that an inflammatory proclamation from Lucknow had reached Haidrabad, and it is highly probable that this was the immediate cause of the outbreak.

The Governor-General then denounced the conduct of the Rissallah, and directed the dismissal of the native officers (without trial), excepting Jemadar Mozuffur Khan,[1] he having invited the interposition of the European officers. The only objection to this was that he had done no such thing. It is certain that he never came near the house. It is equally certain that Jemadar Muhammad Huseyn did come, and did urge Captain Orr to go to the regiment.

His Lordship then, without one word of commendation for the distinguished zeal and loyalty of the 3d Infantry (both Musalmans and Hindus), dismissed the jemadar who had first come to our rescue and the havildar of the guard for not firing on the mutineers. The first received distinct orders not to fire; the second was not present.[2] This proves the very imperfect nature of the information conveyed to Government.

The Brigadier sent in the petitions of the three men so unjustly dismissed, strongly supporting them by his own testimony, and on the Resident's refusal either to read or to

[1] See Appendix C. [2] See Appendix D.

forward them, he sent them direct to the Governor-General, hoping that a statement of facts would induce Lord Dalhousie to reverse the sentence. But this and all his subsequent efforts on their behalf proved vain.

Our own house having been let, the Nawab Salar Jung very kindly placed his Bolarum house at our disposal, and we went in to prepare for Europe. Before our departure my husband, though scarcely able to sit his horse, ordered a parade, at which he took leave of the 3d Infantry, thanked the regiment for their fidelity, and presented the native Commandant with his own sword. The native officers afterwards came to pay their farewell visit. One and all entreated him, many of them with tears in their eyes, to do his best for Jemadar Sumjaun, saying: "He was our brother, and now he is as one dead." When that unfortunate officer came in, the Brigadier offered him a chair, to which his rank formerly entitled him, but he refused, and sat down on the ground.

My husband's wounds had healed most rapidly, but their effects remained, and he never fully recovered the excessive loss of blood. He was not only maimed for life, but suffered always more or less from his wounds. He also deeply felt the want of power which he had hitherto possessed in so great a degree. Every now and then there was something he had always done, which he could do no longer. He almost gave up driving, in which he had excelled, and it was very sad to see the mortification with which he looked at his sword, and said—"I shall *never* be able to draw my sword again!"

But he felt strongly that any suffering or injustice he met with, however hard to bear, was still permitted in love by his Heavenly Father, and was among those "all things which work together for good to them who love God;" but the shameful treatment of men who had no such hope to

sustain them, and the utter indifference to common justice shown by others who called themselves Christians, cut him to the heart.[1]

He had, however, the consolation that every true soldier approved of all he had done. Outram said, with indignation: "Why, I thought every one knew you did perfectly right at Bolarum!" And long afterwards Colonel Donald Stewart (since Commander-in-Chief of India), after re-reading the narrative of the Mutiny, said to Mackenzie: "Even now, with your full knowledge of all the circumstances, I don't see how, if the thing happened over again, you could act otherwise as a gentleman."

The 3d Infantry had evinced the most perfect fidelity and zeal. It was to their loyal and determined conduct that every Christian owed life and safety; and not even one of the Musalmans among them (all of whom voluntarily gave up their leave for the Muharram) failed in his duty. Nevertheless they never received the slightest acknowledgment from either the Resident or the Supreme Government—an omission which, together with the surprising dismissal of the two native officers, who were the first to come to the rescue, caused the deepest disappointment and great bitterness of feeling in that gallant regiment.

The effect of this order, by which the men of the loyal infantry were punished nearly as severely as those of the mutinous cavalry,—the blame cast upon the Brigadier for doing his plain duty,—and the impunity granted to assassins and murderers, had the worst effect. *It taught the Army that Mutiny and Assassination were venial crimes.* More than one officer has since been threatened in the performance of his duty with the words—"Remember what befel Mackenzie Sahib!" and, instead of the army being taught a lesson,

[1] Appendix E.

which many officers besides General Bell even then saw "to be greatly needed," and which, had it been consistently followed up, might have averted the Mutiny of 1857, they were confirmed in the idea that the Government did not dare to punish, and were encouraged to attempt and perpetrate the horrors which, in less than two years after, deluged India with blood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOME—THE GREAT MUTINY.

(1856-1857.)

"Ye Christian dogs! you know your option, the Kurán, the tribute, or the sword."—*Kurán.*

"Kill them wherever you find them."—*Kurán*, chap. ix.

"And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now."

WE embarked at Bombay in March. Sir William and Lady Gomm were among the passengers, the late Commander-in-Chief, though most cordial and friendly, never uttered a syllable on the Bolarum outbreak. He had just pronounced the Bengal army in "a perfectly healthy state of discipline," an opinion endorsed by Lord Dalhousie in his farewell Minute! The gentlemen on board vied with each other in showing kindness and attention to the wounded Brigadier, waiting on him and helping him in every possible way.

Landing at Trieste, we spent a week at Venice, with which my husband was charmed; but his sympathy was strongly roused for the inhabitants groaning under the Austrian yoke. The city bore traces of the bombardment, guns were placed under the arcades of the Doge's Palace, ready to sweep the square, and when the magnificent Austrian bands came to perform, each musician had his

loaded musket by his side, and every respectable Italian left the piazza.

Two Hungarian priests on board the steamer indicated the manner in which their unfortunate country was governed, by showing a rope. At Adelsberg we joined three charming unmarried American ladies in visiting the lovely caves, and travelled with them in carriages to Vienna. We were delighted with Prague. That most interesting of cities, like Vienna and Venice, bore marks of the shot and shell to which the Emperor had treated each of his capitals. Visiting the old Jewish burial-ground, the most ancient in Europe, my husband got into a discussion with a Jew who had given up all the hopes and all the beliefs of his people, who looked for no Messiah, longed for no restoration of Israel, and seemed to have nothing Jewish left to him but national pride, though what an unbelieving Jew has to be proud of does not appear.

It was with real respect that Major Mackenzie saluted the deposed Emperor Ferdinand, then living on the Wradschin. This prince suffered from epilepsy, but although the mind was weakened, yet having sworn to maintain the rights of his people, nothing could make him break his oath. His answer was: "Mein Eid, mein Eid" (my oath), wherefore he abdicated in favour of his nephew. The Brigadier was travelling in uniform, having no plain clothes, and got a violent attack of bronchitis on the journey to Dresden. We greatly enjoyed the warmth with which all the old friends we had left ten years before greeted our return. Certainly Germans are most faithful and hearty in friendship. My mother and sister were then living at Bruxelles, and after a fortnight's rest with them, we hastened to London to print a true narrative of the Bolarum Mutiny, and to endeavour to get redress for the unfortunate native officers. Having done all in his power, he was ordered to

Teplitz in August, where the waters were wonderfully efficacious in restoring some degree of flexibility to the right hand, and in removing the severe periosteal pains from which he suffered. Here, too, a warm friendship was formed with Count and Countess Pückler, with whom some delightful days were passed at Weistritz, in the Silesian mountains. Another great pleasure was a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Edward, of the Free Church Mission to the Jews at Breslau, from whom we heard further details of Austrian treachery and tyranny.[1]

The Christmas of that year was spent, as so many of our happiest anniversaries had been spent, in the dear circle at Grangemuir—the last time that it was an unbroken one. Other visits followed to Taymouth, Pollok, Kennet, etc., all bringing refreshment to both mind and body.

In April my husband obtained an extension of sick furlough; and in May, his strength being pronounced sufficiently restored, he underwent a severe operation, "not without peril," by the removal of the joint and centre of the sword hand. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he attended a levee, and used often to recall the boisterous scene so different from that of former years. In vain the gentlemen of the Court entreated order and patience; those at the farther end of the anteroom cried, "Forward, forward," and absolutely charged the door of the presence-chamber, so that in the struggle the floor was strewn with feathers from the officers' hats, as if they had been autumn leaves, and Mackenzie having only one serviceable arm, was spun round in spite of the efforts of Captain Clagett

[1] *Ex grat.*—Flying from Jassy on account of the Russian invasion in 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Edward reached Lemberg at the end of October. Twenty thousand Austrian troops occupied the town. They were suddenly withdrawn, and the town *bombarded!*

to shield him, and violently propelled into Her Majesty's presence backwards!

The Queen, seeing his right arm in a sling, and noticing his difficulty in managing hat and sword as he knelt, put her hand to his lips with such a sweet look of compassion and sympathy that he never forgot it. It was but a trifle, but it showed the womanly kindness of our tender-hearted, stout-hearted Queen, who cares no more for a bullet past her head than if it were an after-dinner cracker, and yet is so quick to sympathise with all sorrow or suffering.

We then went to Norfolk, and the date of a delightful visit to the Rev. Edward and Mrs. Eyre, with a tour to Holkham, Raynham, and other places of interest, stamped itself on our minds, for the days so full of peaceful enjoyment to us were those of the outbreak of the great Mutiny, 10th May 1857. We heard the terrible news on the 27th June, at Manchester, whither we had gone with Lady William Douglas and her eldest daughter, to enjoy perhaps the finest collection of pictures ever brought together. It came like a thunderclap. We knew so well what mutiny meant, that we realised the scene more than perhaps any one else in England. It was evident that the motives which caused mutiny at stations so distant from each other as Berhampore, Barrackpore, and Mirat, must affect the whole Bengal army.

Some years before Major Mackenzie had officially warned Lord Dalhousie of the dangerous state of the native troops, urging "the necessity for strict discipline, without which an army of mercenaries must degenerate into Strelitzes, janissaries, or prætorian guards," for which plain speaking he got a reprimand from Government, backed by another from the Court of Directors! He now wrote a letter to the *Times*, under the signature of "Miles," which was only inserted through the personal influence of Carlyle,

pointing out that "the root of the matter was the false policy of Government"—their system of centralisation which had deprived officers of all authority, so that they could neither reward nor punish, thus destroying the tie of personal influence, the only tie which can bind mercenary soldiers to a foreign Government, and recommending that twenty thousand men, especially artillery, should immediately be sent to India, "*by, if possible, the overland route.*"

The *Life of Sir John Lawrence* shows that he at once named the alienation between the officers and Sepoys as one of the main causes of the Mutiny, but not being a military man, he did not put his finger on the cause of that alienation, which was centralisation.[1] Lord Hardinge, as an old soldier, made the Commandants of his four Sikh infantry regiments, deputy-magistrates, with power to punish offences, and they, having sole power to select men for promotion (as in all Irregular regiments), their men looked to them and to no one else. The only regiments which remained faithful (besides Wheler's corps, the 31st) were Irregulars. This fatal system of CENTRALISATION cannot be too much denounced, for there is always a tendency to recur to it.

Mr. Kaye, then secretary to the Court of Directors, wrote to ask Major Mackenzie's opinion of the "causes and remedies" of the Mutiny. He replied at length (6th July), dwelling on this fatal system of centralisation begun by Lord William Bentinck:—

[1] Sir Charles Napier said: "The Governor-General takes two-thirds of the power which a Commander-in-Chief ought to exercise." Sir Frederick Currie sent such troops as he thought fit to besiege Multán. Lord Dalhousie and the Council arranged all the details of the Burmese War. Mr. Bushby was Commander-in-Chief in the Dekkan, whereas the military commanders could not move a man, nor try an offence.

"Very unlike Wellesley, Hastings, and other great rulers, who knew not only how to choose their instruments, but how to trust them. Officers have been deprived of all real authority. The youngest Sepoy has learnt to look over the head of his company officer to the Colonel of the regiment, beyond the Colonel to the Brigadier, beyond the Brigadier to the General, beyond the General to the Adjutant-General, and, to use the words of Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief himself has been constantly turned by the Governor-General into a 'monster Adjutant.' . . . The *dolce far niente* system has been in a manner forced upon officers, while a spirit of antagonism towards his superiors has been fostered in the Sepoy up to its present pitch."

Next to this came the complicated system of payment, with never-ending retrenchments. (Sir Henry Lawrence had long before declared that disputes about pay had been the most frequent cause of mutiny.) He recommended mixing races and castes both in regiments and in the army, enlisting Afghans, Rohillas, low castes, Malays, and even Caffres and negroes, and stationing regiments away from their own districts,—promotion by merit instead of seniority, —an extension of the Irregular system, the despatch of troops *without a moment's delay*, and stationing men-of-war at Bombay and Calcutta. He added his conviction that this would turn out to be a Muhammadan plot, of which the Hindus had been made tools, an opinion afterwards amply verified.

He urged that "officers should have the full power as well as the full responsibility belonging to the duties of their office. . . . When a man is trusted he does his utmost, when he is sure of support in doing right he will seldom spare himself, but if he is sure of nothing but being inspected, suspected, and neglected, he loses heart and zeal, draws his pay, and *keeps out of scrapes*. . . . The officers should

not only be the representatives of Government as regards the Sepoys, they should be the representatives of the Sepoys as regards Government. Latterly they have not been permitted to act in either capacity, consequently innumerable cases of hardship and wrong have been unredressed. The pay of the men has been cut without explanation, innocent men have been dismissed, incapable native officers and men have been retained when entitled to pension, assistance has been refused to regiments when food was at famine price, and in the case of the cartridges, orders have been given, offensive to the religious feelings of the troops, and all against the earnest, respectful, and repeated remonstrances of their commanding officers."

Our staunch friend Lord Breadalbane was very anxious that Lord Palmerston should hear Major Mackenzie's opinions on the Mutiny, and wrote to him on the subject. My husband had a long interview with the Prime Minister and found him most pleasant; but after endeavouring for upwards of an hour to enlighten him on the origin and causes of the Mutiny, it was rather discouraging when Lord Palmerston asked: "Then do you mean to say that, in your opinion, the 'Mahometans' (*sic*) had anything to do with this outbreak?" It made him feel almost hopeless of making any one understand the subject.

Mr. Webber, the surgeon who had so skilfully operated on his hand, stated in a certificate (14th July) that it would be extremely hazardous for him to return to India, but he could not remain inactive in such an emergency; and, within three weeks (4th August), he volunteered to return at once. In September the Court refused his wound pension, but granted permission to return to duty, accompanied by an expression of their wish "that some position might be found

for Brigadier Mackenzie suited to his rank and distinguished services."

On taking leave of him, John Stuart Mill laid hold of his hand and said: "It is by men like you that we have won India, and it is by men like those who have injured you that I fear we shall lose it."

The excitement of those days can hardly be realised. A letter from India became common property. One spoke, thought, wrote of nothing but the Mutiny; and it was a relief to be out of the way of hearing fresh horrors and fresh losses.

Passing through Paris, Major Mackenzie was warmly received by his old friend Prince Czartoriski and his nephew Count Zamoiski, who had not given up hope of the restoration of freedom to Poland. Paris was then daily becoming more magnificent; the old crooked streets being replaced by wide and straight ones, which could be swept from end to end by cannon, while the poor were driven beyond the barriers by the demolition of their dwellings in order to erect magnificent houses for the richer classes. This caused great discontent, but the city was full of troops, and Major Mackenzie observed that the regiments on duty at the Louvre were changed daily. No one said the Emperor was liked, but he was preferred to a Red Republic.

My mother and sister accompanied us to Marseilles, where the parting was more than usually sad, as no one could tell what might befall those who were "outward bound."

December 1858.—We comforted ourselves with the thought that "we are all travelling, and that rapidly, towards our home above, and the life that is now passing from us apart is only the short journey-time towards our eternal reunion, when we shall walk hand in hand in 'the city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.'"

Our real life is not fleeting away, but coming. A bright morning, with no night; no more pain, sickness, or sorrow; no more tears, no more partings.

> "Blessed Land! no foe can enter,
> And *no friend* departeth thence."

Some blamed my husband for taking me with him, but he was the last man who would expose any woman to danger. It was an unspeakable relief to be together as long as possible, and I made up my mind if he were ordered to the front, to go to the nearest place possible to him. By the good providence of God, we never were separated.

The steamer was excessively crowded with officers ordered to India, but very few ladies; and the *Emu* having knocked against a rock, the soldiers intended for her were stuffed into the *Hindustan*, making the number in all seven hundred! The spacious decks were piled ten feet high with luggage and stores. We carried out 250 artillery and engineers, the first which were sent overland. My husband had urged this measure immediately on hearing of the Mutiny, but it was then declared "impracticable!"

Among the passengers was a distinguished Oriental scholar, Captain Nassau Lees, who went into one of the mosks at Cairo and wrote down the prayer which is offered by all Muhammadans throughout the world, the name of the King of Delhi being substituted in India for that of the Sultan. It is as follows:—"O Lord save the Sultan and destroy the infidels (káfirs)! Cause their feet to slip and sully their banners! And bring shame upon their women, and make their children orphans! And cause them to waste away with grief, and cause their descendants, and

their women, and their property to become a prey to the Moslim!"[1]

In Egypt my husband had some highly interesting conversations, which afforded striking commentaries on this prayer. Halim Pasha spoke freely about the Mutiny. He said: "The British should not be astonished at this outbreak and these atrocities. I am a Musalman myself, yet I cannot help saying that *the very essence of Islam consists in a desire to slay Christians.*" There is no sympathy felt in Egypt for the Indian Musalmans, who are looked upon as *Hindus.* He added: "It is all *nonsense* to think of governing Muhammadans by conciliation. If you are to keep India you must keep it by the strong hand." Every one in Egypt told us that the Musalmans were all ripe for a Jehád, or religious war against Christians, and that they were only kept in order by the strong hand of Said Pasha.

Hekykian Bey, a highly intelligent Syrian gentleman, insisted much on the necessity of ruling according to "simple justice, so as to be understood by the most ignorant, and not according to the subtleties of English law, and especially on letting our power be seen and felt, as nothing but the display of *force* justifies a Muhammadan, according to his own principles, in submitting to any authority that is not of his own religion. He is bound to resist and rebel *except when he cannot help himself.*"

The Sheik ul Islam at Cairo, the head of the Muhammadan faith, told Captain Lees, whom he treats as a friend on account of his knowledge of Musalman law and literature, that it was "not *obligatory* (farz) to rise up against the British Government in India, because there was *no chance of success*;" but this does not prevent its being jáiz, or commendable!

[1] When the Názim of Bengal found this in my album, though no Arabic scholar, he read it fluently (as a Romanist would do a *Pater* or *Credo*), and remarked: "A *very strong* prayer."

The oppression of the people in Egypt is frightful. Men are seized and carried off to work for the Pasha, and, no arrangements being made to feed them, they die by thousands. The prophecy 'The Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord" (Isa. xix. 4) is still being fulfilled.

Like all Oriental princes, the Pasha is extremely magnificent in his gifts and hospitality. We were told that the British Government actually suffered him to defray all the expenses of transporting two regiments of cavalry from India during the Crimean War, which cost him £50,000. We also allow him to pay all the expenses of our Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief when passing through Egypt. He sends his own carriages and steamers for them, and Lord Canning's excursion up the Nile cost His Highness about £5000. As he has an empty exchequer, this money is wrung from "the hard hands of peasants" already ground to the dust by extortion and misery.

The Rev. Dr. Kincaid, a colleague of Judson in the American Burman Mission, a man of great sense and experience, was among the passengers, and gave a lecture on the present crisis, which met with general approval. He expressed strongly his sense of the sin and folly of the Indian Government in protecting idolatry and Muhammadanism and, as far as in it lay, discountenancing the Truth. He said it would be contrary to all we read and know of God's dealings with men, if such conduct in the most religious and highly-favoured nation on earth had been passed over without some signal mark of Divine indignation, and he believed that the innocent women and children had been allowed to suffer so cruelly to mark it as a national visitation, and because this was the only thing that could have aroused the nation. Had only officers and civilians fallen, people at home would have said it was their fault; but

now they are compelled to look beyond individual faults. Mr. Kincaid said he had conversed with officers of all ranks, and that it was as much as an officer's commission was worth if he did not pamper and spoil the Sepoys. In every case in dispute between an officer and his men, the Government always pronounced the officer in the wrong—never supported his authority, but brought him into contempt by supporting his men on all occasions against him, and this out of a mean fear of what the Sepoys might do if their religious prejudices were interfered with. What they can do in spite of, or in consequence of, all this petting and spoiling has been sufficiently shown.

These were entirely Mackenzie's own views, and were shared by almost every officer of experience in India. Fifteen years before Eldred Pottinger wrote:—"Latterly every effort has been made to reduce the power of the commanding officers, and Government has nearly succeeded. All our old soldiers regret past times, however, and would rather have the old system than the new. If the Government does not take some decided step to recover the affections of the army I really think that a single spark *will blow the Sepoys into mutiny;* for the zeal of the officers is cold, and it has been that alone which has prevented this hitherto" (29th May 1842).

At Galle we fell in with a surgeon of the 37th Queen's, who related some particulars of the disastrous attempt to relieve Arrah by Capt. D——. He went blundering on in the dark in spite of remonstrances. The party was attacked in a narrow causeway between two ditches, they could not see the enemy, and had to return to the steamer, leaving many of their wounded, with half their number *hors de combat.* The women of the 10th Foot, who were exceedingly anxious because no guns had been sent with the force (for old soldiers' wives know pretty well what ought to be done),

no sooner heard of the return of the steamer, which anchored opposite the hospital, her decks covered with the dead and dying, than they ran down to inquire for their husbands. Maddened at the tidings they rushed off in a body to General Lloyd's quarters, and would have torn him in pieces had not his staff barricaded the house and sent for assistance.

On the 4th December the Calcutta pilot came on board with the news of Havelock's death. It was announced in a telegram singularly wanting in feeling:—"*All well* at Alambagh. General Havelock died this morning."

As we lay to at the mouth of the river, the air seemed laden with wailing and groans. One could not tell what the noises really were, but they brought to mind the heathen description of the sounds of woe heard from Hades. Of India at that moment it might truly be said—

> "The earth is full of farewells to the dying,
> And wailings for the dead;
> Rachel is ever o'er her children crying
> And is not comforted."

We arrived the next day and found a home with our brother James J. Mackenzie, one of the most kindly and hospitable of men. We dined at Government House a few days after; Lord Canning talked with my husband for more than half an hour. Lady Canning was a charming person, though at this time careworn, she retained her fine eyes, Diana-like figure, and magnificent hair, which nearly touched the ground, and which she wore in coils of braids at the back of the head without any other ornament. Like her sister Lady Waterford, whose beauty in most respects contrasted with hers, she was remarkable for the peculiar grace of her head and neck, which reminded one of a swan. She was in every respect a noble woman, of frank unaffected courtesy and great energy, intellect, and accomplishments.

Lord Canning was at this time at the very height, or rather depth of unpopularity. Very few would raise their hats to him on the course, unless Lady Canning was with him. He had done everything to alienate his countrymen, and so late as 25th May had discourteously refused the loyal offers of Europeans (foreigners as well as British), and of native Christians to form volunteer corps, attributing their offer to "a *passing and groundless* panic." He had then gagged the English press;[1] required Europeans, at a time when it was necessary for every man and woman to carry arms, to take out a license for doing so; threatened punishment to all who should interfere with native religious ceremonies, which no one thought of doing; refused to disarm the Sepoys, and denied reward to the loyal. A petition to the Queen, signed by almost every one who was free to do it, earnestly asked for his recall, and a proposition was seriously made to seize him and ship him off to England by means of a party of merchant seamen. This memorial, though it stated undeniable facts, was never laid before either Her Majesty or before Parliament, because it had "not been forwarded through the Governor-General."

Lord Canning was a man of great courage and great obstinacy, but his cold demeanour and want of sympathy unfitted him for a leader of men. His rudeness of manner when irritated, even towards the highest officials, turned their hearts against him; but he was better than the advisers who misled him, and of whom he afterwards bitterly complained. He had, however, less excuse than was supposed, for Sir John Lawrence, on the first news of the Mirat rising

[1] The little American Mission Press at Allahabad was warned "not to print anything which may tend to bring the Government into contempt," and the *Friend of India*, the best paper in the country, was threatened with suppression for an article in which it would be hard to discover a fault.

"wrote such a remarkably clear view of the probable course of the mutiny, that it will ever remain a monument of his foresight and sagacity."[1] As we have seen, Colin Mackenzie did the same thing; so did many others who knew India and the army, of which the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and most of the Calcutta functionaries were entirely ignorant. A hundred years before, Clive wrote:—"There never was such attention paid to the advice of military men in Calcutta *as was consistent with the safety* of the place when in danger, *a total ignorance of* which was the real cause of the loss of Fort-William." It is very curious to mark the close parallel between 1757 and 1857.

At this time India was divided into two parties—the Supreme Government with some of its secretaries on one side, and on the other the British inhabitants, military and civil, the missionaries, planters, clergy, merchants, etc.

The rough private uncovered his head and turned pale from a natural impulse of reverence and horror on entering the slaughter-house at Cawnpore. As stout-hearted an officer as ever breathed[2] was so overpowered by "the sight of the clotted blood and torn fragments of the clothing" of the murdered women and innocent babes, that he could only find relief for his bursting heart by falling on his knees in prayer in a corner of the room. Our men's battle-shout is "Remember Cawnpore," even the Sikhs cry "Cawnpore ká badlá"—(Revenge for Cawnpore). And while these things were burning into our souls, the Governor-General took every opportunity of showing confidence in the Sepoys,

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. p. 97.

[2] Lieutenant John Tower Lumsden, shot through the heart at the Sikandra Bagh while coolly hacking at the breach with a pickaxe to make it large enough for the 78th to enter. He wrote to his wife:—"If I fall, let this comfort you, that I trust fully in the blood and atonement of my Redeemer."

and of discouraging the loyal. When 150 native Christians from Krishnaghar offered their carts and services to Government, Lord Canning would not even answer them, because they had addressed him as "Christians."

Archdeacon Pratt told Brigadier Mackenzie that good Bishop Wilson signed a request to the Governor-General that he would appoint a day of humiliation and prayer in consequence of the mutiny, adding that he was sure His Excellency would be glad to avail himself of this opportunity for doing so. Lord Canning replied in a most unbecoming letter to the effect that the Government did not require to be instructed by the Bishop of Calcutta (though, if this is not a Bishop's special duty, what is?), and refused the request. The Bishop, whose age ought to have protected him from rudeness, replied meekly, and finding the Governor obdurate, he circulated a form of prayer among all the chaplains, saying: "I know it is quite illegal; but I hope it will be forgiven under such circumstances."

Nothing destroyed public confidence so much as the want of openness on the part of the Government. At first their declarations in April "that discipline was restored throughout the Bengal army," arose from ignorance, and from not understanding the true state of the country, but there were afterwards deliberate attempts to conceal facts and to deceive the public. The consequence was, that no one believed them, even when they spoke the truth. For instance, when the news of the Cawnpore massacre first reached Calcutta, a poor lad whose father was in the entrenchments, was overwhelmed with grief. His master, the Principal of the Doveton College,[1] applied to Mr. Beadon, the Home Secretary, begging him to let the poor young fellow know the truth. Mr. Beadon assured him it was not true. The Blue Book afterwards proved that at that very time the

[1] Dr. George Smith, C.S.I.

Government were not only in possession of the fact, but had reported it home!

It was the fashion to laugh at the flight of the Europeans inhabitants of Calcutta on panic Sunday, the 15th June 1857. Lord Canning asked me if I would have fled. I said I had never heard what ground there was for alarm. He was evidently ignorant that Mr. Milne of the Free Church, in common with every other preacher in Calcutta, received an official notification that the Sepoys at Barrackpore had risen, some said, had murdered all the Europeans at Dumdum, and were marching on Calcutta. The masters and boys of Doveton College made preparations for defence, and notice was given, *from* the fort, that blue lights would be sent up as signals from any part of the town that might be attacked. This was quite enough to account for the panic, which was shared by some in high office.

The whole day long carriages and carts kept pouring into the fort, and half Calcutta slept either there or on board the ships, which, had the news been true, was the best thing they could have done. It afterwards became known that the mutinous regiments had gathered together the evening before, and that it was only a deluge of rain, to which natives have a great aversion, which prevented their marching on Calcutta.

Again, on the 7th March 1858, some alarming intelligence reached Government. The disarmed Sepoys on duty at the hospitals were not removed, but arms were served out to the wounded as they lay on their cots, swords to some, muskets to others. I had gone to take fruit, etc., to the invalids, and watched the proceeding with great amazement, and naturally mentioned it at Government House that evening to Colonel Birch, the military secretary, who asked what could make me believe such a thing. But when I told him I had just seen it with

my own eyes, he made no further observation. The volunteers were kept under arms that whole night, but the reason was not made known. At Christmas 1857, and for long after, there was no communication with any place above Cawnpore. Delhi letters were more than a month old, all the roads to Bombay and the south were stopped, and people got news of their up-country friends *via* England. One young married lady was caught in the storm at Cawnpore, and happily died of fever. Her poor husband wrote to her for months afterwards congratulating himself on her being safe in Calcutta!

A letter at that time says, "The heroism of our men and officers could not be surpassed. We have proved ourselves the Imperial race—fit and worthy to govern—only excepting the Supreme Government. The defence of Arrah by Mr. Boyd (railway engineer), and its relief by Vincent Eyre, was most noble, but we are out-numbered. Oudh has to be re-conquered; we hold nothing there but the ground on which Outram is encamped and the graves of our heroes. That is a seed which will bear fruit. Havelock died in his uniform, having no other clothes, and doubtless with his Christian armour brighter than ever. The rebels have suffered but little, they have scarcely ever met us in fair fight; but our leaders are often so stupid, like Wyndham at Cawnpore, that our men are surprised and cut up. We want abundance of reinforcements. Remember this, Delhi was taken *without help from England*, and by only 11,000 men, of whom but 3000 were British. It was a far finer and more difficult task than Sir Colin Campbell's Relief of Lucknow, and was marked by the most heroic endurance and indomitable perseverance ever displayed by an attacking army."

Brigadier Mackenzie met with marked respect and atten-

tion both on the voyage and in Calcutta. William Edwardes, late Commissioner of Badaon, whose *Personal Adventures in the Indian Rebellion* records one of the most touching episodes of that dark time, wrote to him:—"I congratulate the country on your safe return to India. We want such men as you in these dreary days."

My husband wrote:—

"It was a comfort to me that my dear friend and brother Havelock did not die by the hand of one of our base enemies. When I think of the manner in which I was last wounded, if I am dumb and open not my mouth and strive to stifle the uprisings of my heart, it is because I feel that it is in reality the Lord, and that in very faithfulness He has *thus* chastened me. And in this belief I am confirmed by the subsequent injustice I have sustained, inasmuch as I am peculiarly sensitive on that particular point. All the Lord's remedies for the diseases of His children, although sharp, are specifics; and so we shall find them in the long run."

We heard of some tragedy daily. A poor lady, the wife of a truly Christian officer at Faizabad, was at the time the Mutiny broke out so delicate and nervous, that on hearing of it she fell from one fainting fit into another. When it took place at Faizabad, her husband's last words as he put her into the carriage which was to take her to the boat, were: "Trust in Jesus, He will be with you." She never saw him again. He went to his mutinous regiment, was wounded, and drowned. The Sepoys compelled her to quit the boat, and left her on the bank with her children, a girl of seven, a boy of three, a baby in arms, and another expected.

A man promised to take her down the river in a little boat. He carried her over to the Oudh side, and, having got some money from her, said she must land

immediately, for the Sepoys were coming, and then rowed away with all her little valuables, leaving her sitting on the bank. She walked to the edge of the jungle, where she took off her petticoat, spread it on the ground for her children to lie on, and sat watching them all night, hearing the wolves howling in the distance. She wandered about for three weeks from village to village, begging food for her children, and trying to find a mother who would give her poor baby the nourishment which she had not. Sometimes the women would do so, sometimes not. The villagers gave her such food as they had, but they would never suffer her to remain more than one night from fear of the consequences of protecting her. She still lived in hope of seeing her husband, and always inquired if they knew of any Sahibs in the neighbourhood. They as constantly replied that the Sahibs were at another village, whither she went, to be again deceived. She told Mrs. Wylie afterwards that she had *no fear*, and that she never felt the presence of God so vividly as during those three weeks.

One night she was sitting under a tree with her poor little ones, when she saw a body of armed men approaching in the bright moonlight. She thought her last hour had come, and taking her infant on her arm, she walked towards them, and said: "If you wish, kill us, but do not torture the children." They were overawed, and replied, "We do not want to kill you," and went on their way. At last Mán Sing (who saved Colonel Lennox and several other Europeans, and then openly rebelled) sent a litter for her, and she was taken to a ruinous house in one of his villages, where she was allowed to remain. After Neill's advance to Allahabad, Mán Sing sent word to Mr. Astell that he should send for her, which he did, but by that

time her mind had given way, she had lost her memory, and knew not where she was. She is now in Calcutta, hourly expecting her confinement. She has recovered her senses, and said to Mrs. Wylie: "I have no strength of body and no strength of mind, so you see clearly it was not *my* strength brought me through." Her bright intelligent little girl remembers everything. Many of the natives believe that the Ganges fell six inches from horror at the murder of the women and children at Cawnpore.

Besides what may be called the permanent stupidity of our arrangements, such as having the arsenal at Nagpur close to the city and eleven miles from our troops at Kampti, there was even more than the usual amount of British mismanagement. H.M.'s 37th was the first regiment which arrived. They came from Ceylon; nothing was ready for them, and there was nobody to receive them. They were kept two days on board, in the midst of torrents of rain, until Colonel Dames landed them on his own responsibility. No shelter was provided, and officers and men passed two more days in the open coal-sheds. They were then marched up to Barrackpore to disarm the regiments there, and marched back again the next day, and, of course, an officer and several men died of sunstroke. To prevent Colonel Dames, as senior officer, taking command of the fort, the 37th were encamped on the glacis, instead of being quartered within, and finally put on board a flat, where cholera broke out. On inspection it was discovered that there was a store of rotten potatoes beneath the planking. The result was that upwards of fifty men died before the regiment reached Dinapore. Is this to be tolerated? Lord Canning removed the man who ought to have been present at the landing-

place to receive the regiment; but the careless system and the want of value for our men's lives continue. For example, a detachment of H.M.'s 53d were "forgotten" and kept forty-eight hours without food, when on guard at the Normal school! The troops have suffered greatly from drinking the unwholesome and drugged liquor at the native spirit shops. A gentleman saw two privates, one with only his shirt, the other without even that, carried to the fort in a state of perfect insensibility, having been drugged and stripped of everything. It is a comfort to know that, in the 97th, Hedley Vicars' regiment, the cases of drunkenness are only *one* a week. General Sydney Cotton strongly advised that one or two officers of the Indian Army should be attached to every home regiment on first arriving, as the mortality during the first year is quadruple that of any subsequent one, owing to the officers' want of experience. Men who have been risking their lives for ours are left for months in arrears of their pay. Thirty convalescent soldiers were put on board the *Himalaya* the other day, with nothing but the clothes they stood in. Many of them had only caps of paper. Mr. Harrington, the chaplain, accompanied them to the mouth of the river, and discovering their destitute condition (for the men never complain), he bought as many straw hats as he could from a boat that happened to come along side, and commissioned the captain to purchase clothes at the Cape and charge them to the Relief Fund. Not long ago, about 120 sick men from up the country, were marched through the native town in the heat of the day, with no one to control them but one sub-assistant surgeon. The consequence was they all got intoxicated at the innumerable grog-shops they passed, and, on arriving at the hospital, the chief surgeon there had to place several of them in irons

for mutinous behaviour. The men in the fort a few days ago, were sleeping on the bare ground without any beds.

4th March.—Most of the sick and wounded at both the Medical College and the Hindu College Hospitals had nothing but hospital clothing. They never complain either of suffering, wounds, or want. It was only by direct questions one found it out. They lost all their necessaries at Lucknow and Cawnpore, and have no money to buy others, as they have got no compensation. A committee will sit at some "conditional future" time to decide their claims, and in the meantime several have been obliged to embark with nothing but hospital dressing-gowns, to encounter the bitter cold off the Cape. Surely there ought to be some officer whose business it is to look after the men, and who has the power to get what they want for them.

The invalids heard that Miss Fendall, a city missionary, was visiting the female hospital, and sent to beg she would come and see them too. Several of them begged her to read to them, and their attention was very touching. Poor dear men! Most of them have been ill five months, having been wounded in Havelock's first advance to Lucknow.

The poor ladies of the 37th, who had come from Ceylon, were of necessity left behind at a Calcutta hotel, perfect strangers. As a matter of course, Major Mackenzie placed himself at their service, and helped them in all their difficulties, so that "all this helpless flock of ladies doted on him." One pretty young creature of twenty-one was dying of consumption. The other ladies waited on her day and night, but they were obliged to send for my husband to carry her upstairs to a more airy room. She suffered dreadfully, but said meekly: "Not one pang too

much." One night she was delirious; they sent for "the Brigadier." She hooked her finger into his button-hole, and sang the "May Queen" to him. It was most touching. Sir Colin Campbell kindly telegraphed leave of absence to her husband, who arrived just in time to see her alive.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EPISODES OF THE GREAT MUTINY.

(1857–8.)

"Joyful rang the pibroch loud
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow,
And like angels sent to save
Came the brave ones to the succour.
Agus O Mhorag."

SHERIFF NICHOLSON.

WOUNDED officers now began to reach Calcutta, and gave most interesting details of recent events.

Nothing came home to Colin Mackenzie's heart more than the accounts he received of the conduct of the 4th Sikhs, the regiment he had raised and formed. His eyes shone and his step grew lighter, when he heard of their gallant behaviour. "Dear old Rothney," as he always called his former Adjutant, was now in command.[1] John Lawrence

[1] When Captain Colin Mackenzie was made Brigadier in the Dekkan, Major Armstrong succeeded him as Commandant, Lord Dalhousie excusing himself for not giving Lieutenant Rothney political employment, because he could not deprive the 4th of both Commandant and Adjutant at once. After the Burmah Campaign 1852—Rothney was for a time posted to the 3d Sikhs—a mutiny took place in the regiment, and a great number of them were dismissed. Captain Rothney took every man's account with the regimental shopkeepers, to see that they were not cheated, settled all their affairs by that afternoon, and when the whole was over, burst into tears from grief at the misconduct and ruin of his men. He afterwards rejoined the 4th as Commandant.

despatched them to Delhi. On the 5th June they came to Jalandar, where there were three disaffected native regiments. Brigadier Johnstone hurried the Sikhs off to Filor, on the right bank of the Satlej, lest they should make the Sepoys uneasy. But the regiments in question broke out the next morning, cut down some of their officers, and marched for Delhi. They picked up the 3d Native Infantry at Filor, twenty miles distant, and took thirty hours to cross the Satlej. Brigadier Johnstone took *seven* hours to start in pursuit of them, and then bivouacked at Filor. George Ricketts, the Deputy-Commissioner at Lodiana, with Lieutenant Williams commanding three companies of the 4th Sikhs, who had just arrived, and joined by Muhammad Hasan Khan,[1] and some of his men, attacked the three regiments on the bank of the Satlej. Mr. Ricketts and Hasan Khan worked the only gun with their own hands. The Sikhs fought ten times their number until all their ammunition was expended, and their officer shot through the lungs,[2] when they fell back in good order. When the mutineers reached Lodiana they were joined by all the *badmashes* (Anglice, scoundrels) in the city, and those jackals, the Kashmiris, began to plunder right and left. Mr. Ricketts called in some of the petty Rajas. Hasan Khan barricaded his house, and joined him in endeavouring to save the city and cantonments from utter destruction. Hasan Khan so over-exerted himself in pushing and dragging the guns that he broke a blood-vessel, which very nearly cost him his life.[3] The two Afghan princes, Teimur and

[1] The same who had distinguished himself so much at Kabul under Colin Mackenzie.

[2] Lieutenant Williams afterwards recovered.

[3] Mr. George Ricketts called him "the stoutest friend, other than European, that I have ever had. His services were invaluable to me. He was the one man by whose information and advice alone I pulled through at Lodiana."

Shahpur, took the missionaries, with the native catechists and Christians, into their own houses to protect them. Rothney, with the main body of the Sikhs, held the town and fort in check, thrashed the mutineers in spite of overpowering numbers, and then scoured the country, cutting up all the mutineers they could catch and hanging the Kashmiri plunderers, as they themselves expressed it, "*beh-guftagu*" (without any dialogue). Having cleared Lodiana they went on to Delhi, and were the first reinforcement the besieging force received.[1] The very day they arrived (23d June) the right of our line, including the Guides, were in imminent danger of being cut off. The whole city turned out and attacked the besiegers. An officer of the Guides relates, that they fought for *fifteen* hours without food. The Guides twice fired away every shot in their pouches, and at last the fearful news was brought that there was no more ammunition to be had. They had to do their best by pretending to fire, and keeping the post with the bayonet. "I certainly thought we were all done for, when part of the regiment of Sikhs, who had just marched into camp, came up with a yell to our assistance; they were fresh men, and had lots of ammunition, so we rushed on and drove the enemy back."

Three days after, the mutineers came out to fight, and some hundreds of them, seeing a party of the Sikhs cooking, threw aside their arms and said: "Come to us; we are your brothers." The Sikhs said nothing, but, when the mutineers came up, killed every one. What makes the fidelity of these men the more remarkable is that the Hindustanis of the regiment turned traitors on arriving at Delhi, and, in

[1] One recruit had arrived two days before, the infant son of Captain and Mrs. Fraser Tytler, born on the 21st, in the midst of a heavy cannonade. The soldiers were quite cheered by the event, and called the babe their "first reinforcement."

spite of their previous good behaviour at Lodiana, fired upon their native officers. Captain Rothney turned the whole of them out of camp on the spot. Throughout the siege the regiment distinguished itself on every occasion, and formed part of the victorious columns which stormed the city. They were acknowledged by all to be fully equal to European troops. Only four officers at a time were attached to these Irregular regiments, and during the siege five belonging to the 4th Sikhs were either killed or seriously wounded. An officer wrote:—"The Guides, the 4th Sikhs, and the Ghurkas, ought ever to be remembered by every Englishman." Another officer thus accounted for the efficiency of this regiment:—"They have only four officers, but their commander can do almost whatever he pleases. Punishment is immediate, and therefore they are so well in hand. Captain Rothney is greatly beloved by his men, having been Adjutant of the regiment when it was raised. On one occasion a European regiment was badly handled, being led slowly against a battery. The men were falling fast, and the regiment began to give way. Captain Rothney saw the mistake; he had about twenty-five Sikhs with him, and calling on them to follow, he charged at their head towards the point in question, passed the English regiment shouting to them to come on. The Europeans burst into a cheer, followed him, and the post was taken."[1]

Captain Rothney used to sleep in a large tent with a good many other officers; and one night, according to his

[1] All that Captain Rothney got for his splendid services was a brevet-majority. Twenty years later, after two other campaigns, he received the C.B. We four had the happiness of meeting in Calcutta in 1862, again in England the following year, and for the last time in 1880. He was then much out of health, and had had the sorrow of losing both his sons. On the 1st January 1881 "he was not, for God took him."

custom, was reading his Bible in bed. A new arrival, a young officer, flung a boot at his lamp and upset it. Rothney very quietly put it together again as well as he could, drew up the clothes, and went to sleep. The next morning the culprit came to him with a most humble apology, begging him to forgive his conduct, and assuring him that he did not know he was reading the Bible. Of course, they were most friendly ever after.

Not half the glorious story of the siege of Delhi, and the *six days'* storm of the city has ever been told.

It was Lieutenant Alexander Taylor, of the Engineers who drew up the plan for taking Delhi. When it was laid before Sir Archdale Wilson, he wrote across it "*rubbish*," and scornfully sent it back. Colonel Baird Smith, the Chief Engineer, carefully traced the word "rubbish" in ink, put the plan by, carried another copy of it to the General's tent, and never left him until he had extorted his consent. Taylor's plan was carried out in every particular. The batteries, made of fascines, were thrown up in one night, and the next morning the enemy found the guns in position. It was known in camp that Nicholson was determined to set aside the General if he had refused to order the assault, and that other officers were prepared to back him in doing so.

One of the prettiest things done after the siege was by Lieutenant Watson, at Agra. He was in command of about one hundred and eighty Sikhs and Patáns belonging to the Irregular Cavalry in the Panjab. They had been separated from their mutinous regiments, formed into a corps, and sent down to Delhi. The three troops being under Lieutenants Gough, Probyn, and Younghusband, they were riding cheerily on in advance of the line when they found themselves confronted by a compact body of two thousand mutineers of the Irregular Cavalry. Watson saw that daring

was the only means of averting disgrace and defeat. He rode up to his subalterns and said: "Probyn, will you do it?" "Yes," said Probyn. "Gough, will you do it?" "Yes," said Gough. "Younghusband, will you do it?" Each man nodded assent. Watson gave the word, and they charged into the very midst of the enemy, who broke before the shock. One regiment of mutineers fled past a battery which was coming up, and received its full fire; then past the Europeans, who poured a volley into them, and thus ran the gauntlet of the whole line. Our loss was very slight, that of the rebels immense; and every man of the gallant little band rode back with his sword dripping with blood. All the three subalterns having got their Captaincies, are now Brevet-Majors and Colonels. Lieutenant Watson, who commanded them, had been unlucky in his promotion, and is Lieutenant Watson still (1858), which is really a scandal.

At length a royal salute announced the arrival in Calcutta of the ladies and wounded from Lucknow. Lord Canning sent his carriages to meet them, and Lady Canning, with womanly sympathy, had provided caps and cuffs for the widows. The children suffered dreadfully; most of them died, and an officer taking one in his arms spanned its thigh with his finger and thumb. The poor ladies looked double their proper age, and did not regain their youthful appearance for weeks; while not a single case of amputation survived. One dear little boy of three, on hearing the evening gun in Calcutta, asked if "anybody was killed."

When Havelock arrived at Lucknow on the 25th September, the first who rushed in were some Highlanders out of breath, covered with dust and smoke. They rushed to the ladies, shook hands with them again and again, took the children and passed them about from one to the other, crying and sobbing. The scene of joy was beyond descrip-

tion. After the final relief an old European woman, Mrs. Sage, described leaving the Residency in a piteous manner. She said they were told to sit down while the men fired, and then bidden to be up and run while the men loaded. She sat and ran, and sat and ran, until she lost all recollection but that of finding herself in the arms of a stout Highlander, who carried her into the Kaiserbagh,[1] from whence they were despatched in common open carts.

They had no shelter except what they could improvise, and making forced marches had time neither to cook nor to eat. Only the worst cases of wounds were carried in litters. Between Cawnpore and Allahabad these latter suffered still more, for the dulis were kept with the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and they were sent on in carts. One poor lady took the opportunity of being confined just as they crossed the bridge at Cawnpore. Immediately after, she had to get out of her palki and walk to her tent, but neither she nor the baby was any the worse. Poor Mrs. B——, a very sweet young woman, was sent into Lucknow by Sir Henry Lawrence's orders when the Mutiny first broke out. Her husband remained with the regiment, of which he was surgeon, until it mutinied, when he escaped. During five months she knew not whether he was dead or alive, and her first question when Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the Residency was whether he still lived. She was told he was with the force, and would be with her very soon. She was expecting him every moment when his dead body was brought in. He had been shot on entering the gateway.

Early in January, while still waiting in Calcutta, we were joined by four Afghan servants. My letter asking Hasan Khan to send them reached Lodiana 11th November, and they started on the 12th. Hasan Khan

[1] A palace in the outskirts of Lucknow.

summoned his people and said: "Mackenzie Sahib wants four men who will go and join him." "I, and I, and I," resounded on all sides; so he chose four—Sultan Muhammad, Ghulám Ján, Mirza Muhammad, and Atta Muhammad. They were detained a month in Agra by the commanding officer until he could send them onwards with our troops, and even then they ran great risks from the rebels on one hand and our troops on the other. At the Allahabad Kacheri they saw a crowd of unfortunate creatures—water-carriers, grass-cutters, etc.—with noses, ears, or hands cut off by the rebels. When at last they arrived, after all their difficulties, they embraced my husband's knees, kissed his hand, pressed it to their eyes, and exclaimed: "Now indeed the sun shines upon us." They are not bound to him by any special tie, but simply by his influence among their people. These men started off on a journey of 1100 miles without even an advance of pay.

Lady Canning showed me some very interesting letters from the Queen, expressing the warmest sympathy with the sufferers in India. She said:—"We think of it night and day. You, dearest Lady Canning, who shared my anxieties for my beloved Crimean troops, will understand my feelings." She said she did not ask for details of the massacres and horrors, adding, "I *could* not *bear* them," but for particulars of escapes. It was quite delightful to see the warmth and deep feeling with which she wrote.

One of the most remarkable preservations was that of the officers at Allahabad. Colonel Simpson was one of those who placed implicit confidence in his men. He put one company with two guns on the bridge and served out forty rounds of ammunition to his regiment. Major Moorcroft having died, all officers were warned to attend his funeral on the evening of the 5th June. The chaplain was

in his buggy ready to drive to the burial-ground, the officers were mounting, preparing to start, when it was discovered that by some unaccountable neglect no coffin had been ordered. The funeral was therefore deferred. Had all the officers left the fort as intended, they would doubtless have been shot down in the burial-ground and the fort seized, for the Mutiny broke out the next day, the Sepoys walked off with the guns, and murdered most of their officers while the band played "God Save the Queen!" The rest were only saved by the arrival of Colonel Neill and the Madras Fusiliers.

Being on terms of intimacy with a great number of men of every class — military and civil, members of Government, missionaries, independent Europeans and natives — we were able to ascertain the truth on many disputed points. For instance, much blame was thrown on Colonel Wheler (the well-known missionary colonel) for doing nothing when Lieutenant Baugh was cut down at Barrackpore. This was most unjust, for he could give no orders. The Brigadier (C. Stuart) being on parade, Colonel Wheler reported the matter to him, but not one of the officers had any firearms. General Hearsey, hearing of the Mutiny, came up at that instant with an officer on each side of him, all with cocked revolvers, and the jemadar was seized. Colonel Wheler had only joined the mutinous regiment three months, while his own regiment (the 31st), to which he had preached openly for twenty years, evinced the most conspicuous loyalty even when all their officers were withdrawn from them, for which they afterwards received the title of *Wafadár*— the faithful or loyal regiment. General Hearsey was rebuked by the Governor-General for venturing to promote the only faithful Sepoy of the 19th on the spot,[1]

[1] A right possessed by every Commandant of Irregular regiments.

a curious proof of the inveteracy of civil interference. Colonel Wheler was placed on the retired list.[1] The Government was habitually afraid of supporting Christians. Only six years before, in 1851, Suja Sing, a Rajput of the Khilat-i-Ghiljye Regiment, was struck off the strength of the corps *for receiving* baptism. How totally unnecessary this was, even as a matter of policy, was proved by the case of Matádin, a high-caste Sepoy of Mackenzie's regiment, who was baptized that same year, and although he met with much unkindness, neglect in hospital, and so forth, this was alleviated by the kindness of his Adjutant (Rothney) and of Quartermaster-Sergeant Ferguson, whose tent he shared, and with whom he used to go out, after the day's march, to distribute tracts. He served through the campaign in Burma, and afterwards became a catechist of the American Presbyterian Mission at Ambala, respected by all.[2]

Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, had issued a proclamation at the very beginning of the disturbances to the effect that even mutineers would be treated with leniency so long as they had not murdered any European. This proclamation was greatly abused, but Mr. Colvin gave to a friend his reasons for issuing it. He said: "I feel that every corps in the service will join the rebels—it is the native character to follow suit. I have only one regiment of Europeans, and that I cannot send from here. There are hundreds of Europeans in the district, and at the other stations in the North-West Province, where there are none but native troops. Communication is stopped; I do not know what is going on. The native regiments *may* be true, but, most likely, false—one and all will probably turn

[1] A very interesting *Life of Colonel Wheler* has been published by his like-minded friend, Major H. M. Conran.

[2] There are now several native converts in the army.

against us; but I have hopes that if they see the proclamation in time, they may be induced on going away, to do so without murdering any Europeans; and if so, my object will be attained. If *one* European be saved, I need not fear public opinion."

In Oudh there was partial mutiny as early as the 2d May. The officers of the —— risked their lives by sleeping in the lines, they did everything possible to reassure their men, but when the regiment disbanded itself (or, according to the expressive Hindustani idiom, *káfur ho gáyá* —became camphor, *i.e.* evaporated) the officers were told it was their fault! They demanded a court-martial, and were about to be tried, when the disastrous affair at Chinhat took place, and Sir Henry Lawrence, like a Christian and a gentleman, apologised for having censured them. This shows how inveterate was the custom of casting all the blame on the officers when their men behaved ill, if even such a man as Henry Lawrence could at first so misjudge them.

Even Sir John Lawrence did not fully appreciate the nature of the revolt. He denied that it was either a rebellion or even a Muhammadan rising, but considered it as a mere military mutiny, which was true in the Panjab. Those who denied the impossibility of getting justice, and the consequent discontent of the people, ignored the fact that the population were against us, and never helped us—but no one else did. Again, no one seems to have misunderstood the importance of the revolt save Lord Canning and his counsellors. The army both here and at home saw what was coming, so did the merchants and independent Europeans in general; so did many up-country civilians like Mr. W. Edwardes. Only the Government and secretaries were blind, and continued so. One reason of this was that hardly any of the Calcutta officials knew anything of India.

They had generally spent their lives at the Presidency, had risen from the Secretariat to Council, and formed a little (almost family) clique, who knew no more of the up-country people than a Parisian knows of the Highlands or of Hungary. The only people they were at all acquainted with—the Bengalis—were loyal. Those natives of Bengal who were in the Upper Provinces were as cruelly treated by the rebels as if they had been Europeans, and they are so unwarlike, that there was not a single Bengali in the ranks.

There cannot be a doubt that warnings of the approaching outburst had been abundant; almost every officer had some instance of such to relate, but no one had paid attention to them. For instance, six weeks before the Mirat massacre a proclamation from the King of Persia calling on all the faithful to rise and exterminate the infidels, was posted up in the great Mosk at Delhi; and the magistrate was warned anonymously that an attack would be made on the Kashmiri Gate, but, like Mr. Colvin at Agra, he took no notice of it. At the old King's trial more than thirty letters were produced, proving the complicity of the Shah in the plot for a period of at least two years beforehand. The Bolarum Mutiny, for which no plausible reason was ever suggested, ought to have aroused inquiry.

A Sikh Sirdar once related a story to Sir John Lawrence which ought to be learnt by heart by every officer and civilian in India. It was to illustrate the right and the wrong way of meeting danger. "There were once three fishes who lived in a lovely clear tank shaded by trees. A stream entered it on one side and left it on the opposite one, through a very narrow opening, across which was built a low dam. These fishes were of great diversity of character —one by name Durandeshan (the far-seeing provident fish),[1]

[1] *Lit.* far-keeker.

was extremely observant and thoughtful. Nothing escaped him, and he was not satisfied until he knew the reason and foresaw the consequences of everything that took place around him. He was never off his guard, but always watchful, suspicious of danger, and prompt to take the most effective measures of precaution. His neighbour, Untapunta Prittimar, or the happy-go-lucky fish, never troubled his head about any danger that was not close at hand. He always hoped 'something would turn up,' and that if the worst came to the worst he would be able to manage somehow. He was a bold, courageous, careless fish, who had often narrowly escaped with life where Durandeshan had skilfully avoided all danger. The third, Dirág Sūthi, was a stupid, blundering oaf of a fish, who had not two ideas in his head. Such as he was, however, he lived in peace with his neighbours, and none of the three had any cause for disquiet, until one fine day Durandeshan espied a tiny stream of mud coming into the tank. He watched it, and perceived that it was gently increasing, and anon, a few pebbles began to roll in. He called a Council of War, and in strong terms set before the other fishes the necessity of taking some measures to avoid the coming danger. He argued that this tiny stream of mud betokened some commotion in the stream above, that this was evidently approaching them, and that they ought immediately to take some steps for safety. Untapunta Prittimar made light of such caution, asked why should they care for a little mud, he had never heard that mud did a fish any harm, and for his part he was not going to let any one think that *he* was afraid. Durandeshan argued with him in vain, and, finding all his endeavours useless, he made his bow and leapt over the dam into the quiet stream beneath. He had scarcely done so, when a shadow fell across the tank. It was that of a fisherman wading from the upper part of the

stream, who now cast his net. Dirág Sūthi, who had not understood either Durandeshan's reasoning or Untapunta Prittimar's careless confidence, had stayed in the tank because it was the least troublesome course, and was caught at once. Untapunta Prittimar, finding himself in imminent danger, exerted himself as never fish did before, made the most surprising splashes, stirred up the mud, hid himself behind stones, dodged about with extraordinary dexterity, and at last, all bruised and bleeding, succeeded in leaping over the dam and rejoining Durandeshan, whose serenity had not been even disturbed by the commotion that had been going on in the tank. Dirág Sūthi was fried that evening for the fisherman's supper, and Untapunta Prittimar became, it is to be hoped, a wiser as well as a sadder fish. Now, said the Sikh, the English are just like Untapunta Prittimar. They scorn to take any precautions, and therefore, although they do contrive to get out of the most dreadful scrapes, yet it is at an expense of suffering which they need never have incurred if they had exercised a little more foresight." This story was often discussed in camp, John Lawrence of course taking the side of Durandeshan.

Another point of very great importance, and one on which my husband entirely coincided with his valued friend Dr. Duff, was the necessity of a change in the educational policy of India. Dr. Duff vigorously exposed the folly of expending immense sums in educating the sons of fat Babus, men "made of milk and sugar and ghi," and rich Muhammadans, and neglecting the education of the poor. The rich students at the Muhammadan and Hindu colleges pay five rupees a month and cost Government fifty—*i.e.* £60 a year each; whereas the whole sum then spent on the education of the millions in Bengal was £2500 a year—less than the salary of the inspector of schools! There are thirty-five million of ryots in Bengal (*i.e.* the population of France),

and out of these not more than two or three per cent can read intelligently. Nothing can be done for the miserable peasantry until they are educated. The Government make a great flourish about education, but they mean—giving education to men who can afford to pay for it, and not to poor oppressed Sudras. The Government also insist on the district in which a school is situated paying half the expenses of it, before a grant-in-aid is allowed. Now the people are too ignorant to know the value of education and far too poor to pay for it. Government had forbidden the Sántáls, who are not Hindus, but a simple aboriginal tribe, being taught by the missionaries, and directed that they shall be "instructed without any reference to religion." Education of this sort will be an ambiguous benefit to the people, and undoubtedly a great hindrance to a peaceable Government.

At last all Brigadier Mackenzie's suggestions of sending artillery overland, increasing the power of commanding officers, enlisting men of different races in every regiment (suggestions made by many other men of experience), had been adopted.

His old friend, Major George Macgregor, who had been for some years Governor-General's Agent at Murshedabad, was about to join Jung Bahadar and the Nipál Contingent, and plainly said that if they did not send Mackenzie to Murshedabad in his place, "they might look out for squalls."

Lord Canning, on the 30th January, wrote offering Major Mackenzie the appointment, saying:—"I shall have very great pleasure in naming you to it. It is at least an honourable post to an officer who has served with as much distinction as yourself." Strange to say this letter was lost! and my husband knew nothing of the matter till a copy was sent to him a fortnight later.

There could not have been a more complete refutation of the accusations of "fanaticism" and "interference with the religion of the natives" than putting the Brigadier in charge of a Shiah Prince and a turbulent Musalman city larger than Delhi.

CHAPTER XXX.

MURSHEDABAD.

(1858.)

THERE were few men whom Colin Mackenzie admired more than his former Chief, Sir George R. Clerk, and he delighted to quote a letter which he received from him in 1854 on the principles on which India should be governed. "There is at all times," wrote Sir George, "a magnificent majority of that two hundred millions of people ready to uphold and sympathise with our Raj [1] in preference to any other Raj they have ever heard of, provided our principles of administration are honourable, not faithless; liberal, not greedy; above-board, not dodgy. . . . The Asiatic character is so quick to discern and disconcert artifices, that the European who vainly supposes he can practise them, will discover too late, that he is a mere baby in their hands."

Nothing could more aptly describe Major Mackenzie's own views and modes of action. With a large amount of foresight, his high courage combined with his inherent honesty and truthfulness to make him on all occasions take the most direct road to his end. This often excited the amazement of natives, but it inspired them with implicit trust in him. These principles were fully exemplified during his four years' tenure of office at Murshedabad.

[1] Rule.

We reached Berhampore late at night, 13th March 1858, and two or three days after he paid his visit of ceremony to the Nawab Názim, his mother, and grandmother, the latter being the great lady of the family, Her Highness the Nawab Begum, who is considered the equal of the Nawab. The Agent talked to these ladies through the *pardah*—a thick curtain which hid them from view. A few days later we were invited by Captain F. P. Layard (Executive Engineer) and his wife to meet his brother, the celebrated traveller, who had been our fellow-passenger. Mr. Layard had been much prejudiced against missionaries, but now candidly confessed that although he came to India thinking the missionaries had a good deal to say to the Mutiny, he had found them the most intelligent and soundest men he had met. The fact is, that people who decry missions or missionaries generally know nothing about them.

Berhampore is about one hundred and twenty miles up the river from Calcutta, and is the oldest cantonment in Bengal. The officers' barracks form three sides of a square. Mrs. Sherwood lived here with her husband, and "little Henry" is buried here.

It is about eleven miles from Murshedabad, where the Názim (or Titular Viceroy of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa) lived. The Diwán or minister, Raja Prosunno Narain Deb, a very clever Bengali of high character, who, like the Názim, spoke English perfectly, came with His Highness' compliments to invite me to be present at the durbar on the Nao Róz or New Year. As all the ceremonial is now a thing of the past the following account of it may be interesting :—

The palace is a magnificent European building so totally unsuited to a native family that His Highness cannot live in it. It was erected contrary to his wishes, by the Military Board at the cost of £165,000! Twelve of his sons live in one wing, the other is a splendid abode for the Governor-General's

Agent. The public rooms are very handsome, filled with most expensive marqueterie, mirrors, and ornaments.

The *coup d'œil* in front of the palace, with the richly-caparisoned elephants and camels, and every description of native vehicle, was very pretty and gay. We were ushered into a handsomely furnished drawing-room for me, and another for the gentlemen, being received with "God Save the Queen" and all sorts of honours. The durbar was held in a very handsome room. The Nawab's chair of state, like a throne of solid silver, and the Agent's silver chair on his left hand, being placed under a magnificent canopy of cloth of gold. The Nawab's gold and jewelled Huká and Huka carpets were in front of his seat, and another (less fine) for the Governor-General's Agent. All the officers were in full uniform.

I was conducted to a seat at the upper end of a sofa on my husband's left. Then came one or two ladies I had brought with me. Two of our Afghans, a *chobdar* (mace-bearer), with a silver mace, and a whole *posse* of *chaprásis* (official messengers), made up our suite. Chairs were arranged down both sides of the room, ticketed with the names of those entitled to each place. Next to the sofa was the chair of Jugget Set, the representative of the famous banker of the same name, who rendered us such good service in Clive's time, and who, although now having no property but a pension from Government, has the right of sitting on the Nawab's left, next the Agent. He is a fair, small old man, with a peculiarly sweet expression. It was amusing to see the Nawab's various attendants, his Sepoys, whom he disarmed last year; his Bodyguard; his Bengali doctor, with a most perfect aquiline nose and hawk eye; his Musalman doctor; and his handsome Persian *arzbeghi* (master of the ceremonies). The last is a man of great energy, who will put his hand to anything, and who, a little time ago,

rode furiously up to Captain Layard at a picnic to announce that the chief Begum had just expired. Captain Layard expressed his surprise. "But what is to be done with her property?" asked the practical Persian. Captain Layard again expressed some regret for the poor old lady. "But about her property?" was the rejoinder.

The Nawab is about twenty-eight, with a pleasing expression; amiable, but easily led. He was in a horrid fright on learning that Brigadier Mackenzie was to be Governor-General's Agent, as he had heard that he was a very stern Christian, but was greatly relieved by his courteous and hearty manner. The Brigadier gave him his arm (as to a lady) and led him in. He came up to be introduced to me, and then took his seat. He wore a plain white dress and turban, without a single ornament. His little sons all came to be introduced; they were covered with jewels, especially magnificent emeralds and pearls. Then the ceremony began. Every one of the Nawab's court presented him with a nazzar or gift of homage, generally of money, which he took and handed to a deaf and dumb Abyssinian on his right hand. His near relations he embraced, and they kissed his arms. All came who were in his service, among them Mr. Ryan, who, when rudely asked by a Calcutta barrister, before whom he was giving evidence, "Who are you, Sir?" replied in a strong Irish accent, "I have the honour to be the Commandant of His Highness the Nawab Názim's Bodyguard, and I have the honour to be the Adjutant of His Highness the Nawab Názim's Infantry, and I have the honour to have the charge of His Highness the Nawab Názim's horned cattle!" Besides this worthy man, the Nawab has a coachman from Aberdeen, and it was strange to see him in his top-boots and livery offer his nazzar and make a salam. A crowd of chobdars at the end of the room continually shouted His

Highness' titles. Some of the officials made profound salams, and walked backwards all down the room, others made none at all. The huntsman brought live birds, which he waved over His Highness' head. They are then let loose, to procure good luck. A filigree flower was offered to the Nawab, which he very courteously presented to me. At the conclusion he decorated the Agent with a sort of chain, made of gold tinsel ribbon, and sent similar ones, which the Agent then put over the heads of the ladies and officers. His Highness then bestowed chains with his own hand on everybody, and Major Mackenzie finally led him into the drawing-room, where we sat and talked a little. The Diwán's son, a very pretty clever little boy of five, made such low salams to the Nawab and to us, that his diamond aigrette fell out. The Nawab has about twelve sons, the eldest ten years old—very well-behaved children.

After lunch the Diwán came to fetch me to pay a visit to the Begums. We went in tonjons with immense green umbrellas, escorted by the Chief Eunuch—a rather fine-looking Abyssinian, above eighty years old, named Darab Ali Khan, who is at the head of His Highness' family—and followed by several chobdars. The Nawab's dwelling is scandalously bad, unhealthy, confined, shabby, and miserable. I sat between his first and second wives. The Názim introduced a lady very plainly dressed as "his mother," but afterwards explained that she was called so, as his father's widow. She is the mistress of his house. The great lady of the family, the Dulin (or bride) Begum is just dead, and his grandmother is to be installed in her place as Nawab Begum, to receive the title of Highness, and be addressed in a separate letter when the Governor-General writes to the Nawab. It was many a long year since the Dulin Begum was a bride, but nicknames are often used as formal appellations. The Názim's first wife

—the only one who was a lady by birth—was pretty, so far as delicate regular features and a graceful figure can make a woman so, without an atom of expression. The other looked very ill, having had fever on and off for three years. The court was so small, that the green in the middle was only the size of a large dining-table, and it was enclosed on all sides so that no air could reach it. The ladies were beautifully dressed; their hair braided with magnificent jewels. The Nawab in a low tone admonished them to speak, but they held down their heads and giggled, and he explained that it was not the custom that they should speak before superiors, as his mother, his sister, or himself. Mrs. Layard asked if they never talked to His Highness. "They might say 'Dinner is ready,' nothing more," was the reply. Mrs. Layard, who has known him many years, very cruelly inquired if His Highness would not like his wives to talk to him as English ladies do, to which he answered vigorously, "Oh, of course I should." After repeated injunctions and signs from the Názim, one of them plucked up courage to ask after my health. I inquired for hers, but could not obtain any answer. Mrs. Layard then asked the Nawab what the ladies would like to speak about. He said: "About their jewels." He added he "believed they talked among themselves," quite in the tone one might surmise that probably crows understand each other's caws. A woman was present who spoke English perfectly, fair but probably a half-caste. She had a very disagreeable contemptuous manner towards the ladies. They each offered us attar of roses and a tinsel necklace and flower, so that we returned most brilliantly adorned.

Our Afghans rapidly became good servants. The youngest, Ghulám Ján, was nephew of stout Atta Muhammad of Fisher's Horse, who was Kotwal or Mayor of Peshawar. When Colonel Mackeson was assassinated, Atta

Muhammad threw himself upon the murderer, but before he could master him, received a wound, of which he died ten days after. Nothing has ever been done for his widow and his son, who now hardly earns his livelihood as a *Dak*, carrier, *i.e.* post-runner. This is very bad, even as a matter of policy. Ghulám was an immense creature, and so strong that he excused himself for rubbing the spoons and forks gently, saying: "If I put forth my strength, I fear the small of their backs would break." He has a brother about three inches taller than himself, who, coming home one night, met an Afrit. The monster wrestled with him furiously until he pronounced the name of God, when it vanished, leaving him with a red mark from his throat to his waist, so sorely had he been squeezed. The other men testified to their knowledge of the *fact!*

In about a month, it was hoped that the Afghans were sufficiently drilled to allow of a dinner-party of twenty-two being given, and in a rash moment the ordering of the entertainment was confided to a worthy old Portuguese, the major-domo of the Názim, who gave the company a demonstration of the old style of Indian dinner-parties. So barbaric a feast was never seen. Sixteen to eighteen dishes of meat were on the table at once—two turkeys, a sirloin, a saddle of mutton, a leg, with pies, ducks, fowls, ortolans, etc. etc. My husband said in a low voice to his handsome Afghan, Sultan, who was standing behind his chair: "Where is the *Abdar* (water-cooler)? Why does he not bring the iced wine?" whereupon Sultan uplifted his voice and sung out as if from a masthead, all the way to the kitchen, about sixty yards off: "Oh-h-h, Abdar! where are you? Why is the ice not here?" which had the happy effect of making the company merry and sociable.

Probably nowhere among Europeans was Christianity so much a party question as at this time in India. Hatred to

Christianity, and to all who obeyed what "the Duke" called its "marching orders," *i.e.* missionaries, was more openly avowed than was at all usual in England, though one of the Directors had expressed a fervent hope that "now we should get rid of these d—d saints." A magistrate at Berhampore related of himself, that whenever a native Christian was brought before him he always gave him six months' imprisonment without any further inquiry. Captain Layard pointed out to this same person the house in which Mrs. Sherwood lived. He inquired who Mrs. Sherwood was. "Don't you know 'Little Henry and his bearer?'" asked Captain Layard. "Oh, I remember; the little beast who corrupted his bearer."

The Adjutant of a regiment of Názim's cavalry wrote to the *Morning Post* about this time (January 1858) to relate that a trooper brought him a tract which proved Muhammad *not* to be a prophet. "On which," he says, "I spat on it and put it under my feet." Inquiries for other copies of the same tract were made, and they were burned by the commanding officer in presence of some of the men. To this line of conduct the writer attributes his regiment's loyalty, and contrasts it with that of Brigadier Mackenzie. It is probably the first time that a British officer has ever boasted of having acted like a renegade.

At Allahabad a half-caste named De Cruz was said to have turned Muhammadan—like the above-mentioned officer—to escape danger. He was questioned as to the truth of the report, and very coolly replied: "Yes, as a temporary measure!" The magistrate was for hanging him.

In April we went to stay at the Mubarak Manzil, or Fortunate Abode, a prettily-furnished English house in the midst of a park, which the Názim lent to us. Here a former Governor-General's Agent permanently resided, and lived wholly at the Názim's expense. Even after all General Macgregor's

reforms, people seemed to think that everything belonging to the Nizámat was for common use. The Brigadier, as he was still called, received applications from almost strangers for "four elephants for a month's shooting." A young civilian asked "my dear Mackenzie" for two elephants to be "sent immediately to Bolio," twenty-four miles off. Others requested that "the Nizám's carriages may be sent and *tiffin* (lunch) provided" for divers ladies "who wish to see the palace." My husband was determined that the Názim should be master in his own house, and replied in the latter case by offering one of his own carriages, but declining to ask His Highness for food. Some time after on the Názim's invitation, he took a party of forty to spend the day at the palace. The Mubarak Manzil was very convenient, as it enabled the Názim to visit the Agent privately; for, ever since Lord Dalhousie deprived him of his usual salute, he had steadily abstained from entering the cantonments. Here he used to come freely, and would relate his losses—how a gold throne set with jewels and £30,000 worth of magnificent emeralds had disappeared, etc. etc.

We had a delightful visit from Colonel Arthur Cotton, who did wonders for the Madras Presidency by his irrigation works. In ten years the revenue rose 25 per cent, and the exports were doubled. He told us of whole districts being depopulated by famine, and not a shadow of inquiry made, nor any remedy being even thought of. Lord Dalhousie reported him to the Home Government as "perfectly insufferable," because he said the state of Cuttack was "a disgrace to any Government." He got out of the scrape by stating that it was "formerly a disgrace even to a native Government, and that now *it was worse*," neither of which facts could be denied.

The Bhágarati, like all the rivers in Bengal, requires control, for it shapes its course yearly, cutting away banks

and destroying property to an immense amount. There is not a stone in all Bengal, so there is nothing to oppose the progress of the water. A great part of the city of Murshedabad was threatened with destruction, and Major Mackenzie, being much concerned, took his friend to judge of the impending danger. Colonel Cotton sent in a plan for diverting the course of the current by "groynes," the whole expense of which would have been £2000. Major Mackenzie backed this as strongly as possible. Mr. Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor, supported it; but he and Mr. J. P. Grant, the President of Council, were on such bad terms that whatever the one proposed the other opposed, and therefore the latter, as the acting representative of the Supreme Government, returned for answer that he "did not see that Government was called upon to protect the city of Murshedabad!"

Accordingly, when the rains set in, a fine old mosk came down with a crash, followed by many other buildings. Trees were growing in the water that were a few days before on dry land, and many poor huts slipped into the river with the ground on which they stood.

Kasimbazar, the old Residency (from which gentlemen's silk pocket-handkerchiefs used to come), was not far from the villa we were living in, and we often visited it. The only well being outside the fort, the garrison was consequently obliged, a hundred years ago, to surrender to the infamous Nawab Suraj-u-Doulah. They did so on condition of marching out with arms and baggage; but the gate was no sooner opened than the treacherous Muhammadans rushed in and massacred them all, the unfortunate young ensign in command shooting himself.

Under one of the bastions is the tomb in black basalt of "piæ et egregiæ Dominæ Isabellæ Graiæ" (wife of Dominus Gray), who died in 1737 at the age of thirty-two.

It is as fresh as if cut yesterday. Who could she be? and how came she there? Close by is the old burial-ground which contains the tombstone of Mary, Warren Hastings' first wife, and her infant daughter Elizabeth, "erected by her husband in due regard to her memory." She died July 1759. She was the girl-widow of Captain Dugald Campbell, who was killed by mistake at Budge-budge, and after his death petitioned the Governor and Council for assistance, representing that she was "only sixteen, and left destitute among strangers." Warren Hastings, who was the Resident at Murshedabad after the battle of Plassey, took most effectual means of relieving her distress by marrying her; but the inscription on her tomb is certainly a very cold one. The rival settlements of the French and the Dutch were at a short distance; the former has gone into the river, which has so totally abandoned the English Residency, up to which Admiral Watson used to sail in his ships, that the old Custom-houses are now by the side of the road instead of on the bank of the Bhágarati. The French burial-ground has disappeared, but the Dutch one still contains some massive monuments. The British Residency being pronounced unhealthy during a sickly season, was sold by Government for four thousand rupees to a Calcutta firm, who built the present Residency at Berhampore entirely out of the materials, letting the new erection to Government for the use of the Governor-General's Agent at two hundred rupees a month, and selling part of the remaining bricks to the Public Works Department for six thousand rupees—a good specimen of a Government bargain! The old bricks are the admiration of all engineers—so thin, and so thoroughly burnt as to be almost as lasting as Roman work.

The Agent used to drive in and out of Berhampore for the transaction of his office work, and one evening at dinner complained that he was so tired he should like to lie down,

and then, turning to his Afghans, explained that the Jews used to recline while eating. "A very bad custom," quoth Ghulám. "It must be comfortable," urged his master. "No, a *very* bad custom. When you load a rifle, don't you keep it upright?"

The disarmed 63d Native Infantry and a Cavalry regiment were still at Berhampore, and were several times detected tampering with the Názim's Bodyguard and others in the city. It was like paying a nest of hornets to keep near one. Every European, therefore, went about armed. The troops took their muskets to church, and my excellent and valued Scotch housekeeper was beyond measure amused at my calling to her from the carriage to "bring a small pin and my pistol."

Friday, the 16th of July, having been fixed on as a "lucky day" for the installation of His Highness' grandmother, I was requested to take part in the ceremony "as the Representative of the British Government." A procession of magnificently-caparisoned elephants, with gold and silver howdahs, gold ornaments on their foreheads and ears, and gaily-dressed camels, went to the dwelling of the Begum to bring her in state to her new abode. Money was scattered from some of the howdahs which preceded the old lady, who was carried in a nalki or state palanquin, with five gold and silver umbrellas about her. Just before ten o'clock I was entreated to hurry to the *deori* (residence), as it was now the lucky hour, and Her Highness was waiting to be installed. She was a very pleasing, friendly old lady of sixty, handsomely dressed in pink, spangled with gold, her gray hair *à la chinoise*, but with no ornaments except a valuable ring or two. We pressed each other's hands, and I wished her joy and prosperity. Then I rose, and she took her seat on the masnad. It is a low throne raised two or three inches

from the floor, with a large bolster of gold brocade at the back, and a smaller one on each side, placed on a magnificent silver carpet with a gorgeous canopy overhead. I then wished her joy again, and we made sweet speeches as well as I could manage. The Názim, whom she brought up as a child, was the first to pay his homage. He came suddenly in, and fell down at her feet with his head on the ground. She took his head between both her hands and rubbed it with unmistakable fondness as you would a curly-headed child, and then embraced him formally, first over one shoulder and then over the other. His present was then brought, a magnificent gold huká studded with jewels. He then came to speak to me, but a whole crowd of dancing women who nearly filled the hall, most of them hideous old hags—"sinfully ugly," as a painter once said to me—tossed their arms on high with such a hubbub of blessings and congratulations that one could not hear one's own voice. There was one old hag with gray hair and long wolfish teeth, and another fat one with wicked black eyes and cheeks distended with pan. The whole band pointed at the Nawab Begum in an ecstasy of admiration, then threw up their arms again, as if in a rapture of devout gratitude for being permitted to see such a day. The old lady listened with the most perfect indifference to the deafening clamour. By the bye, the Názim was rolling pan about in his mouth while he was expressing his filial affection, and when he was speaking to me, which had a very odd effect. One of the eunuchs posted himself by me, and told me the names of the different ladies present. His Highness went and sat on the floor a little behind his grandmother; he was dressed as usual in plain white, with bare feet. Three of his wives came in very richly arrayed, and made very respectful salams to the old lady before taking their seats together on one masnad to my right. Two of these are

the Nawab's wives, to use his own words, "equal in rank and *in his* affection," except that the first has precedence. The third has no rank, but they are much attached to her. In this family the eldest son succeeds without any reference to the position of his mother, which never affects that of the children among Shiahs. The room was now filled with women, who came forward in turn to make salams and present their nazzars. Each of the Názim's ladies presented five gold mohars, but the old lady took no notice of them, did not return their salutation, and left one of the eunuchs to take the money off the handkerchief on which it is presented, and add it to the heap at her feet. Some offerings she received graciously and returned the salute, taking the money herself; others she left unnoticed, and even received with disdain. Several of the Názim's little daughters were there, wearing a sort of helmet or cap of jewels that was very becoming to their dark eyes. The two elder live with the Nawab Najibunissa (whose installation we were attending). They were married last year, although not above ten years old, to two sons of Ali Naki, the Prime Minister of Oudh, now in prison at Calcutta. The Názim wanted to persuade the eldest to come to me. This she would by no means do, but struggled with him, so he put her astride on his hip and brought her to me. He and his sister sat and talked and ate pan together most cosily. He went out to see the Agent, but speedily came back, jumped up on a sofa, and began untying the pardahs or wadded curtains between us and the verandah. This left us nearly in the dark and frightfully hot, in spite of hand pankahs with which they diligently fanned me. It appeared that Nawab Jaffir Ali, one of the Názim's uncles, who is always making a fuss about precedence, insisted on his right of entering the deori instead of sending his nazzar. Consequently we were nearly smothered, while the eunuchs went

to and fro bringing in each man's nazzar separately. All this time the dancing-women shouted and screamed with short intervals of rest, "flashes of silence." Sometimes they sang, sometimes they danced. The most horrid thing was to see the old woman with long teeth swimming about, trotting mincingly, half-hiding her face with her veil, then suddenly flinging it aside with the most languishing coquettish airs. A child of ten or twelve years of age followed, her face distended into the most unnatural fixed smile that can be imagined. It was like an imp dancing, tragical to behold. The songs are so bad that the Názim won't allow them in his own zenana, so I took care to tell them I could not hear the words. One of the women played on a sort of drum, another on a Brobdignag guitar, much larger than a violoncello, and held upright. After some hours of this uproar I took my leave, the Nawab Begum thanking me much for having "done her honour." There was no umbrella ready, and in crossing the court I felt the sun like a dart at the back of my head. This was the beginning of a severe illness, and when my husband returned one evening from a visit to the Názim it was to find me literally "wrestling for life" under a violent attack of Bengal fever. Warburg's tincture was the means of stopping it, and I was moved into Berhampore.

Early in August Lady Canning arrived in her yacht accompanied by her cousins, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stuart, and two A.D.C.'s. Two more charming women could hardly be found. I took them to see the old Residency; they were interested in everything. The next morning my husband escorted her to Murshedabad, where the Názim came on board to pay her a visit.

The "fortunate day" had proved very much the contrary; for the "Representative of the British Government" on the occasion had nearly died, and the Nawab Begum had

actually done so. But the Názim determined to "wave off grief" in order to wait upon Her Excellency. He told her point blank that "Lord Dalhousie was the cause of the Mutiny." Lady Canning did not wish to hear this, so Major Mackenzie remarked: "There were many concomitant causes." But the Názim was not to be so put off, and repeated with great emphasis that "Lord Dalhousie *was* the chief cause of the Mutiny." He was charmed with Lady Canning, said: "She is such a thorough lady," and "so clever." "And *no* pride," added the Diwán.

The Názim's opinion concerning the Mutiny was shared by many native gentlemen, for the annexation of Oudh was thought to be his act; whereas it was one of those interventions of the Cabinet at home which have so often proved disastrous. Just after the annexation of Oudh the Gwalior Raja came to Calcutta. His Diwán, the well-known Dinkar Rao, asked Colonel Eyre, whom he knew well, what was said about it in England. Colonel Eyre replied that those who objected to annexation did so on the ground that it would excite suspicion and distrust in the native princes. "That is exactly the case," was the answer. "*No one can feel safe.*" Intervention in Oudh had become absolutely necessary, but it had been provided by treaty that, in case of flagrant misgovernment, we might take the management of the country into our hands by means of a Council of Regency, as was done in Maisur. This was the course advocated by Colonel Sleeman and General Low, who strongly protested against annexation as a breach of faith and a most dangerous measure. Not only was the Bengal army almost entirely recruited from Oudh, but the majority of our native civil officials were drawn from thence. No wonder then that annexation, followed as it was by wholesale disturbance of the actual tenure of property, should have resulted in mutiny and insurrection.

Another attack of fever obliged my husband to take me to the Palace, where our apartments, being on the upper story, were a good deal above the reach of malaria.

Early in September was the festival of the *Behra* (raft) in honour of Khawjah Khizr, the patron saint of all rivers and waters, and styled "The Regent of Life." He is said to be either a brother of the prophet Elijah or Elijah himself (authorities differ!), who, having discovered the Water of Life, is still living somewhere on the earth, and will live till the day of judgment. It is believed that he can ensure duration of life and health, and vows and offerings of lights are made to him to obtain these blessings. The Názim gave a dinner-party of forty, at which everything was very handsome and well managed. According to custom, the Agent gave his arm to the Názim, who sat at his left hand; but, like the modern Hinduised Muhammadans of India, did not eat with Christians. A provisional depot of European troops having been lately formed, twelve of the officers were present, some of whom showed a total ignorance of good manners, lounging in the drawing-room before dinner, with one foot on the other knee, or lolling in arm-chairs "without either formality or politeness," as the Spaniards say. They seized the bottles of champagne which the servants were handing round and kept them under their chairs, and were noisy and disagreeable after dinner.

It was a clear, still, dark night; a beautiful illumination like a fort was on the opposite bank of the river, and when the Behra, or procession of rafts of all sizes, made of plantain stems supported on earthen pots, came floating down the river bearing ships, castles, and palaces traced in coloured fire, some of them throwing up rockets as they passed, with other tiny ones like fiery swans,—the effect was magical.

The Názim sent his carriages to convey his guests to and from Berhampore, and in return for his hospitality, one of

them wrote a vulgar letter to a Calcutta paper, decrying the dinner, the wines, the band, and the whole entertainment. This person having left, the Colonel in command wrote to the Governor-General's Agent disclaiming in the name of the officers, "*then* under his command, any participation in so ungentlemanly an act." One officer at this party maintained that it was "most probable that Christianity was founded on Muhammadanism," a little mistake of six hundred years! Another in the Indian Navy (fourteen years in the country) inquired if the Názim were a Hindu or a Musalman. The Agent answered that he was the Muhammadan of the highest rank in Bengal. "O, then, I suppose he is a Brahman!" was the reply, which sent the Názim, when he heard of it, into a fit of laughter.

The Agent's strong representations had been successful in obtaining Lord Canning's consent that a new residence should be built for the Nawab. The latter requested him to sit for his picture to complete the series of Governor-General's Agents, and was anxious to have one of me also; but fearful of this not being quite *proper*, he made the Diwán inquire beforehand of the painter if he was certain that it would not be in any way disrespectful to ask for a lady's portrait.

An earthquake and a magnificent comet were memorable phenomena. The Afghans no sooner saw the comet with its fiery tail reflected across the whole breadth of the river than they remarked, "That forebodes woe to kings," just what Shakespeare said: "With fear of change perplexing monarchs."

Although slavery is supposed to be abolished in India it practically exists, and always will exist among the followers of the false Prophet. A Muhammadan can marry only four wives, but he may have as many slaves as he pleases, whom he cannot marry, but whose children inherit.

Mr. Octavius Toogood, the Magistrate of Monghyr, discovered in April 1858 that the Kazi of the district habitually registers in the Judge's Court deeds for the lease of girls for ninety years. One Muhammadan sold his daughter Chand, aged seven, to Massamat Amiran for 12 rupees 8 annas (twenty-five shillings), her children to belong to Amiran for ever! All admit it and say that it is always done. The Kazi (brother of the principal Sadar Amin, *i.e.* judge of the same station) says that deeds of *sale* are forbidden in the Kurán, but not leases! But in general the law is not even evaded; it is simply set at nought.

At every festival or show the people flock to see the sight, and as the men often cannot leave their work, the women and children are put under charge of some village elder. Rich Muhammadans have agents on the look-out for those that are good-looking; the guardian receives a few rupees, reports on his return that the young woman or child has died of fever or cholera, and no more is heard of the matter. So helpless and so apathetic are the people that the Diwán says a man is sometimes seen gathering up a bunch of young girls, leading four or five in one hand "as if they were chickens." These women are never suffered to leave the Zenana, and are often cruelly treated. Some years ago two young girls in the service of the Dulin Begum scaled a high wall, dropped down on the other side, and laid a petition before Major Macgregor, who at once requested the Diwán to go in his name to the deori of the Dulin Begum and inquire personally of the women if they wished to leave or to stay. About eighteen of them fell at his feet and implored him to let them go. Some brought food all mouldy and bad and showed him how they were fed. Others rejected the offer of large pensions to induce them to remain. Two even left their children in order to return to their own villages. There were some who cried most

bitterly, and begged to be released, but the eunuchs managed to conceal them.[1]

At this time forty women in the Názim's own establishment insisted on leaving the Palace and getting respectably married. On this unheard-of demand the Názim knew not what to do. A few years back the poor girls would have been soundly beaten by the eunuchs; but now the Diwán, certain of the Brigadier's support, represented that India was a free country, and if they chose to go, no one had any right to detain them, and never left the Palace until every one of the forty had taken her departure. It seems as if the Názim never forgave what he considered interference in his household affairs.

Lunatic asylums, convents, and zenanas ought all to be subject to inspection, in order to protect those who are immured in them. There could be no difficulty if this were done by women of unimpeachable character.

The detachment of H.M.'s 35th being about to leave Berhampore, a dinner was given to the men by the officers of the station. Major Mackenzie went to see them, accompanied by one of his Afghan servants, who was so enchanted with the cheering that he was continually imitating it, and said: "If they shout in that manner in battle, the livers of their enemies must break!"

Soon after, a steamer stopped at the station on its way to Calcutta with a number of invalids of the Naval Brigade, which had just been fighting so gloriously. The Governor-General's Agent went on board to look after them, and found they had no doctor, not even an apothecary, not an ounce of medicine of any sort, and no comforts whatever, though some of them were seriously ill with fever, sunstroke, etc. The Naval Brigade was paid off at a season

[1] The Diwán's report to the Governor-General's Agent, 3d October 1855.

when no other employment was procurable, and no ships were leaving Calcutta, consequently about three hundred of them were bivouacking in Calcutta during the hottest month of the year. That glorious corps, the 9th Lancers, was sent down the river in open boats under a blazing sun, and upwards of a hundred of them were embarked on board the *Euxine* without a grain of medicine. The mismanagement was endless.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CALCUTTA.

(November 1858.)

HAVING had a return of fever, it became necessary to take me down the river for change of air. The voyage was a most comfortable one of eight days, in a large pinnace with bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room, attended by various smaller boats for the servants. On the way we saw an unfortunate Hindu brought to the riverside to die. People supposed to be dying sometimes linger for days, exposed to the sun, and deprived of all succour, and death is hastened by the mouth and nostrils being stuffed with mud. Of course numerous murders take place under cover of this superstition, and if the sufferer should unadvisedly recover, he remains an alien to his family, and is relegated to one of the villages peopled by similar outcasts. My husband mentioned to his Sherishtadar, law clerk, a bigoted old Musalman, that *Darogahs* (native police superintendents) were to be abolished, and deputy-magistrates appointed in their stead. He replied: "That will be an excellent thing *if* the deputy-magistrates are Europeans, but if they are natives, things will be worse than ever."

This sagacious dictum received a curious illustration a short time after. A highly-educated Muhammadan magistrate was paying me a visit. The conversation turned on a

robbery from a boat, over which one of the Agency chaprásis had been on duty at the time. I expressed surprise that this man had not been questioned on the subject. Whereupon the magistrate said: "Is it your pleasure, Madam, that that man be put in prison?"

We reached Calcutta on the 1st November. All the ships, including the American ones,[1] were dressed with flags, in honour of Her Majesty's assumption of the direct sovereignty of India. She was usually styled Empress of India from this time. The Queen's Proclamation gave great satisfaction to the natives; but in the Bengali translation her title of "Defender of the Faith" was transmuted into "Defender of the Faith of Nations," Hindu, Musalman, etc. Nothing could be finer than the illuminations. Every building, and some of the shipping, was outlined in gold-coloured fire.

Public affairs generally seemed to be at a standstill. Seventeen hundred cases in the Military Department, and seven hundred in the Political, were waiting for the Governor-General's decision. But there was more activity in private life. Every one who was in Calcutta at that time will remember a little knot of ladies who were unwearied in good works. One founded a refuge for fallen women, another took charge of the home for sufferers by the Mutiny, a third founded the Normal School for girls, all worked together, and some regularly visited our sick and wounded soldiers in hospital.

During his stay in Calcutta, Major Mackenzie, according to his habit, took pains to ascertain the opinion of natives of all ranks regarding recent events, and the feelings of the people. One of his visitors, a Brahman of the highest caste, an old pupil of Dr. Duff's, who had once applied for baptism, and still attended public worship, made no secret of his

[1] Throughout the Mutiny the Americans identified themselves with us, and used to pray for a "blessing on *our* troops."

Christian convictions, but showed no intention of giving up all for Christ. He said the great remedy for the woes of India is vernacular education *on a Christian basis.* Hindus and Christians agreed that vernacular education would be the best protection for the ryot, by raising him above his present childish, irrational condition, but that it has never been even tried as a general measure. The Bengalis are fully sensible of the advantages of British rule, and contrast it most favourably with the tyranny of their former Muhammadan masters; their main cause of complaint is the difficulty of getting justice. The general opinion seems to be that our civil courts are a failure, and my husband always advocated the decision of cases by the native Panchayet, a body of five, two chosen by each party, and the fifth by some superior.

The Sadr Adálat, or Court of Appeal in criminal cases, was notorious for its amazing decisions, but it now did itself honour for once in a way. Mr. H. V. Bayley, one of the judges, related to me that a poor woman asked her husband how much matting he had made that day. He replied, "You're a woman," and seizing a heavy wooden mallet, ran at her. His mother interfered, saying: "What harm has she done? She only asked how many mats you had made?" To which her son responded, "You're a woman, too," and crushed in her skull with one blow of the mallet. He then knocked down his wife, pulled her up again, and killed her too with his mallet. The magistrate considered "that he had some provocation, and, as the mallet was at hand, it was not murder." Wonderful to say, the Sadder for once took a common-sense view of the question, pronounced that it *was* murder, and hanged him.

The Diwán considered that the ryots were far too heavily taxed, and confessed that the British were very unpopular. He complained of the rudeness with which natives of rank are treated by Europeans, especially by

civilians—the military were "more plain and simple"—and of the ignorance of native habits and feeling evinced by most men in office. Two members of Council asked Major Mackenzie whether the Názim were a Shiah or a Suni! Speaking of his own countrymen, the Diwán said: "They are very polite outwardly, but there is great hatred in their hearts towards us." The Bengali despises the European because he can always cheat him. He thinks his own science and literature much better than ours. The only thing that has shaken his belief in his own superiority is the railroad. An old Raja, who hated Europeans, and would never call on one, came to see the train. He remained perfectly silent as it rushed by, and then exclaimed: "This has done more for the country than all our gods!" There is certainly great oppression exercised towards the ryots, some think even more by European than by native landholders. One English gentleman gave up his career as planter because the ryots were constantly tied up and flogged. Another, a man of great experience, manager of some of the largest estates in Bengal, and substantially a just man, put his only son into the Dragoons, and declared that he would rather follow him to his grave than see him in his own profession. My husband was strongly of opinion that an influx of Europeans into India, by bringing planters and magistrates alike more under the influence of healthy English public opinion, would go far to prevent unlawful exercise of power. He himself was one of those who did most to conciliate the natives, showing the same frank courtesy and sympathy to a native gentleman as to a European.[1] No one ever took a liberty with him, and yet

[1] A Bombay officer, who had himself ruled his district as a father, well-known and honoured in Edinburgh, wrote to him:—"Oh that all Europeans understood the natives as well as you do! It makes me blush for my country to think of how some of our representatives in India conduct themselves towards the natives."

he never stood upon his dignity. His open-handedness to the poor, and his giving medicine to all comers, made a great impression. The Názim had become quite attached to him, and evidently enjoyed his society, often spending the whole day with him. He was greatly struck by his openness, and said: "He had known many Agents, but not one who would speak out so plainly." But a Bombay officer truly wrote to Calcutta:—"You have got Colin Mackenzie, who never feared man or devil."

It was with great grief we heard that our true and manly friend, Captain Donald Mackinnon, had fallen in an unsuccessful attack on a petty mud fort held by Rohillas. We returned from Calcutta in January 1859, and not long after the Názim invited a party to go out tiger-shooting. I wrote to my mother:—"The day after we arrived in camp was Sunday. Colin read the English service and an admirable sermon by Vinet on Grace and Law. None of the gentlemen went out shooting. Monday we were all up by six, took our early coffee, and started soon after eight, each having a separate elephant. I and the Diwán had each a canopy of sailcloth over our howdahs. The Názim, in a tight green shot silk *chapkan* (coat), and little white muslin skull-cap, and like his sons, well fortified with amulets, wore his gold spectacles upside down (much the best way for shooting); had a battery of six double-barrelled guns besides fowling-pieces, with a man in the back seat who loaded for him and held a red silk umbrella over his head. He was mounted on a magnificent tusker, with spotted head and ears. As soon as we got clear of the camp we formed into line, about forty elephants small and great, and advanced slowly through the long grass. The wind was delightfully fresh, and it was a most picturesque and cheerful sight. Next the Názim came Colin, habited in shepherd's plaid flannel, an Elwood's patent helmet with red muslin pagri,

and like the rest of the gentlemen, four double-barrelled rifles, besides a revolver in his belt, and a first-rate native Shikári or huntsman to load for him. I came next on a magnificent female elephant, thoroughly staunch, with George the Aberdeen coachman behind. He had volunteered to take care of me, and to load a brace of beautiful pea-rifles which had been allotted to my share. I carried arnica, matico, and old pocket-handkerchiefs in case any one should be hurt. We all changed our colours more than once during the day by divesting ourselves of successive wrappages as it grew hotter. The shapes of the hats were wonderful, each man apparently having invented a pattern of his own. The Názim is a crack shot, and killed several partridges as we advanced. Bashir Ali, one of the Abyssinians, is also an excellent shot. He was a curious lathy figure, and, like many of the natives, shoots equally well from either shoulder. Several deer were killed and two boars, and at length we reached the jungle. The country was a wide plain intersected by ditches, with patches of swampy ground and clumps of thorny Babul trees. The first belt of jungle we came to was literally impenetrable. The howdah elephants which, of course, are the most powerful, could not enter without breaking the howdahs to pieces. The smaller elephants could not make their way through, though one heard the report of trees breaking on all sides. The beaters, too, are timid. There was a dense tangled thicket through which a deep marshy stream wound its way, but we could only look in and skirt it. Not a breath of air stirred inside. A tiger was entrenched within, but he was too wise to come out, and having no hand grenades, nor even tom-toms, we could not make him show himself. By this time it was past noon, and getting very hot. We dismounted under the shade of a large tree, and had sandwiches, etc. The Názim taking his refection at

a little distance, and the Diwán, as a Hindu, his still farther off. The Diwán makes no profession of valour. He told us that when he was at the head of the Toshá Kháná (Treasure Chamber), Lord Ellenborough desired him to serve out swords to all his establishment just before the battle at Gwalior. There came an alarm that the enemy were upon them, when most of them fled. The Diwán, who had reserved the handsomest sword of all for himself, took to his heels, and flung his splendid weapon into a tank, from whence he had afterwards some trouble in recovering it. Captain Layard has been amusing himself by telling the Diwán horrid examples of tiger accidents, so that I believe he has come on his first shooting expedition with a very uneasy mind. He had a large native spear for his weapon. Afterwards the Názim joined us, and sat down on the rough ground, though I offered him a cushion; then we all fired at a bottle, but nobody hit it, until at last the Názim, who practises constantly, and breaks sixty to eighty a month, demolished it. We remounted, and went to a most promising nullah. Then came shots in rapid succession, and the cry that the tiger was coming. We were all in a state of great excitment. I had a beautiful position, just above a small open spot between the banks of the nullah, and intended to cover myself with glory by giving him a finishing shot, when he dwindled down to a leopard, then to a tiger-cat, and when he was discovered, he was already dead, and only a civet-cat!

"2*d March*.—Colin and I stayed in camp, so imagine our envy and jealousy when the party returned with a magnificent tigress 10 feet long to the tip of her tail, and 3 feet 9 to the shoulder, also one of her cubs, a fine stag, seven other deer, etc. They were all in great delight, and I am happy to say had all (the Názim included) wished for me. The tigress charged into an open piece of ground out of the very

jungle which we had ineffectually beaten on Monday. Another of her cubs was wounded; she had three or four; they sometimes have as many as five.

"It is very pretty to hear the guns discharged as the sportsmen approach camp, and to see the line of torch-bearers going forth to light them, and to show the game. The first thing done is to singe off the tiger's whiskers, and the hair inside its ears; as the former, when cut up and mixed with food, are said to cause death.

"Do you know how legends grow? One of the Akrobas (relatives of the Nawab Názim) having seen Bibi one day when calling at the Residency, went home and told the most astounding stories regarding this wonderful bird; in particular he swore that a servant having offended Bibi, he had *heard* the bird desire his master to discharge the man; that the Sahib had done so on the spot; that Bibi had then, after reflection, said: 'He is an old servant; I would not send him quite away; it will be sufficient to keep *him in suspense a month or two.*' A man came to complain that a tiger had killed his cow the night before. We found a cow nearly picked clean by village dogs and vultures, but no trace of any tiger; but the mere exercise is pleasant. The Názim's little boys have now become very friendly; they are all very obedient, and well trained; and one of them, a dear little fellow named Miran Sahib, asked to come with me on my elephant. He laughed and talked, told me all the English words he knew, and then began to sing to himself. On Friday, the Názim, who is exceedingly strict in observing the Musalman Sabbath, and never hunts on that day, spent most of it in our tent helping me at chess. A very fine elephant coming home the other evening got into a quicksand, and they say it was most painful to see the poor creature struggling and sinking deeper and deeper. It was of no use to order

people out from camp, for they would not have gone, so afraid are they of the dark; but the next morning Atta was despatched with a whole herd of Bengalis to rescue the elephant. It had rained furiously all night, and he had sunk in so deep that it was a wonder how he was ever got out. They had not even cut off his pad, and no one but Atta had a knife to do it. Then they gave him the hurdles, which form the bodies of the *hackeries* (carts), and by slipping these under his body, he at last extricated himself and came in in an exhausted condition. Five bottles of brandy were mixed with a mash of rice to restore his strength. He 'souped' it up with eagerness, and appeared greatly refreshed thereby.

"After eight days in camp, some of us started on Saturday morning to return. We went on prosperously in palkis and on elephants till within thirteen miles from Murshedabad. There we rashly got into the carriages which were waiting for us, but it soon became evident that the horses could not drag the carriage if we were in it. After walking about a mile, I got in again. We soon stuck fast in the deep mud, and Colin had literally to put his shoulder to the wheel, and, with some of the men, at last got the carriage under way. The Diwán and the Brownings came up in a palki-carriage, drawn by an elephant, and we followed their example—the first time I ever went in a 'one elephant chay.' We stopped at the Palace to take luncheon, but the Nizámat servants being Shiahs, would not supply our Afghans with any food because they were Sunis, and I was obliged to give them all the biscuits and gingerbread nuts I could find."

Every Governor-General's Agent had difficulties in managing the ladies of the Nizámat. The Názim's mother and wives having been cited as witnesses in a civil suit, of which they knew nothing whatever, His Highness vehemently

remonstrated in a Persian letter to the Agent:—"The Begums are in the greatest trouble, distraction of mind, and confusion. May I therefore explain through this friendly pen that taking the evidence of females and retired ladies under the veil is, in our creed, forbidden and odious—more especially ladies of the rank and dignity of the Nawab Názim, —entails derogation of character, by rending the veil of modesty and decorum." But it was of no avail; Major Mackenzie was obliged to take their evidence. The Názim brought three of his wives, and placed them together behind the thick curtain, in front of which the Agent sat. He requested the Názim to go in and separate them, which he did. Then they gave their answers in such a low murmur, that old Darab Ali was obliged to repeat every word. Their depositions, which they cannot read, were carried inside to have their seals affixed; but, of course, evidence taken in such a way can have very little value, personification and fraud are so easy. His Highness' mother, who is a very perverse person, and who, having been a dancing girl, stands to arms with peculiar alertness in defence of her dignity and decorum, at first utterly refused to be examined; whereupon the Governor-General's Agent sent her a message that, by resisting the law, she was only making herself ridiculous, and injuring the interests of her son; and that if she did not instantly consent, he should feel it his duty immediately to write a letter to the Government, the consequences of which would astound her. On hearing this undefined threat she gave in at once. The Názim seemed to think it was the only way to deal with her, and utterly declined going with the Agent. "I am not going there to be abused before you," said he. "She is a very extraordinary woman. The last time I went there, she threatened to tie me up and flog me." They say she really does beat him with her

slipper, but he is a very good son to her. Another case gives a lively idea of the helplessness of these poor women. A widow lady petitioned the Agent for help. Her complaint was that another woman had possession of her signet, and was thus enabled to draw her pension of thirty rupees a month, and devour it. Major Mackenzie commissioned Darab Ali Khan to inquire into the case. He reported that in spite of her written denial it was true that Kamaru Nissa Begum had possession of the widow's seal; that she gave receipts in her name, and kept the money for herself; that he beheld the widow in a sad and wretched plight, with nothing but a blanket and a *tahband* (waist cloth), to cover her loins.[1] She related her story in the presence of a number of women, with such cries and lamentations, that those who were by, begged for quarter from her convulsive expressions of grief and wailing, and implored peace (al amán). Many confirmed her statements, while Kamaru Nissa had not a word to say for herself. The latter not only embezzled 3000 rupees, which the widow inherited, but sold her house over her head, bought it in with the widow's own money, and then resold it at a profit, "thus blotting out the name of the deceased Nawab from the books of memory, and leaving the widowed sanctuary of the departed (*i.e.* his wives) without house or home. Until they erect a home to dwell in, their houses, like the snails, are on their backs." The poor widow is, as might be surmised, a woman of extreme simplicity of character. The Agent decided that the stipend of the culprit should be sequestrated until the amount of which the poor lady had been defrauded was made up; and, as a further check against such evil doings, required that all receipts for pensions should be countersigned by the Diwán for

[1] The minute portion of dress worn by the poorest men!

men, and by Darab Ali Khan for the women of the family.

At the end of March 1859 it was decided that the Názim and the Agent should go down to Calcutta to visit the Governor-General. Lord Canning was extremely friendly to us, and we had the pleasure of meeting Lord Harris and thanking him for the great sympathy he had shown at the time of the Bolarum Mutiny. The Viceroy had expressed his intention of transferring my husband to Nipal, but after all Colonel Ramsay did not vacate the post. As usual a visit to headquarters afforded much interesting information. One anecdote related by a personal friend of the lady was a striking illustration of the superior force of British will. A quiet, gentle woman, who escaped with her husband during the Mutiny, was on one occasion annoyed by a man walking up and down before her with a drawn sword and insolent gestures. She went up to him and desired him to lay down that sword. He disobeyed, she repeated the order, and as he still took no notice of it, she said, "If you do not lay down that sword I will take it from you," and on his retorting with menacing action, she seized his hand, took away the sword, and has got it still as a trophy. This shows how we rule Hindustan. Every European woman or child has a sense of power and strength of will which the natives lack. Another fact was no less illustrative of British stupidity. Can it be credited that the magazine at Delhi has actually been put *back* into the heart of the city, and a Sikh guard placed over it, as well as a guard of Europeans?

The first thing the Governor-General's Agent had to do on arriving, was to accompany the Názim to pay a private visit to the Viceroy; but there arose a knotty question regarding the Názim's shoes. Lord Dalhousie introduced a rule, that natives wearing European shoes might keep

them on at Government House, but if they wore native shoes they must take them off. Mr. Edmonston supported this, on the plea that a native taking off his shoes is a mark of respect, like a European taking off his hat, but the Diwán denies this, and says the salam is the mark of respect, and that taking off the shoes is for cleanliness sake, that properly, a Hindu should wash his hands after touching his shoes, because they tread on the dirt, and to enter with them into a native house, where the inmates sit and eat on the floor, is as disrespectful as it would be for us to put our feet on the chairs or dining table; but where chairs are used, and Europeans walk about in boots, no reason exists for making a native take off his shoes. In the palace at Murshedabad the Diwán and His Highness' children keep their shoes on in the presence of the Názim, but in the zenana he himself goes barefoot. The Názim claims the right of wearing his slippers before the Governor-General as his equal, and this has hitherto always been allowed. Lord Canning, however, "put his foot down" on European shoes, which were to be *black*. Now wearing black is contrary to a Shiah's conscience, but there was no help for it. Toleration could not stoop so low as to admit of coloured shoes, so the Názim went in black spring boots. He had previously been requested "not to speak on business," thus frustrating the very object of his visit, which was to obtain redress for the injustice with which he had been treated. The Governor-General did not return his visit for fully three weeks, and Major Mackenzie had some trouble in keeping the Názim in Calcutta. His Excellency declined an entertainment which the Názim, according to precedent, wished to give him. When the Viceroy at last visited the Názim he asked Major Mackenzie "if it would be contrary to His Highness' religion to come to an evening party." Being reassured on that point, he invited him for

the following Monday, but the party was unavoidably postponed.

On the Queen's birthday Lord Canning held his first levee as Viceroy, and expressed his wish that His Highness should be present. He and the Governor-General's Agent proceeded together, and on the way the Názim asked if he should show his hair. Major Mackenzie advised him to do so, upon which he took off his turban, and made one of his servants behind the carriage undo about fifty little plaits, and comb it out as they drove along. Although the Governor-General had stated that the Názim was to accompany him into the throne-room, he never gave him his arm, nor even asked him to come, so that Junáb Ali (His Highness) naturally remained where he was. Sir James Outram greeted him heartily, so did Mr. George Loch, and all the natives paid him the greatest respect, and begged to be presented to him. Lord Canning asked him to come to the ball in the evening, and accordingly he went. The Foreign Secretary ought to have met the Názim at the foot of the stairs, but Mr. Beadon had previously declared his intention of not doing so, so nobody met His Highness. Just as he got to the top he perceived that he had forgotten to change his gold slippers for the black shoes exacted by the Governor-General, and was in great perplexity. Major Mackenzie comforted him, and wishing to save him any further mortification took him half-way down stairs, stowed him and the Diwán away in a private passage, and went himself to fish out the shoes from the carriage. No one unacquainted with India can fully appreciate this apparently simple act of kindness. When at last they reached the ballroom, Lord Canning just shook hands with the Názim, and took no further notice of him whatever. Lady Canning, with her usual grace and courtesy, made room for him by her, and seemed as if she endeavoured to make up for her

lord's want of cordiality and politeness. The Názim left very early, not at all gratified. On public occasions Lord Canning stands in one place all the evening, and seldom speaks to any one but a Secretary, and then apparently on business, whereas Lord Dalhousie, and still more Lord Mayo, had a courteous and pleasant word for every man in the room, and especially for native gentlemen, who are a hundredfold more sensitive to any lack of attention than Englishmen.[1] But even the latter keenly felt the neglect with which their solid services were treated. For instance, when he went to Lucknow, Lord Canning had durbars and all sorts of honour and rewards for the natives, but never took the least notice of about eighty or ninety Europeans who had formed part of the glorious garrison, not even of such men as Mr. Venables, a rich planter of very high character, who had armed his ryots, recovered Azimghar, restored order, collected the revenue (the civilians having been all withdrawn to Benares), and held the district, reinforced only by a small party of native troops, for six weeks.

To return to the ball. Every one remarked the indecorum of dancing polkas and waltzes *in hoops*, the effect of which may be imagined! Dancing of any sort is bad enough in the presence of natives, but this style of performance covers us with disgrace. When the Patiála Raja came to Calcutta one of the Sikhs was asked what he thought of the ball. "Every nation has its own customs," he politely replied, "but this seems *very* curious to us." When the Názim was persuaded to give a ball at his own palace, he placed sentries at the foot of the stairs leading to

[1] Urbanity and the habit of frank courtesy to foreigners is quite an essential for a Viceroy, or Governor in India. All our successful rulers —as Lord Wellesley, Lord Hastings, Sir John Malcolm, Mountstuart Elphinstone, etc. etc.—have possessed this personal charm.

the ballroom, and would not suffer a single native to go up. "I know it is innocent," said he, "but natives do not understand it."

The Názim had now been two months in Calcutta, and had received very little attention; he was therefore anxious to return. Lord Canning had requested to be informed on what day he would leave, from which the Agent inferred that he intended, as a reward for the Názim's loyalty during the Mutiny, to restore his former salute, a point on which the latter was most sensitive. The Názim had fixed on Wednesday; but as a special train could not be had before Friday, the latter day was named to the Viceroy. Early on Wednesday the Diwán came to the Agent in great trouble, as the Názim declared he would go by the ordinary train that very day. In vain the Diwán said, in that case he would not accompany him. He was obliged to appeal to Major Mackenzie, who wrote rather a stiff note to His Highness, armed with which his man of business, Mr. D—— and the Diwán, set forth and met him on the road to the station. Mr. D—— made him turn back, at which he was so cross that he reviled his Minister. However, he soon recovered his temper, patted the Diwán, and told him not to mind, saying: "I was so angry I was obliged to vent my anger on some one." But the Diwán was not to be pacified, and made an excuse not to go when sent for that evening. The next day the Názim made ample amends for his rudeness. He had, however, vowed not to eat or drink, save dry *chapatis* (thin scones) and water, till he got to Murshedabad, at which Mr. D—— rather rejoiced, and said, "It serves your Highness right;" but asked him if he could not find some mullah who could release him from his vow. With all his bigotry, however, the Názim has a profound contempt for mullahs, and said: "Oh! no priests; *they* will say anything." On Friday morning, just as they were

starting, a sawár galloped up with a letter to the Governor-General's Agent announcing that the Viceroy had ordered a salute of nineteen guns (instead of the thirteen to which Lord Dalhousie had reduced it) to be fired in honour of His Highness. The Názim did not say much, but was greatly pleased. The Diwán's spirits rose at once, and he could not forbear twitting the Názim in the mildest tone of voice, pointing out that if His Highness' impatience had led him to leave on Wednesday, unknown to the Governor-General, he would not have got the salute!

We remained in Calcutta some time longer.

Many most interesting facts regarding the Mutiny had come to light, and my husband was of so sympathetic a nature that every man poured out his experiences and feelings to him, sure of being listened to with cordial interest; and if, as is usually the case in this wicked world, he had a grievance, he was certain of sympathy and energetic help. Much, therefore, was told to him that the public never knew, and that in many cases the Government tried to conceal. Among other things he received proof that the wretched old King of Delhi was guilty of the murder of our unfortunate countrymen and women. His own Court newswriter recorded on the 16th May that the army "demanded all the Europeans that they might be put to death. The King, *thinking it just, granted it.* Afterwards His Majesty held a grand durbar." No one knows why Jewán Bakht was not tried for his life. He was present twice during the trial of his father, but behaved with such impertinence that he was not allowed to come again. Zinát Mahal, the favourite wife, mother of Jewán Bakht, "led the king a life." Whenever Mr. Saunders or others came to speak to the wretched old man, who was in full possession of his faculties, she would scream at them from behind a curtain, abusing both of them, and making her complaints known

at the top of her voice—a thorough cold-hearted cruel shrew.

It was well known to the natives that for some time previous to the beginning of the Mutiny the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Bengal army were receiving extra pay. Where did this come from? The most probable answer, and that which the Názim believes is,—from the treasures of the King of Oudh.

Our European troops had been kept well in hand; but many of the Sikhs plundered shamefully and oppressed the people greatly. The Queen's officers came out boiling over with indignation, fancying every native they met had shared in the atrocities, and many of them would scarcely let a native pass without a kick or a blow; but this was *not* the case with those who had served in India, and even the first kept their men in order.

A civilian who conversed with many of the rebel Sepoys who gave themselves up to him in the Shahabad district told us that one, a very clever man who had been a General of division among them, related their mode of proceeding. When they came to a small town or village they first gathered all the women, stripped them of their ornaments, and often ill-used them; then they proceeded to torture the men to make them show where their property was concealed; and on leaving the place they would collect all the *charpais* (light bedsteads) and make four men carry each of them to the end of the next march, the Sepoys lying at full length as in a palki. This man confessed that at first the population was friendly to the mutineers, but that he had often heard the villagers long for the return of the British rule.

A Major of Engineers, who has been out with Brigadier Douglas in the Shahabad district, told my husband that on one occasion the force came upon an unfortunate European

who had been left at the point of death by the rebels. He was a remarkably hairy man; these wretches had stripped him, filled his hair, beard, eyebrows, and even that on his chest and back, with gunpowder, and set fire to it. He was dying in the greatest agony as his countrymen came up. Some of the stories had a sort of grim humour. During the siege of Delhi a Sikh came up to Sir Edward Campbell and took the freedom of examining and handling the pretty little bugle the Rifles wear on their belts. A rifleman near eyed him very suspiciously, and when he moved on said to his officer: "I tell you what it is, Sir, I had a great mind to knock his head off; but in these times we must yield to circumstances."

It was curious to see how the Afghans appreciated our music. The Názim sent a native musician to perform before us. He played with great execution with enharmonic scales, but in the usual monotonous style. Ghulám said: "This would be the sort of music to have at two o'clock in the morning when one can't sleep." Afterwards they were present at a philharmonic meeting; the first piece was a very spirited symphony of Beethoven. The Afghans were delighted. Quoth Ghulám: "*This* music makes a man *drunk!*"

A cargo of elephants having arrived from Burma, my husband took me one evening to see them. We walked along the ledge outside the bulwarks, as the deck was too dirty for a lady, and looked down into the hold where the elephants stood closely packed in two rows. The landing of these huge creatures was very awkwardly done, some of the poor beasts being kept dangling in the air as if they had no more feeling than the elephant of Denmark. They showed their usual sense in letting themselves down easily, and settling themselves in the boat which brought them one by one to shore.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WHITE MUTINY.

(1859-1860.)

WHEN Her Majesty assumed the direct Sovereignty of India, it was of course necessary that the Company's troops should enter her service. When a royal regiment is ordered home, men who volunteer to remain in India receive bounty, and had the Company troops been treated in this way and asked to re-enlist, the great majority would gladly have done so, but the Home Government most unwisely thought fit to transfer them by Act of Parliament. Now, the British soldier will oppose the most stubborn resistance to any infringement on his rights. There were two very distinct classes in the Indian army—the artillery, pronounced by Sir Charles Napier "unequalled by any in the world," with the nine regiments of European infantry; and on the other hand the newly-raised regiments of cavalry and infantry, commonly called "Dumpies," men of a very inferior class both physically and morally, drawn in a great measure from the refuse of our great cities. These new regiments were officered at haphazard, often by lads of under four years' service, some of whom had not even passed their drill! They were only half-trained, had never been brought under discipline, and were guilty of the grossest insubordination and even violence. The two classes were alike in nothing except the feeling that they

had been unfairly dealt with, in being transferred to a fresh service without their own consent. The old soldiers were universally loyal, with the exception of some of the Irish who had been worked upon by designing priests. At Gwalior an Irish Romanist chaplain was turned out for treasonable practices, and his successor himself informed the commanding officer that after his dismissal he had gone about secretly among the men, endeavouring to incite them to open mutiny. General Birch, the Military Secretary, informed Major Mackenzie in May, that another priest at Hazaribagh, hight Father Jehoshaphat! had been tampering with the Bengal Europeans at that place, inciting them to "take what they want by force, as they had arms in their hands." There was a strong feeling of sympathy with the loyal soldiers among all classes. Even the strictest disciplinarians, like Colin Mackenzie himself, advocated conciliation, and thought that if the order refusing their demands had given them freedom of choice, and had made some acknowledgment of the eminent services the old regiments had just rendered, there would have been no outbreak; but, instead of this, they were curtly told their request was "*inadmissible*," and they keenly felt the contemptuous tone of the reply. One of the members of Council asked me what my husband thought of the refusal. I said he thought it very ungracious. "So it was," he replied, "it was done with no more thought than gazetting an ensign." Lord Clyde himself was of opinion that the men had right on their side, and allowed them to state their grievances before a Committee of Inquiry. Although thoroughly loyal subjects, they all "wished to have had their say" on the matter. Many declared they "would willingly serve Her Majesty if they had only been asked," but that Parliament—which a gunner glibly defined as "a company of Lords sitting together"—

"had no right to turn over free men without their consent." One of them before the Court of Inquiry triumphantly clinched his argument by saying: "Why, they might hand me over to that fellow they call the Náná!" "I don't wish to be turned over like a slave or dead stock," said another, who petitioned the Commander-in-Chief as "your humble Bombardier Hamilton." They did not want their discharge, what they wanted was the choice of re-enlisting. Some said: "With a bounty of £3, each and all would come forward." But most of the Dumpies were "tired of soldiering," and would have been a good riddance. It soon became known that there was "an extensive combination among the men" to refuse to serve without bounty. At Allahabad, Mirat, Gwalior, Ambálá, and Berhampore, there were overt acts of treason and mutiny. In many regiments discipline had become frightfully relaxed. At one station, not long before, the field-officer of the day, Major H——, found fault with a guard for slowness in turning out. They seized him, and kept him a prisoner all night in the guard-house; and nothing was said about it! We could not shoot our own men when traitors and mutineers of so much deeper die were daily let off.

The mutinous Dumpies went to the barracks of the 60th Rifles, but the latter, enraged at being marched out of comfortable quarters after all their toils, and still more at losing seventeen men of cholera in consequence, seized every man who came among them, tied him up, and gave him a regular military flogging. The matter was hushed up, which was a pity, as it was an edifying example. At Berhampore the new 5th Europeans had been allowed to pass officers without saluting, to swagger about arm in arm five or six in a row, shouting songs on the public roads. All this was known to the Viceroy at the beginning of April, and it was proposed (for *decided* was too extreme an

expression for any act of Government) that they should be removed to another station, where there were older and steadier regiments, and a smart and strict Brigadier to bring them into order. After this, in May (during our absence in Calcutta), they turned out at eleven o'clock one night, and gave "three groans for Mrs. Queen." The Major in command told them *not to make fun*, but to go to bed. It must be remembered that this officer had saved Ambala with only two hundred and fifty Europeans against more than two thousand Sepoys, and was "wigged" by Government for having executed mutineers "without consulting the civil authorities!" He was lucky in not being summarily removed like George Ricketts who saved Lodiana, and William Tayler who saved Patna; but of course he felt it would endanger his position if he acted with vigour. There was a good deal of flogging, but the project of moving the regiment was not carried out.

The Dumpies got worse; they were drunk for three days in honour of Her Majesty's birthday, and so disgraceful a scene of license was never beheld—the canteen being kept open all day as at Christmas in England. On the 19th June an express announced that the 5th had broken into open mutiny (only one hundred and fifty remaining staunch), had taken possession of one of the barracks, elected officers of their own, and taken the stripes off the loyal sergeants and corporals. Major Mackenzie went the next morning to the Military Secretary, and found they were thinking of sending General Hearsey by himself to bring the mutineers to order. Mackenzie observed: "They might just as well order him to dance a *pas seul* for their amusement, and with much better chance of his succeeding." He strongly urged sending up five hundred men of the 99th, and 3d Buffs, and two guns. The question then was whom to send in command. Colin

Mackenzie suggested Colonel Kenneth Mackenzie the Deputy Adjutant-General. General Birch objected that he was a Queen's officer, and that they were already getting an undue share of commands, but his clansman said it was a case of emergency, and that he was a fit man. So General Birch went off to lay the matter before Lord Canning, and Major Mackenzie went, at his request, to the Marine Office to see *if* any steamers were ready, and *if* they could go up the river. Lord Canning agreed, and then came a note from his Military Secretary informing the Governor-General's Agent of what was to be done (little knowing it was his own plan) and conveying the Governor-General's request that he would accompany Colonel Kenneth Mackenzie.

The same day Lord Canning gave the troops the option of taking their discharge. Had this been done a month or two sooner there would have been no mutiny, and had the bounty been even now granted as a boon, in reward for the splendid services the men had just rendered, very few would have gone. But the Viceroy refused to allow them to re-enlist; consequently we lost hundreds of tried soldiers who would have served the Queen to the last drop of their blood—a notable instance of that civilian mismanagement of military affairs of which the history of India affords so many examples.

In the meantime the mutinous Dumpies at Berhampore had appointed a man named Marshall—nicknamed "the Editor"—as their Colonel, with a major, three captains, eight lieutenants, sergeants, and corporals. Fatigue parties were told off daily for carrying water, pulling punkas, etc., for although they still received their rations (to keep them from plundering) they got no rum and no punka coolies. Every one who got drunk or stole was flogged on the spot. They were quite respectful in

demeanour, and in much better order than they had ever been before.

Though Colonel Kenneth Mackenzie had not even the power of ordering a court-martial, he contrived to reduce the mutineers to submission; but he was so hampered by restrictions that nothing effectual could be done. It was a most galling position for a thorough soldier. He said to my husband, with whom he was living: "I wake up in the morning thinking of all I've got to do; one feels so helpless with nothing on but one's shirt." Carlyle's whole philosophy of clothes was comprised in that sentence. The Commander-in-Chief was not consulted, and Sir James Outram wrote to Colin Mackenzie (13th July):—

"You must not suppose that Kenneth Mackenzie is acting under my instructions. You will recollect that I vainly endeavoured to induce the Governor-General to decide on his instructions while he was with us. Afterwards I was no party to whatever instructions may have been given, and certainly I am not disposed to father them, for I think with you."

The regiment had been unfairly dealt with in many ways, especially by the Home authorities. They had real grievances, and these were not even listened to. They were still kept at Berhampore, where they plundered and beat the natives, and at last nearly killed a servant of the Governor-General's Agent as he left his master's house. His nose was broken, he was otherwise cruelly mauled, robbed of his wages, which he had just received, and left in a ditch. If the guard of the 99th went near the barracks after dark the mutineers flung bricks and bottles at them, and they even pelted two officers out of the barrack. Even men of the other regiments passed officers without saluting. At Barrackpore the troops were in such a bad state that two natives were murdered by them. One of our Afghans,

a most good-natured, hard-working creature, was next brought home covered with blood and very severely injured by some of these ruffians, because he would not give them his boots. As the assailants would not surrender, my husband put on his uniform and went off to the bazar, revolver in hand, but found that the Magistrate had already captured the chief culprit. He himself got slight sunstroke from going out in a forage cap.

In August 1859 we had for the first time an opportunity of seeing how the Muharram is kept by Shiahs, for the disorderly processions in Southern India are mere occasions for license. Here it was a time of lamentation for the untimely deaths of the grandsons of Muhammad. The Diwán entreated the Governor-General's Agent not to invite any *young* officers, as their behaviour was problematical, and even a Bengali mob ought not to be annoyed; so only a small party of discreet guests went in the evening to the Imambarra, or building, on purpose for these ceremonies. It is a spacious quadrangle of raised arcades of great width, with a chapel or shrine in the middle covering some of the earth of Mekka. At each corner of the arcades was a trophy, ten or twelve feet high, consisting of a mirror surrounded by swords and shields, brilliantly illuminated, with divers toy-camels at its base. In front of one of these trophies was a sort of glass bird-cage, which revolved by invisible means. Above the arcades was a lattice of talc of the most brilliant colours, brightly lit up from behind, as rich as the finest painted glass. The Názim had again made himself ill by walking barefoot in the procession the night before and sitting up all night, but his two elder boys met us, dressed in dark blue as a sign of mourning. No one was allowed to enter while we were there, excepting their attendants and the singers. Having walked around—our Afghans professing absolute ignorance

about everything, just as a sound Presbyterian would scorn to understand the manœuvres of the mass—and having admired divers silver shrines, one of which was a throne prepared for Muhammad to sit on, others in honour of Hasan and Husain, we took our places in one of the arcades, where about twenty arm-chairs stood on three sides of a square. The Governor-General's Agent was seated at one end with the eldest son; I at the other with the second boy. A little table was set before each of us, and we were served with much ceremony on silver salvers containing glass saucers of almonds, raisins, spices, and rice. Three singers then sat on their heels on a low dais, and began a marsiah, or dirge. The music played a sad and monotonous air, and the singing was so mournful that it was enough to make one weep. On our way back we stopped to see some Sepoys performing feats with long bamboos, to each end of which lighted torches were affixed. They passed them under each arm and leg, then rolled on the ground, whirling the flaming pole over one limb and under the other in a marvellous manner. Another whirled a cord with a lighted torch at each end round and round, leaping frantically all the while, till he appeared to be dancing in a wheel of fire, the music playing a lively dancing air. Then one with a burning pole in one hand and brandishing a sword in the other encountered a second armed with sword and shield, a third vaulted and sprang with a sword in each hand, but no words can give an adequate idea of the wild, defiant, and, I may say, demoniacal manner in which they flourished their weapons and limbs. I did not quite like it, and looked round to see if Ghulám was there with his pistol, for these wretches were close to my husband, and they make cuts and passes at the company which one has to stand without flinching, though "there's no knowing" (as my mother-in-law used to say if any one

pointed scissors at her) "when the devil may give their hands a push."

Directly we re-entered the palace the crowd swarmed into the Imambarra. The next morning there was a procession headed by camels, with saddle-cloths and little caps of green and red tied under their chins. Then came led horses and a great crowd of men naked to the waist, who every now and then stopped, and crying "Ya Hasan! Ya Husain!" threw their arms up in the air and beat their breasts in concert. It was like a child's game. The Názim's troops were all barefoot and in mourning. His two elder sons in dark green marched along with great gravity, each holding a long walking-cane. They were followed by men carrying richly-worked banners, and preceded by three singers, who at every few paces turned and faced them, chanting the Marsiah with great signs of grief and much gesture. Old Darab Ali Khan, clothed in dark blue (turban and all), listened intently, wiped his eyes, and beat his breast, but very gently. Then they moved on, and after a few paces the same ceremony was repeated. The fatigue must have been dreadful. Sometimes a wild cry arose from the whole multitude. The procession was closed by a number of women beating their breasts, and then a train of elephants. One could not help wondering what the wise creatures thought of it all. Rose-water and comfits were scattered about. In the afternoon the Arzbeghi, dressed in black, conducted a similar procession, encouraging the people to thump themselves—which some did with chains—by crying "Shahbash!" (Well done) "Siná máro" (Beat your breasts, beat your breasts), beating his own in the most guarded manner, and, wiping his right eye with his right hand, then solemnly transferring the handkerchief to the left hand to wipe the left eye. He has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and I am sure if my husband had

caught his eye he would have laughed. He once made him burst out laughing in full Durbar by the way in which he wished him joy of being invested with a heavy khillat, or robe of honour, one frightfully hot day on being restored to His Highness' favour after a "tiff."

Wednesday night, the last day of the Muharram, was most distracting. Music, drums, tom-toms, and what sounded like pokers and tongs, went on all night under our windows. Our rooms were lit up with blue lights from outside. At one in the morning a camel, all clothed in black, set out on its pilgrimage, and between two and three a very fine *tazia* (tomb), like a tower, was carried past, surrounded by crowds leaping, shouting, and beating their breasts. Blue lights made it quite bright, and the men, with double torches, leapt and vaulted, and made fiery wheels of themselves, and the same facetious jigging air went on and on, till it was enough to set every one within hearing in motion. They moved on a little farther, and then came another discharge of blank cartridge (for I omitted to say that this was the accompaniment of all the processions), then another halt, and more fiery dances, and more weeping and wailing for Husain. On Thursday we saw many tazias, some of them very pretty, of fresh green leaves, some of silver—going to be thrown away at the so-called Kerbela, a place a mile or two off. The Názim's procession was accompanied by the troops, the elephants (the latter with their foreheads painted white *for grief!*), the camels, the horses, the banners, the singers, went on its way, and when all was over the population lay down to sleep to make up for their past fatigue. In driving out in the evening, we saw several people with ashes on their heads, like Romanists on Ash Wednesday.

In October, to our regret, the 99th were ordered to China, and accordingly sold off all their horses, buggies, etc. No less

than eight or nine contradictory orders did that luckless regiment receive from the Governor-General in the course of a month. When they had sold everything they were told to stay where they were; next they were to go to Calcutta, then to Barrackpore; then two companies were to stay, the rest were to go. The officers took leave of their friends, and were about to start, when they were counter-ordered. Then the Dumpies took their discharge *en masse*, with the exception of 120 men. The Bhagarati was supposed by Government to be closed for steamers (which it was *not*), so they were to go down to Calcutta, and be sent round by the Sunderbunds to Dinapore. Nothing could be more easy. Their baggage was all *on board*, and they were starting, when a fresh order desired them to march to Anatoli, on the banks of the Ganges, where a steamer would meet them. At this season the road is impassable, and full of quicksands. Anatoli is just a bank, no shelter and no food. The Agent borrowed thirty elephants from His Highness to help the troops, when they were again counter-ordered. Now here was Brigadier Christie, an excellent officer of thirty-five years' standing, on the spot, and instead of simply saying, "Let the troops be at Dinapore by such a date, send them in the best manner," Government wrote him a dozen contradictory and impossible orders. As for referring the movement of troops to the Commander-in-Chief that never enters their heads!

In October we had the great pleasure of a visit from the Bishop and Mrs. Cotton. No one could know the Bishop without loving and respecting him. Colonel Mackenzie went with him to the hospital, where he read and prayed with the men, and nothing could be better than the way he addressed them. He was travelling in the Lieutenant-Governor's splendid yacht, from which he was soon to make a brief and sudden passage through the dark waters into

Life Eternal. The remainder of the Dumpies were at last sent to Dinapore, where, a year after, they broke out again in the most causeless manner, and endeavoured to incite a wing of the 73d and the Bengal Horse Artillery to mutiny. Sergeant-Major Macniminie of the Artillery showed admirable presence of mind—made his men fall in, and, sword in hand, drove the mutineers out of the barrack, taking two prisoners, who were sentenced to transportation for life. Sir Hugh Rose gave the Sergeant-Major a commission. Finally, one was hung, and the regiment disbanded; but the example of long impunity for insubordination and violence was not lost even on good regiments. Lord Clyde could not forbear saying in a general order that, "if some of the mutineers had been tried by order *of the General commanding the division* and shot," the army at large might have benefited by the example; but it is the chronic misfortune of India that civilian Governors-General will not allow the Commander-in-Chief to do his own work.

The Diwán was made a Raja, and was borrowed by the Viceroy to accompany him to the Upper Provinces, as he had great experience in Durbar etiquette. Previous to starting he was absent for a few days, during which time the Názim contrived to spend nearly three hundred pounds in what they call sátká, or superstitious alms. A Begum had a headache, so 250 rupees were given to a long-bearded, large-turbaned Mullah to avert misfortune. One of the boys sneezed twice, and this required a similar oblation. Major Mackenzie therefore removed to the Palace, as during the Raja's absence it was better he should be at hand for the protection of the Názim as something between a guardian angel and a watch-dog. When the Diwán took leave my husband accompanied him downstairs. There they found Jugget Seth and a crowd of native gentlemen, who had come to congratulate the new Raja, and wish him

a good journey. Jugget Seth produced a small silver box in the shape of a leaf, and the Diwán said to the Agent, as if rather ashamed: "Here is a little ceremony." It contained vermilion and rice. In vain he begged the Seth to use very little. The old gentleman paid no attention, but made a broad vertical mark on the Diwán's forehead with his thumb, and then stuck grains of rice upon it, and threw rice over his head with an invocation, somewhat of a prayer, that he might be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," for such was the translation my husband fluently gave of it—not that he knew, for it must have been Sanscrit!

We often amused ourselves by visiting the Názim's menagerie, where we had a most curious instance of the species of fascination my husband possessed for all animals. A rhinoceros was pointed out as being particularly savage, having killed at least one man. He put his hand through the bars and began to rub its ears, and was obliged to continue doing so for a long while, as the creature rocked itself to and fro, and moaned in distress whenever he attempted to leave off. Whenever he revisited the place this enormous pachyderm recognised him, and pressing its head against the bars, insisted on being rubbed.

About this time the Legislative Council in Calcutta was suspended by Lord Canning, whereupon they all took flight to the hills. Hasan Khan arrived on a visit to his old leader. He embraced him with the greatest gravity, first over the right shoulder, then over the left, but was so moved that he could not speak, and sat holding Major Mackenzie's hand, and squeezing it every now and then. He told a friend that such friendship had never existed between an Asiatic and a Feringhi as between Mackenzie and himself. So true is it—

> "Hands that fiercest smite in war
> Have the warmest grasp for brothers.
> Agus O Mhorag."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MURSHEDABAD POLITICAL STORMS.

(1859-1860).

"Duo sunt, justitia et libertas, pro quibus quisque fidelis usque ad sanguinem stare debet."—AN OLD MONK.

QUITE unexpectedly a political storm of no ordinary nature now burst on the Agent's head. The "Názims or Subahdars of Bengal" were Lord-Deputies, or Viceroys of those provinces, appointed by the Emperors of Delhi, and removable at pleasure. After Plassy we set up Mir Jafir, the Commander of the Bengal forces, as Subahdar in place of the infamous Suraj-u-Doulah, and we have maintained his family in the position of Názims ever since. The tenure by which the East India Company held the vast provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, was a firman from Shah Alum II., Emperor of India, granting them the Diwáni, or civil government, and *the balance* of the revenue of those provinces, "*after providing* for the expenses of the Nizámat." The East India Company and the Názim were equals—both owing their position to grants from Shah Alum—and this equality was carefully maintained. The Názim was the "Friend" and "best of brothers" of the Governor-General,[1] and the

[1] This equality is drolly exemplified in a letter from Lord Amherst to the Názim in 1828, when official correspondence was still carried on in Persian:—"Truly on receiving the joyful intelligence of the happy

Government spoke of him as "a Prince whose independence had been recognised by a treaty with one of his predecessors."

There had been several formal agreements between the Názims and the Company, and every successive Governor-General reiterated the assurance of "scrupulous adherence to subsisting engagements, and to the obligations of public faith, and honour." Lord Auckland (March 1836) as usual, pledged himself to fulfil "*subsisting treaties and long-established relations* observed and cherished by former Governors-General."[1] We had even bestowed increased marks of respect upon him. Formerly he was styled "His Excellency," and his children "Sahibzadas," or "gentlemen's sons;" but of late years he had been called His Highness. This was the state of things up to Lord Dalhousie's time. But the present Názim had many grievances. During his long minority he had lost money and jewels to an immense amount, and had silently been deprived of much influence. But his greatest personal grievance was his treatment in "the murder-case." In March 1853, while on a hunting expedition, two unfortunate coolies were beaten to death in his camp. Amán Ali Khan, the chief eunuch, who managed everything, and some others, were tried. The Sessions judge found Amán Ali "accessary *after the fact*, but the Sudder, (the highest court) acquitted him, and found the other prisoners guilty of culpable homicide, with no intention of causing death. Nevertheless, Lord Dalhousie declared that the crime had been "perpetrated under the very eyes

installation of your Highness on the seat of ancestral authority, the budding joy of this friend so bloomed with delight, that to describe one of its thousand blossoms, or to dress a single rose from this bouquet in just array, is beyond the flowers and powers of rhetoric."

[1] Governor-General, 23d May 1838; Court of Directors, 24th April 1840; Governor-General, 28th February 1823—9th June 1836.

of the Názim," obliged him instantly to dismiss the acquitted persons from his service, diminished his salute, and deprived him and his family of the right of exemption from the jurisdiction of the civil courts. Nothing is more difficult than to ascertain the truth in India; but Major Macgregor, the Governor-General's Agent, testified to the "gentleness and humanity of the Názim's character" and Judge Loch, who took the depositions, was convinced of the entire innocence of the Názim, and also of Amán Ali. The Názim had vainly sent in divers memorials for redress, and on the Brigadier's arrival appealed to him for help. Now as the Marquess of Hastings had declared that the exclusive object of the Governor-General's Agency at Murshedabad" (the expense of which was borne by Nizámat funds) "was the prosperity and benefit of the Nizámat," the Agent felt that the very purpose of his office required him to take up the subject, and he accordingly devoted some months to the careful examination of the Názim's claims. Having with conscientious labour verified the facts, he took up his cause with warmth. The Názim's memorials having been carefully drawn up, and accompanied by official proofs, he caused a summary of them to be condensed into a *Narrative*, reproducing the very language of the documents, and, about October 1858, sent this to his friend, Mr. George Edmonstone, then Foreign Secretary, requesting him to show it to Lord Canning, and ask him what should be done. The plan of having official papers printed instead of copied, had just been introduced, and as copies of the most secret documents can always be procured by any one willing to pay for them,[1] Major Mackenzie, to avoid entrusting so

[1] In one instance a Government order of great importance, which had barely left the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was purchased by a native gentlemen for 1000 rupees. He told me this himself.

plain-spoken a paper to his clerks, had it printed, about three months after, "for private use only," in Calcutta, and sent two copies to Mr. Edmonstone, who replied that it was "extremely useful," and that he "had long ago laid the *Narrative* before the Governor-General, and urged him more than once to have the subject thoroughly examined. The Governor-General seemed to acquiesce, but as yet there has been no action. . . . I believe he has made up his mind, . . . and I may say confidentially that it is not unfavourable. . . . I wish you well in your endeavours to right His Highness, and have little doubt that you will succeed in some measure" (8th Jan. 1859). But just at this time Mr. Edmonstone was made Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Lord Canning having installed him "a quarter of an hour before getting into his travelling carriage." He wrote (13th Feb. 1859):—"I did what lay in my power to get your Nawab's case through Lord Canning's hands; he agreed to every concession but one, still he would not write, and in India, as you know, nothing is accomplished unless a due quantity of foolscap is wasted. With Grant, however, to back your efforts you will have a better chance of success." The question of the rights of the Nizámat was so frequently cropping up, that the Bengal Government requested the Governor-General's Agent to furnish a report on it. Lord Canning broached the subject of the *Narrative* at a private dinner-party, when the Brigadier reminded him that it was "confidential," not in official style, but intended as the basis of a public document, should His Excellency give him permission to comply with the request of the Bengal Government. He also mentioned that he had given away several copies to members of Government and others. Lord Canning gave his sanction on condition that the murder case was not referred to. A few days after, the private secretary inquired to whom the *Narrative* had been given.

Major Mackenzie sent a list of the persons,[1] almost all Secretaries to Government or former Agents, and supposed the Viceroy was satisfied, as he continued to be very friendly for three months, personally asking him to Government House, and consulting him about disbanding the 63d and other points.

On the 23d May Major Mackenzie sent in his official report. It was stronger in facts, but, of course, more guarded in phraseology than the rough summary. Sir James Outram told Major Mackenzie that after reading the *Narrative* he had plainly expressed his own opinion to the Viceroy, that "we had cheated the Názim," and that Lord Canning had answered, "I am afraid we have." Unfortunately Mr. Cecil Beadon had succeeded to the post of Foreign Secretary. The result was, on 10th October, to Major Mackenzie's great surprise, he received a despatch from the Viceroy expressing the most extreme displeasure at his private note of April,—in which he had thanked His Excellency for promising to read the rough *Narrative*,—at the *Narrative* itself, which had been before His Lordship nearly a year, and with the Agent for having given away any copies of it, a fact of which the latter had himself informed him seven months before. The facts were styled "errors" and "misstatements," the language "insubordinate," and the Agent was told that he "ought to have refuted the Názim's pretensions." Major Mackenzie's reply was most courteous, and even meek in tone, pointing out that both the *Narrative* and note were private, and *not official*, that it must have been "by an oversight that his *confidential* communication had been transferred to the Foreign Department," and requesting that the case might be judged by his official report of

[1] One of these, the late Mr. A. R. Young, Secretary to the Bengal Government, warned him "not to trust Beadon, as he was most bitter against the Názim."

23d May, and "not by a private, informal, and avowedly rough sketch," pointing out that he had only quoted six lines of any importance not already published in the Názim's memorials, or in Blue Books, and expressing deep regret at having displeased the Viceroy. It is worthy of note that although Lord Canning's letter professed to be from the Governor-General *in Council*, it appeared that the only member of Council in Calcutta at the time was Sir James Outram, who was wholly on Mackenzie's side.

In the meantime another incident appears to have aggravated Lord Canning's wrath. Jugget Seth, the descendant of the famous banker who rendered such essential service to Clive, had a pension of twelve hundred rupees a month from the Court of Directors. Out of this he gave an allowance to a junior member of his family until the latter behaved very ungratefully, when he withdrew it. The younger man appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Halliday, who ordered Jugget Seth to continue the payment. The Seth remonstrated, and the Agent represented that no one had a right thus to dispose of another man's income. The Lieutenant-Governor was obstinate, and ordered the Governor-General's Agent to deduct the allowance from Jugget Seth's stipend. Upon this the old gentleman refused to draw anything, and sent a memorial, with Major Mackenzie's strong support, first to the Viceroy, and then an appeal to the Secretary of State. Sir Charles Wood reversed the Viceroy's decision. The Agent had the pleasure of learning this act of justice at New Year 1860, which made him joyful for the rest of the day. It seems probable, however, that this defeat excited Lord Canning's anger, for immediately afterwards Mr. Beadon's reply to the explanation sent in by Major Mackenzie arrived, written in a still more intemperate tone than his former letter; saying, *inter alia*, that the Governor-General expected the word

private to be "used in good faith and without equivocation." Upon this my husband's first impulse was to throw up his appointment; but he was persuaded that to hold on would be a better vindication of his character from such unheard-of charges. In his reply he showed that he had behaved with the most perfect openness towards the Governor-General, and that "a departure from the strict rules of truth and honour had never yet been laid to his charge." In fact, the betrayal of confidence was entirely on the side of Lord Canning, who made public use of confidential communications. Lord Canning was so much in the habit of using insulting expressions to gentlemen, that his accusations had no weight except from his official position. About this time another officer was so affronted by him that he resigned, and one of the members of Council comforted him by saying: "Never mind, he has been much more angry with me!" In this instance Lord Canning was obliged to apologise. The Military Secretary also shed tears over his rudeness to himself, and pronounced him "no gentleman." Every one was struck by the tone of personal animosity in the Viceroy's letters; and one of the Secretaries asked Major Mackenzie if he had ever had any personal quarrel with the Governor-General, while all the members of Council took pains to express their sympathy and respect for him. Sir James Outram told him he thought he was in no wise called upon to push the matter any further. Mr. J. P. Grant, the Lieutenant-Governor, said he could not understand "why the Governor-General should take the thing so much to heart;" and when, a few weeks later, Major Mackenzie complained to Sir Bartle Frere of such monstrous accusations as "equivocation" and "bad faith," he answered, "Well, *you* can afford to have that said of you, even by a Governor-General."

As for the Official Report of the 23d May, called for by

the Government of Bengal, and prepared with so much care, it was *never* laid before the Supreme Government. On discovering this, in March 1860, the Agent officially requested it might be forwarded, but was peremptorily ordered to withdraw it, and it was returned to him! The Názim then sent in another memorial, drawn up by an English gentleman of high character. With this the Governor-General's Agent refused to have anything whatever to do beyond simply forwarding it. In July 1861 the Agent was called upon for a report on the Nizámat Deposit Fund, and confirmed the statements of the Názim's memorials (21st July 1861) by copious extracts from the Government records; but recommended that grants of land should, when possible, be substituted for money pensions, so as to transform the relations and dependants of the Nizámat "from idle pensioners into useful country gentlemen."

There was much to be said against a permanent allowance of £160,000 a year to a family who did nothing for it. The Názims had long ceased to exercise any public functions whatever. So long ago as 1770 Clive explained that it was "to avoid umbrage to foreign nations that *the shadow of a Subah* was necessary." The office of Subah or Názim was never hereditary until we made it so; the succession depended on the British Government, and no Názim was invested until the Governor-General's order was issued. Under our protection eight Názims had followed one another whose sole claim was, "*Je me suis donné la peine de naître;*" and the claim on even that score was, in several cases, doubtful. The money is taken from a heavily-taxed people, and it is not just to them to employ it in this manner. True, the British Government have made numerous promises of continuing the stipend and the dignity, and it has clearly no right despotically to repudiate these engagements, or to

seize a fund it had stipulated to preserve. Some solution of the difficult problem, how to be just to the tax-payers yet liberal to the Nizámat had to be found, and the Agent's suggestion of bestowing lands instead of pensions appears a reasonable and just one.

Lord Canning's sudden "change of front" was naturally a source of worry and anxiety for some months, but this did not prevent my husband from enjoying much peace and comfort. He trusted in the Lord to bring him through this trouble, as He had done through many others. In the quiet upper chambers of the Palace he used to read to me in the early mornings, and enjoyed going through White's *Eighteen Christian Centuries*. The weather was so cool that we took a walk every evening, and were glad of a fire after sunset. One evening we went across the river to the burial-ground of the Názims; it was a sort of Musalman *Jour des Morts*, and the whole place was illuminated. Each grave was surrounded by a railing covered with lights in talc shades, and on many of the tombs were a number of flat bedroom candlesticks with lighted tapers, which had a very droll effect. Baskets of bread and sweetmeats were distributed from the tombs to poor Muhammadans. At the head of several of the gravestones of the Názims was a "kaddam rassul," or the supposed impression of Muhammad's foot in clay, which is kept moist and enclosed in a sort of cage. The Shiahs are the Papists of Islam.

There were frequent proofs of laxity of discipline among our men. When the 99th left for Calcutta the Agent had borrowed some of the Názim's elephants to assist them on their march. Two months after one of the elephant coolies, a lad of fifteen, came to him with a very bad bayonet-wound in his shoulder, given him by one of the men because he did not understand some order addressed to him in *English!*—a shameful act of cruelty. The regimental surgeon had sewn

up the wound, but for want of care it was still very bad. With proper treatment it soon healed.

A very clear-sighted man who served throughout the Mutiny, attributed the panic which has several times seized our soldiers to slackness of discipline. The men are not accustomed to implicit obedience in time of peace; obedience in action is, therefore, by no means a matter of course. One cavalry regiment, which fled during the Sikh campaign, behaved gloriously during the Mutiny. So much depends on the leader. Even so good a regiment as the 73d deteriorated from the enforced idleness at Bengal. At the Cape they made all their own coats, trousers, shoes, etc.; built their own huts; raised their own vegetables. Here they are compelled to be idle for eight to ten hours a day (though there is no reason why they should not work as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, etc., as well as at the Cape), and consequently they fall into evil habits, especially drinking.

A really atrocious order was issued some time ago, from the Adjutant-General's Office at Simla, forbidding the men to have pets, prints on the walls of their barracks, or private lights to read by in the evening. This naturally created great indignation and heart-burning. It was treating our men like criminals; and many officers gave refuge to the regimental pets, though at one place the poor dogs, parrots, etc., were, by a heartless commanding officer, turned out even from the cantonment bazar. Sir Hugh Rose, who has done a great deal for the good of the men, reversed this order, stating that it was issued without his knowledge, and that he has always seen these pets with pleasure.

The Agent had returned very tired from a long day of business in Berhampore, and had gone early to bed, when he was roused by a note from Mrs. Vivian, the wife of the

architect of the new Palace, saying, that her husband had been nearly murdered. Eight Irish privates had come into Murshedabad, broken open and robbed some shops, got drunk, and had then gone to the house where Mr. Vivian was living, about two miles from the Palace, and in the most unprovoked manner assailed him with short-knobbed sticks. His pretty little wife rushed out to the assistance of her husband, and called the *choukedar* (watchman). "I'll choke you," said one of the fellows, seizing her by the shoulder, and leaving the print of his bloody hand upon it. "Oh!" cried she, "if Brigadier Mackenzie were here, you would not dare do this!" With frightful oaths they swore they would "do for him too." A black-bearded man, named Prendergast, urged the others on, saying: "Curse these English; we've fought their battles for them, and they won't give us a cup of water." The valiant little woman was so indignant, that she forgot her fear, and, clenching her little fist, hit her assailant on the mouth. He was so drunk, that he tumbled down the steps. She helped her husband, who was covered with blood, into the house, and bolted the doors. The ruffians fell on the poor choukedar, who was coming to the rescue, and murdered him by beating in his skull. The Brigadier at once dressed and armed himself, sent a camel-rider to Berhampore to ask that the check-roll of the regiment might be called, walked over with two of his Afghans, and found Mr. Vivian severely wounded in the head, and the verandah all bespattered with blood. Having bathed and bandaged his hurts, he then drove in to Berhampore. On the way, Ghulám thought he saw a European. My husband and the two Afghans gave chase, but lost him in the jungle, for it was only star-light. He found Colonel Gawler calling the check-roll, and the names of eight absentees were discovered. Two officers turned out

in their day-shirts to know what was the matter, when, seeing the Brigadier in uniform, they rushed in and put on —not their trousers—but their red tunics, in which they cut the most absurd figures imaginable, with bare legs and feet. Two pickets were sent out to arrest the defaulters. Major Mackenzie brought the Sergeant-Major back with him, who, like every other old soldier, remarked: "The army is not so strict as it used to be, sir." Near the city they found one of the culprits insensible in a ditch, so grievously injured (how, no one ever knew, as he was too drunk to remember anything) that the Agent sent back the Sergeant-Major in his carriage to bring a litter, took the man to the dispensary, and sat by him till morning fearing he would die. The Sergeant said he was a soldier of fifteen years' standing, named Sullivan, "a good man, *except for the drink.*" He cried out whenever he was touched, and was only quiet while the Brigadier was by him. He said: "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes." "Then, then, I'll do whatever ye bid me." He kept calling for his father, and "dear Mick." "Mick, where are ye?" "Who is Mick?" said the Brigadier. "My only brother." "Why do you call for him?" "I can't help it," said the poor fellow. He begged, if he died, his African medal might be sent to his father. But it was lost. At last he left him in charge of the guard and the native doctor, and returned home about 6 A.M. After picking up Sullivan, he came upon the body of the unfortunate choukedar, who had just expired. Three men were arrested by Mr. Ryan, the clothes of one of them covered with blood. Dr. A——, our worthy Scotch doctor, while dressing Sullivan's wounds, could not forbear saying, "Eh mon, it's a great pity they ever picked ye oot o' the ditch; far better ye had died where ye were, for ye're sure to string for this,"—which consolatory speech made the poor

wretch look most miserable. We had to go down to Calcutta for the trial, but it was mismanaged; and Major Mackenzie's evidence not having been taken by the Grand Jury, the culprits were not tried for murder, but only for the assault, and were sentenced to penal servitude for six years and under. In the course of it Mr. Ritchie, the Advocate-General, said: "Brigadier Mackenzie, you are *a judge of wounds*, how was this inflicted?" And both he and the judge paid him a high compliment on his energy and promptitude, whereby the prisoners were arrested. The judge spoke with great warmth of Mrs. Vivian's courage and affection for her husband, and said it was a matter to which her children ought always to look back with pride.

During this visit to Calcutta (March-April 1860), we were much interested by making the acquaintance of Mr. James Wilson, the Finance Minister, and his pleasant wife. Mr. Wilson was somewhat like Benjamin Franklin, but with a more genial expression, rather bald, with silky brown hair, and most attractive in manner and conversation. Major Mackenzie mentioned to him, that the natives were preparing to evade the income-tax by a nominal division of their property among the members of their family; adding that he would soon remedy that by making payment of the tax proof of possession. It was curious that when Mr. Wilson, in Council, introduced a clause to that effect, and quoted Brigadier Mackenzie as his authority, Mr. Harrington also quoted his opinion regarding the King of Oudh's affairs.

This was also our first meeting with Sir Bartle and Lady Frere. The former told me that, having heard of my husband ever since he came to India, he expected to meet a respectable elderly officer; but when he saw such a young-looking man, he thought he must be an impostor!

Two deaths took place during our stay. One was the young wife of Mr. Henderson, one of the Scotch chaplains, whose funeral Major Mackenzie attended. He said it was most touching to see her sweet happy face; and then to proceed to lay her remains, in the full confidence of Christian hope, in their quiet resting-place; making way through crowds of painted, shouting, half-intoxicated heathen, "mad upon their idols," flocking to the horrid "hook-swinging;" which, to the disgrace of our Government, was still tolerated in Calcutta, though suppressed in Bombay. Colonel Gordon, of the 1st Sikhs, also died just as he was going home. His last words were: "Close up! Close up! and keep line. How can you go into action in that way?" His desk contained his wife's letters, his children's hair, his commissions, and a pocket Bible quite worn.

The Viceroy was not in Calcutta at this time, but every one gave us the same account, viz. that Mr. Beadon was virtually Governor-General; everything being decided by him, and Lord Canning merely attaching his signature.

We returned to Berhampore at the end of April 1860, and my husband resumed his old habit of hard riding morning and evening, in spite of the unusually hot season, the thermometer being often 89° in the house and 150° in the sun. He rose at 4.30, and of course took a siesta. In May the Názim came in to pay him a state visit, the first time he had done so since Lord Dalhousie diminished his salute. To save him from mortification, Major Macgregor and Major Mackenzie had always received him in the Agent's suite of rooms at the palace, but now, he got his nineteen guns on arriving and leaving, with a company of Europeans as a guard of honour at the Residency. By the Názim's invitation we took out a party to the palace at the Bakri Eed (or, Feast of the Goat), in memory of the sacrifice of Isaac, or

as the Moslems say, of Ishmael. A square place under the palace windows was enclosed with *kanats* (canvas walls); in the middle was an altar of earth with a deep trench at the foot of it, in front of which an unfortunate camel was picketed by ropes round all its feet. A young camel was fastened in the same manner on one side, and many lambs and kids on the other. The camel was afterwards covered with a white sheet looped up at the corners, and when all was ready, was pulled down on its knees, with its long neck stretched over the trench. I was afraid of seeing it killed, so looked out of another window. When I turned again both the camels were dead. Portions of the meat are afterwards sent to the Názim's relations and household, even Christians get a share. There is something very touching in seeing a sacrifice; the innocent animals die in consequence of our sin, and are similitudes of that blessed sacrifice which took it away.

The list of Civil C.B. and K.C.B.'s has given great dissatisfaction. Herbert Edwardes is classed with Mr. Halliday and with General Birch, who had nothing whatever to do with the Mutiny. Mr. Tayler, who saved Patna, gets nothing. Mr. Samuels, who succeeded him when all was quiet, is made a C.B.! There are many other cases of the same sort.

The Názim had taken up his abode with his family at the Mubárak Manzil, and had surrounded the house with high walls of mats up to the top of the verandahs, and about two feet from them, so that the house looked as if it were in a huge packing-case. It was very damp, and four of his sons were attacked by fever, and he himself became very ill, and sent to beg the Agent to come to him. My husband gave him Warburg's Fever Tincture, and sat by him all day, fanning him and keeping him quiet. He left him for five minutes, and on returning, found the room

crammed full of women, the Názim's mother at the head of them, weeping, lamenting and chattering, in a manner to drive a fever patient into delirium. He drove into Murshedabad every day for a week, to look after his patient, but the Názim made a shy request that I would also come to see him. I had often visited his wives when they were ill, and accordingly accompanied my husband the next day, and was carried in a tonjon to the door of his room. The floor was covered with a white cloth, and his bed consisted simply of a thick rug laid on the ground, covered with a sheet, and three bolsters, one at the head and the others on each side. Natives sleep in their day clothes. When the Názim goes to see his sons, he leaves his slippers at the edge of the white cloth with which the floor is covered, because the boys sit upon it, and their meals are placed upon the floor. The invalid asked leave to eat some sago. They poured water over his hands, and he washed his mouth by means of a silver jug and ewer; then the cup of sago and a saucer of very indifferent sugar being placed before him, old Darab Ali Khan mixed them, and ladled up the sago till it was cool enough to eat. His Highness then washed his right hand and mouth again, I think, with a short invocation. I admonished him to keep very quiet, but told him I was quite sure he would *not* do so, which proved true, for about three o'clock the Arzbeghi came to report that His Highness had a *very* bad headache, and that, in spite of the Abyssinians spreading all their ten fingers and trying to keep them out, the women had, as usual, rushed in and talked, as the Arzbeghi said, "worse than in the bazar." My husband went over and found his patient quite excited, his hands hot, and his head aching. "What can I do?" said he, helplessly. "Do!—order them out," said the Agent. "But they won't go; they *will* come in." "Then tell Darab Ali Khan to carry off two of the ringleaders, and

give them a good whipping," was the hard-hearted answer. "But if there are no ringleaders?" "Then catch two or three at random." "But they will say: 'I only talked.'" "That is the very thing they must *not* do." The Diwán told me that yesterday he sent all over the city to procure some palki-bearers, but in vain, as no less than one hundred and fifty were employed in bringing His Highness' relations to lament over him! This is worse than

> "Friends in boots
> Creek round us when we die,
> Snuffling aloud."

At the Agent's next visit, to his amazement and diversion, the Názim said: "Brigadier, I have endeavoured to follow all your instructions, and when the women came yesterday, I told my mother to give two of them a good whipping!" Personal chastisement is so common, even among Musalmans of the highest rank, that the Názim is said to have once beaten his first wife (the only lady among them all) most severely with a stick, owing to some story having been trumped up against her.

In July, just as the Názim was recovering, my husband, who had been riding a remarkably rough, bucking Australian horse, was suddenly seized with excruciating pain in the small of the back. It was slight inflammation of the membrane of the spine, produced, it was supposed, by the violent jolting of the horse, and for some days there was danger of paralysis, but by God's great mercy this was averted, and after ten days of severe suffering, he began to amend. He did not leave his bed for a month. It was a great and sudden trial. He had a kind doctor, his Afghan servants were invaluable, and some of the men of the 73d had a special meeting to pray for him. On the 20th August he was able to walk about the room.

There is more than one complaint against the Názim's mother now before the magistrate, for purchasing children. While Major Mackenzie was ill, a little girl was carried off from her parents. Innumerable letters were written by the Agent to the Názim and others, and at length the poor child was recovered, and her friends were too glad to get her back to prosecute the matter any further. The Diwán, who had a great sense of justice, was very anxious that some steps should be taken to check the sale of girls, and the Agent brought the subject both officially and privately before Government, recommending that the female apartments should be visited by women of character and position, to ascertain of each inmate separately whether she wished to stay or go, but his letter was never answered. When I heard of these things, it struck me that whenever I went to the Deoris all the female attendants, water-carriers, etc., who stood in rows as I passed, were kept at a distance by the Abyssinians.

The more one knows of the Moslim, the lower is one's estimate of their morality, although here and there one of them is better than his religion. In explaining a passage of history to the Názim's sons, Mr. Browning had to speak of sins of impurity, but even these young boys maintained stoutly that nothing of the sort was sinful, except infidelity in a wife. In fact, hardly any of the women in the whole Nizámat, whether called Begums or not, have been married, even in the most temporary fashion. Musalmans have marriages of three kinds—Shadi, which is a grand marriage, with the bride properly dowered, a contract, innumerable ceremonies, and great expense; Nikah, which is a private ceremony, with dower, but still a valid marriage,—and then various kinds of temporary contracts. The Shiahs are really savages in this matter. Among them all children are legitimate, no matter what may be the posi-

tion of the mother, and several of the Názims have been sons of dancing-girls—a most disreputable class. The Shiahs consider it meritorious to have children, and believe that they will receive a reward in Paradise for each!

When the Governor-General's Agent was staying at the palace, the Názim came almost daily to see him. A little son of his, by his first wife, died, but he never mentioned the fact; it is probably difficult to feel deeply the loss of one out of a whole farmyard of children. The Názim said one day that he would not in the least mind bringing his ladies into the company of the Agent or of Captain Layard, but that it is the society of other women that he dreads for them; adding: "Women corrupt each other!" Every one says that the depth of corruption among both Hindus and Moslem cannot be expressed.

A most excellent missionary, familiar with the people and their language from childhood, told Major Mackenzie that the utter pollution of Bengali society would shock the most wicked of Englishmen; the little children six or seven years old are not only adepts in vice, but systematically instructed in all kinds of wickedness by their fathers and mothers! He seemed to think they were even worse than in Upper India. The Musalmans seem worse than the Hindus, and the Shiahs than the Sunis.

It was in 1860 that the indigo riots took place, which ended in the ruin of hundreds of planters. The whole system was a bad one, but the Government of Bengal were so evidently hostile to the planters, that when Mr. Grant issued a proclamation telling the ryots that they were not obliged to sow indigo, they universally believed that the Bengal Government *forbade* them to do it, and it was impossible to convince them to the contrary. If one were asked why he would not sow, the invariable answer was, "Sirkar ka hukm hai" (It is the order of Government).

Major Layard was on a Ganges steamer, and seeing some of the new police exercising, he asked the pilot (a native) who they were. The man gravely informed him that these were the new police raised by the Government to prevent the sowing of indigo. The ryots took forcible possession of the planters' lands, and the latter hired disbanded Sepoys and European sailors from Calcutta to defend their property. It may safely be affirmed that Civil Government did not exist in the Bengal country districts. Every man did what was right in his own eyes. Things may perhaps be better now, but the ryots will always be oppressed and cheated on all sides, until they are educated.

Major Mackenzie was so sociable and genial that he seldom went to the palace without taking out seven or eight officers to spend the day there. On one occasion they came racing back in two boats. Ghulám Ján, the Agent's big Afghan, scandalously pulled against his master in the rival boat, on which two young officers seized paddles and paddled furiously in the Agent's boat, which succeeded in landing the first man. Mackenzie then accused the others of having got on shore at Kuggra, a long way off, and of having *run* to the landing-place, which caused much mirth. In November he took several officers out with the Názim on a tiger party. The tigers were on an immense chur or sand-bank in the Ganges, covered with grass so high that it was often above the heads of the hunters, when they stood upright on their elephants. The Agent had a very powerful female elephant who, when she came to the tiger's lair, trembled all over, seized the matted grass with her trunk and shook it vehemently, crying, "Shoo-ooh! Shoo-ooh!" "exactly," he said, "like a girl afraid of a rat." The grass was too green to burn, and nothing can be done till the jungle can be burnt; but they all enjoyed themselves extremely though they "bagged" no tigers.

In December the weather became unusually cold, and the sickness among the troops so great that one-fifth were in hospital, and many of those on duty looked more fit for their beds. They are always most patient, uncomplaining, and manly, and so modest that one can scarcely get them to ask for anything. They had been remarkably healthy during the hot weather and rains, and the officers still continued so. Knowing by experience how much the appetite requires coaxing after this deadly jungle fever, savoury dishes, soups, and puddings were daily sent to the invalids. It was a great benefit to them at very small expense. It was discovered that owing to the villainy of a contractor, potato flour had been supplied instead of arrowroot, and there is no doubt that many a poor fellow sinks and dies because he cannot take the coarse food which is supplied in hospital. Major Mackenzie held very strong opinions on the necessity of ladies visiting hospitals and looking into the comforts of the men. Many lives are also sacrificed to "red tape." When the excellent doctor indented for more quinine, the Medical Board replied that he had already received his full allowance, quite overlooking the fact that the number in hospital was nearly tenfold the average. The Agent therefore gave all that he had, and the doctor bought the rest, at the rate of nearly an ounce a day, with other medical comforts, out of his own pocket. It was a most fatal season in Calcutta. Cholera carried off three devoted missionaries, Dr. Ewart, Miss Turner, and Miss Don, within a week.

About this time, a very curious encyclical letter was issued by the Chief Mulla at Mekka, and widely circulated in India, lamenting the degeneracy of the Moslem, and saying that hell was never so full as it is now, especially with women; and calling on the faithful to reform themselves and their wives, for Muhammad *and* the Lord

Jesus will speedily come. Soon after the dreadful accounts of the Syrian massacres reached us, Mr. Seddon, a great Arabic scholar, who had formerly been the Názim's Persian tutor, told me that during the siege of Multan (1848-9) he saw a Persian newspaper which quoted the verse in the 9th chapter of the Kurán, which calls on the Moslem to kill all unbelievers in Islam, and added: "But people do not believe this, and persist in thinking that the tiger of the nineteenth century *laps milk.* It is very 'illiberal' to think otherwise!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

INTRIGUES.

(January 1861.)

"Tardi s'avvede
D'un tradimento
Chi mai di fede
Mancar non sa.
Un cor verace
Pieno d'onore
Non è portento
Se ogni altro core
Crede incapace
D'infedeltà."[1]

Clemenza di Tito.

In January 1861 my husband became a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, after thirty-five years' service. He was subpœnaed to Calcutta to give evidence in a law-suit regarding some property of the Názim's. We spent part of the time with our hospitable friend Mr. Macnicol at Howrah. Another friend, Mr. R. Scott Moncrieff, was in the habit of visiting the Europeans in gaol, and informed Colonel Mackenzie that Sullivan, the man he had picked out of the ditch at Murshedabad, had expressed a great wish to see him. He therefore accompanied Mr. Scott Moncrieff, and

[1] "He who knows not how to break faith is slow to perceive treachery. It is no wonder if a heart full of truth and honour thinks every other heart incapable of faithlessness."

found the poor fellow in hospital, with slight fever. He declared that he remembered nothing, having been "quite mad with the drink" the night of the murder. This doubtless is true, for the arrack sold in the bazar is constantly drugged. He seemed very grateful to Colonel Mackenzie, who spoke earnestly to him on the way of salvation, and F——, one of the worst of his comrades, sat on the bed opposite, apparently drinking in every word. On leaving, F—— said: "Good-bye, I wish you well, Sir." It was a great pleasure to me to hear from Colonel Balfour of the Madras army, a very able man, that "the Madras officers felt very proud of my husband, and had greatly rejoiced at his getting the Murshedabad appointment." Certainly it is better to have the honour of reputation and esteem, such as he has from the whole army, than mere *honours*, however high. It is much more flattering to me to hear the expressions of indignation that he has never had Brevet and honours, than if he had got them without earning them, as so many, even good soldiers, have done. But this pleasant trip to Calcutta was productive of unlooked-for results.

There is one very remarkable difference between European and Eastern princes, especially Indian princes. The former become despotic and wilful from the possession of sovereignty; the latter generally lose all will, and are completely dependent on those about them. The Názim, though intelligent and well educated, could scarcely give an answer if his Diwán was away. He looked to him for a decision on every point, and every one about him helped to rule him. It is the same with the Nizám at Haidrabad; it was the same in Clive's time; it has been the same for generations at Delhi and Lucknow. The Musalman princes have always had Hindu Diwáns to manage their affairs, and have always been ruled by their mothers and grand-

mothers, their eunuchs, their servants, and often by any unprincipled European who can gain access to them.

All the affairs of the Nizámat, including those of the numerous relations and pensioners of the family, were managed by the Diwán or Minister, who (since 1787) could neither be appointed nor dismissed without the sanction of Government. Raja Prosunna Narain Deb had got the Názim's affairs into good order, and had done all in his power to prevent his being cheated and robbed by those about him. He had thus made many enemies for himself, and while Colonel Mackenzie was in Calcutta the Názim took advantage of his absence to write a most insulting letter to the Diwán, evidently wishing to drive him to resign, but on the Agent's remonstrance His Highness immediately apologised and said he only "meant to express slight displeasure!" In May 1861 the Agent drove by appointment to the palace (nine miles) to see the Názim, who, after sending word that he was coming, kept him waiting all day and never appeared. He therefore declined to go to Murshedabad again, until His Highness should apologise and pay the usual return visit.

There is no doubt that a certain intriguing physician whom the Názim had dismissed, accusing him of all sorts of crimes, and who had secretly returned from Lucknow, and who had made his master believe that he is not only a great astrologer but that "he can make gold out of quicksilver, and many other miracles," had prevailed upon him to offer this affront to the Agent on purpose to withdraw him from the great personal influence Colonel Mackenzie had acquired over him. The Názim wrote a long letter of excuses in Persian, acknowledging that "the eye of inquiry and comfort has always been directed to him in seasons of sickness," lamenting that "that good friend has disturbed the purity of his heart with such displeasure," and begging

that "he would gladden the heart of this friend by a kind answer, that the dust of chagrin may be mutually allayed;" but he would not pay the return visit. His next step was to abolish the office of Diwán, which he had no right whatever to do. In vain his mother and uncle plainly told His Highness he was wrong. He refused to see them, insulted his mother, and paid no attention to the admonition of the Lieutenant-Governor or to the advice of General Showers, who had been his tutor. The Agent referred the whole matter to Government, and in the meantime refused to acknowledge any other channel of official correspondence than the rightful Diwán. Consequently the Názim's stipend could not be paid, as the Diwán's signature was indispensable to the receipts. The Názim endeavoured to persuade Colonel Mackenzie to come and stay at the palace, ending his letter "with kindest regards, your affectionate friend." The Lieutenant-Governor approved of all the measures taken by Governor-General's Agent.

In June our friend Major Layard, being in Calcutta, the Viceroy questioned him closely about the whole affair, "spoke very kindly" of all Colonel Mackenzie had done for the Názim, and gave Captain Layard to understand that the Agent possessed his confidence. Yet months went on, and still no answer of any kind could be extracted from the Supreme Government. This was of course very trying, but my husband did not suffer it to destroy his peace of mind. He wrote but few private letters, but one to my mother shows the bent of his thoughts:—

"*July* 1861.

"There is no satisfying because no enduring rest save that which remains for the Lord's people. How we look forward to Christ's coming! How the signs of the approach of that

glorious day of deliverance from the remains of sin and of entrance into the kingdom of glory thicken around us!"

Speaking of his official worries, he adds:—

"We are kept in peace, and we shall be, for we commit our way to Him who loves us."

He also occupied himself daily with a school which we began at our house in August, for the detachment of Artillery. He always opened it by reading and explaining a passage of Scripture and prayer. The expression of the poor fellows when they first came was remarkably listless and depressed, which was no wonder, as they were confined to barracks most of the day with nothing to do, and had no light by which they could read or amuse themselves after sunset. The latter want was supplied by the gift of a lamp or two and some oil. Two hours a day were occupied by the school. There were plenty of sums, copies, etc., to prepare for the next day; and a station library for the men, of six hundred volumes, was gathered together. Within a month the men looked quite different. One of them, a Romanist, who was particularly attentive to the Bible-reading, observed: "Words like those couldn't do anybody harm." My husband undertook to teach the most backward of them to read, and did so with the utmost patience and gentleness.

Fresh complications now occurred with the Názim. A long-established rule, invariably acted on all over India, prohibits intercourse between a European or any native of rank and a native prince save through the Political Officer at his Court. The object of this rule is to prevent intrigue, and to protect the native chiefs from the interested designs of adventurers; and so strictly is it observed, that even the Judge and the General commanding the division request the permission of the Governor-General's Agent before visiting the Názim. In November 1861 a lawyer named Montriou, who had already been secretly employed in draw-

ing up the Názim's letters to Government, came up from Calcutta and requested the Agent to introduce him to the Názim, stating that "his sole object was to make His Highness' acquaintance, and that he would carefully abstain from any allusion to political matters or business." The Názim, however, styled him his "legal adviser." As the Názim had already legal advisers of character, Colonel Mackenzie politely declined to comply with Mr. Montriou's request. On this Mr. Montriou threw off the mask, and appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor, avowing, in direct contradiction to his own letter, that he had come "to be the Názim's *guide on the present crisis;*" and, in defiance of the prohibition, remained as a guest at the Palace.

Colonel Durand, the Foreign Secretary, had warned Mr. Montriou of the above stringent rule before he left Calcutta. Nevertheless the Lieutenant-Governor, who up to the 12th November, had acknowledged and acted on this rule, directed that it should now be broken, and that Mr. Montriou and "any other persons should be allowed free access to the Názim." The Bengal Office had never had any experience in political affairs. It is clear that either the Supreme Government should have abrogated this rule, or that it should have been enforced.

Mr. Montriou openly boasted that he would cause the removal of the Governor-General's Agent, and that he was acting under the sanction of Mr. Beadon; and stated that his objects were, to prevail on His Highness to withdraw his memorial of 1860, to abolish the Agency, and "to do away with all the foolish pomp of the Názim's position." He certainly obtained intelligence from the Bengal Office some days before it reached the Agent officially.

Majór Layard, who had known the Názim from boyhood, was struck with the control exercised over him by Mr. Montriou, in whose presence he was "evidently nervous

and curbed." When alone with Major Layard "he spoke *most strongly* of the Agent's former friendship and great kindness to him and his family during many seasons of sickness and distress, asserted most strongly that he had been anxious for months to return his visit in person," and that on one occasion he had actually started in his carriage when Mr. Montriou went after him and brought him back. (This Montriou himself related with triumph.) Major Layard observed that "Mr. Montriou's bearing was most confident and assuming, and his comments on Colonel Mackenzie's acts were most improper and contemptuous, and it is difficult to imagine how it can be possible for the Governor-General's Agent to carry on his duties, with such an undercurrent of cavil continually kept up. Every word, every remark or report is *exaggerated* and distorted into an implied offence and insult. . . . There can be no hope of reconciliation so long as the present state of things lasts."

Colonel Mackenzie had repeatedly requested the instructions of the Supreme Government, and when he complained of being left for *eight months* without any support, or even a hint of the Viceroy's opinion or wishes, the Lieutenant-Governor replied: "You have *no reason to fancy* that you have not the protection and support of Government" (7th January 1862). This proves that Mr. Grant was ignorant of the Viceroy's intentions (an ignorance shared by members of the Supreme Council); for, within ten days, Lord Canning's decision arrived, sanctioning the Agent's course of action, upholding his views by confirming Raja Prosunno Narain Deb as Diwán Nizámat, withdrawing the Agent until the Názim should apologise, but entirely approving of the free admission of Mr. Montriou into the palace! and directing that Colonel Mackenzie should not return, "as any hope of his ever obtaining a salutary influence

over the Názim was out of the question." Lord Canning appeared to have got over his displeasure of two years previous, and had spoken in a friendly manner of Colonel Mackenzie's conduct a few months before; but the secret of this astonishing mandate was, that instead of examining the papers himself, he had kept them until Mr. Beadon's return from sea, and had then made them over to him for decision. This, as Colonel Mackenzie observed, was "like committing the cause of the plaintiff to the judgment of the defendant." Sir George Edmonstone, on becoming acquainted with the facts, wrote:—"There appeared to me at the time *some horrid jobbery* in the matter of Mackenzie's extrusion from the Murshedabad appointment."

Mr. Montriou having effected the object for which he was sent, left the palace for Calcutta, and had no sooner started, than the Názim drove into Berhampore to visit the Agent, though he knew he was leaving. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and affection as to the best friend he had ever had, laid all the blame on bad counsellors, especially Mr. Montriou, who had, he declared, "sold him." To others he spoke of Colonel Mackenzie most warmly.

The regret at the Agent's departure was very great among all classes. The Sunday before he left, twelve of the artillerymen were present, among them three Romanists, who had never come before on that day. He read and explained the 3d chapter of John, illustrating it by the history of Naaman, and when they left several were full of emotion. Colonel Mackenzie was indebted to his staunch friend, Colonel Durand, for being ordered to Calcutta "on duty," and not, as Mr. Beadon wished, "on leave." He left on Tuesday, 27th January, and as he drove past the barracks, the 38th turned out in a body and cheered him most vehemently—one man

who had been asleep, pulling off his cotton nightcap and waving it furiously to give full effect to his voice. As the salute died away, one who heard it remarked: "There is an end of the Nizámat!" and so it virtually was.

On reaching Calcutta Colonel Mackenzie found that Lord Canning had become "most bitter." Colonel Durand, who had assumed charge of the Foreign Office, could do nothing, but showed thorough sympathy and deep disgust at the whole intrigue. At first he only groaned, but meeting Sir Bartle Frere they both "spoke out," and consulted together how they could avert further evil. Their advice was to keep quiet for the present. My husband felt this injustice very keenly, but bore it with great patience and fortitude, and from the first minute, rejoiced that he had obtained justice for the Diwán, who, on his side, always showed the utmost gratitude and attachment to him. He wrote to me:—"I have gained *the* great point,—justice for the Diwán. . . . Our cause is in the hands of Him to whom we look and cry Abba, Father. May He increase our faith, and so enable us to walk hand in hand confidently and cheerfully. . . . I am striving to cast all *our* cares on the Lord." Again: "I pray and trust in the Just One. Join me in rolling off all our cares on our blessed Substitute."

About a month later Lord Canning offered him the appointment of "Superintendent of Army Clothing for all India," so ludicrously inappropriate to his character and services, that when he consulted Sir Bartle Frere about accepting it, the latter laughed till he cried, and likened Mackenzie (who could not help joining in his mirth) to an eagle in a hencoop, but strongly advised his accepting it "as a compliment." He told of having been himself appointed Collector of Customs after being Private Secretary to the Governor of Bombay; and Colonel Durand,

though indignant, related how he had suffered by refusing a Deputy-Commissionership from Lord Dalhousie. My husband was convinced of the prudence of following this advice by the answer he received from the Viceroy's Private Secretary, when he inquired what would be the consequence of declining the appointment. Mr. Bowring replied that "he was not at liberty to mention." He accordingly sent in a capital answer, saying that although "not familiar with the duties of the post, he felt bound to work in any manner by which, in the judgment of the Head of the Government, the public service may be benefited." There is no doubt that the offer was a trap, and that those who made it would have been delighted if he had indignantly declined it. Sir Charles Wood had approved of withdrawing the Agent *as a punishment to the Nawab* for his contumacy, but had expressly desired that Colonel Mackenzie should be handsomely treated. As the salary of the Agent was now reduced from three to two thousand rupees a month, and as the Superintendentship was worth two thousand five hundred, they would have informed the Secretary of State that Colonel Mackenzie had been offered a good appointment but had declined it.

In the meantime I had rejoined him from Berhampore, where every one had vied in showing me kindness and attention. Pulin Bábu, a Hindu gentleman, lent me his carriage that I might send our own down to Calcutta. The Diwán accompanied me to the boats, the whole detachment of Artillery turned out to shake hands with me, some of them with tears, and one who was on sentry was relieved, that he too might come to say good-bye.

Nothing could have been more soothing than a month spent at Serampore with the most hospitable of friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith. Mr. Smith was editor of the *Friend of India*, the best paper in the country, and their

house—the former residence of Carey and Marshman—was the focus of the most interesting society of Calcutta, to which many still look back with loving regret for "the days that are no more." Here we had the happiness of meeting for the last time on earth our dear old friend, Mr. Janvier of the Lodiana Mission, then on his way to resume work, and to die by the hand of a fanatic two years later. After a visit to another kind friend, Mr. Macnicol, at Howrah, we took up our abode in apartments in Calcutta. We met the Hope-Grants, whom we had not seen for twelve years, at a dinner party; Sir Hope bowed, shook hands, and then said to his hostess: "I suppose that must be a younger brother of Colin Mackenzie's?" On hearing it was he himself he rushed round the table and seized him by the arm to express his delight at meeting him, and cried: "Why, Colin! you must have thought me *very* cold just now!"

Lord Elgin arrived on the 12th March 1862. We were, of course, invited to the farewell dinner to Lord Canning, but I avoided going. Lord Canning left an enormous amount of arrears in every Department (two years' arrears in the Foreign Department alone), partly from his habit of delay and the difficulty he appeared to have in making up his own mind, partly from his having no notion of mental perspective. For instance, the despatch relating the escape of the Jalandar mutineers contained the word "absconded." This escape was a very important matter, but the only remark Lord Canning made was a marginal note: "Should it not be 'deserted?'" He was much better liked after he went to the Upper Provinces, and in some degree shook himself clear of his Calcutta advisers, but his nickname of "Clemency Canning" was quite a misnomer, for he never interfered in behalf of any but Sepoys. Unfit men were appointed with the greatest recklessness to act as Com-

missioners. In many instances they hanged right and left in the most indiscriminate manner, and two or three years after Mr. George Campbell was sent up to inquire into these proceedings. Such an inveterate habit of delay, would have been ludicrous had it not been tragic. Lord Elgin was a much better man of business, sending back the despatch boxes—as one of the secretaries said, "like a cricket ball," but he had not the art in which Lord Dalhousie excelled, of gathering information from every one. He never put a question to Mr. Ellis, so well acquainted with Nagpur; to Mr. Erskine, the Legislative member for Bombay; Mr. Edmonstone, Lieutenant-Governor of Agra; or to Mr. Roberts, from the North-West.

In the meantime Colonel Mackenzie was acknowledged on all sides to have been entirely right in his conduct of Nizámat affairs, members of Government did not hesitate to say that he had been "scandalously treated," and that the proof of it was to be found in the fact, that "even Mr. Beadon could not discover a single point on which to blame him." The whole course of events justified him, for the Názim continued to go down hill at an accelerated pace. Government having accepted a very lame apology from the Názim, in which he said that "as the Viceroy pronounced him wrong, he must be wrong," Major Thompson of the Body-Guard was appointed Governor-General's Agent. The Názim began by trying to bribe both him and the Bengal Secretary, to the extreme indignation of the Agent. All the old subjects of dispute were revived. Major Thompson soon had to complain of the Názim's "groundless assertions" and "garbled account," and adds (14th February 1863):—"So long as the Názim is surrounded by his present advisers (attorneys, clerks, etc.), whom the Governor-General's Agent has now no power to remove, there is but small chance of closing the breach

between him and the Diwán, as it is the gain of these persons to keep up ill-feeling, and create a separation from the Agent and from the British Government, in order to plunder the Názim without hindrance."

In January 1863 the Názim was persuaded to bring an action for damages against Colonel Mackenzie, for having withheld his stipend for want of a proper receipt. Lord Elgin in Council expressed his displeasure at "vexatious proceedings calculated to give trouble and annoyance to an officer who did nothing more than his duty," and announced (23d January) "the intention of Government to support Colonel Mackenzie." Colonel Durand told the Viceroy that "had Colonel Mackenzie been properly supported the whole matter would have been settled at once, but as Lord Canning had not done so there was endless trouble and confusion. The Diwán thus described the situation :— "The quarrels between the Nawab and the Agent, between the Agent and the Commissioner, between the Agent and the Bengal Government, between the Bengal Government and the Supreme Government, and between myself and the Nawab, are still going on."

Mr. Beadon, in 1863, made a most unfair attack on Colonel Mackenzie and the Diwán, "carefully concealing from view that every statement made by the Colonel was true," and ending by "strongly recommending" the dismissal of the Diwán. To this Sir John Lawrence (Lord Elgin had died November 1863), curtly replied :—"His Excellency in Council will not censure Colonel Mackenzie, nor remove the Diwán." The whole Council (with one exception) heartily concurred, and a warm friend wrote :—"I hope I have now seen the last of these disgraceful intrigues to blacken the character of as fine a soldier and gentleman as ever stepped."

In October 1863 Mackenzie forwarded an appeal to the

Secretary of State through the Government of India recapitulating his action at Murshedabad, and concluding with these words:—"Although I have been hitherto thwarted in my endeavours to maintain my country's honour, I have at least the satisfaction that by so doing I have preserved my own, and I do not therefore grudge the price I have been called upon to pay, viz. the sacrifice of my own interests; which it appears would have been best consulted by stopping my ears to the outcry of the Nizámat family for justice, and by refusing to make a representation of the true state of the case to Government."

In reply Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State, confirmed Colonel Mackenzie's main contention regarding the Nizámat by declaring (17th June 1864):—"The Deposit Fund *unquestionably belongs to the Názim and his family.*"—Government should manage it, but should occasionally consult the Názim through the Governor-General's Agent. Thus Mackenzie was victorious "all along the line." Finally, the Názim, seeing the firmness of the Supreme Government, dismissed his bad advisers, said that "he was indeed sorry" for all that he had done, promised to behave better in future, begged that "what had passed since May 1861 might be buried in oblivion," and in 1864 sought reconciliation with the Diwán, to whom he presented a very handsome gold watch, inscribed:—"From the Nawab Názim to Raja Prosunno Narain Deb Bahadar, as a mark of regard and esteem," urging him to resume the control of his private affairs, as he was over head and ears in debt. This the Raja declined, for, so long as the Názim is under the thumb of his rascally Hakim, who had been arrested for forgery, there was no hope of doing him any good.

On Colonel Mackenzie's return to India the following year the Názim wrote to congratulate us both, and to beg that "bygones might be bygones" and the past forgotten.

We met his suite one day, old Darab Ali and all the slaves and followers put themselves in the Colonel's way, and salamed most anxiously, but Colonel Mackenzie declined to renew friendly intercourse with a man whom it was hopeless to benefit.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SUPERINTENDENT ARMY CLOTHING.

(1862-1865.)

COLONEL MACKENZIE rapidly mastered the details of his novel vocation. There was a great deal more work than at Murshedabad, but no worry. Lord Elgin paid him the compliment of appointing, on his recommendation, a very able officer, Colonel F. Wroughton, as Clothing Agent for the Bengal Army. In conjunction with him many reforms were suggested and some were effected. But the Department was in a very destitute condition. There were nine hundred tailors permanently employed, and no proper place for them to work—no chests to hold the stores! He applied in 1863 for fifty additional sewing machines, but the application had not reached England in 1865! Even that rigid economist, Sir John Lawrence, who had by that time become Viceroy, approved of all that he had demanded, but the Military Finance Committee so pertinaciously objected to the necessary outlay, that the Governor-General referred the matter home. Sir Charles Wood promptly concurred with the Governor-General and sanctioned all Colonel Mackenzie's requisitions (17th February 1865). It was curious that so masterful a man as John Lawrence should have often hesitated to override the opinion of a Department; but his old habit of subordination made him refer everything to the Secretary of State. Colonel Mac-

kenzie's successor, Colonel Monty Turnbull, reported to him in 1871 that the Clothing Department was "working beautifully owing to the improvements he had introduced and the battles he had fought with Government, by which he obtained the means of carrying it on efficiently." Colonel Turnbull said most emphatically: "We owe everything to you;" and Government itself acknowledged that he had done great things for the Department.

The disorganisation of the Indian Army, which had been recently carried out, excited the gravest anxiety in Colonel Mackenzie's mind. He considered the Irregular system, which produced splendid results with picked officers and picked men, quite inapplicable to the whole army; and it was curious to hear the Adjutant-General, now Sir Donald Stewart, express precisely the same views on the folly of depriving native regiments of their own officers, whom they knew and trusted, and inquire where officers were to be got to replace those who fell, when the whole army had only five or six to each regiment.

The hot weather set in about the 8th of April, and the unhealthy situation of Colonel Mackenzie's office and its want of air affected his health. In August and September the thermometer was 92° in the house and sometimes 103° in the office. He had had a bad attack of bronchitis the previous Christmas, and was now troubled with a very severe cough, which got better as the cold weather set in, but then he suffered from the wound in his head. We therefore resolved to go home at the beginning of the next hot season. Whenever his health improved his spirits rose, and the flood of comical absurdities with which he teased his niece, who was about to be married, was truly amazing.

A charming Christmas week was spent at Serampore in 1862. None can enjoy a holiday like those who have regular hard work; and as this was the case with every one

of the party, the whole of them behaved themselves more like boys and girls than like "Able Editors," Heads of Departments, and Secretaries to Government. My husband had brought a large India-rubber ball for "little Willie," but it was laid hold of by his elders, to whom it gave great satisfaction by knocking off the hats of unsuspicious persons. It was droll to see the grave astonishment of the native servants and the dogs at these unwonted frolics, and the unbounded delight of the Afghans whenever I hit my husband with the ball. Nor were graver delights wanting. The society and the conversation were of the best, and the preaching of Mr. Ridsdale, the English chaplain, and of Mr. Trafford and others of the Baptist Missionaries, was greatly enjoyed.

Serampore is famous for the worship of Jagganat. Several persons having been crushed to death by the idol's ponderous car, at the next feast a European police officer was seen between the ropes by which the car is dragged, directing the whole business. This apparent complicity with idolatry could easily be avoided. But far from it, a magistrate, being in want of money for some public purpose, in order to get the *Gūrū* (priest) to subscribe, the idol being very rich, not only paid him a visit, but actually made salam to the idol, upon which the priest subscribed three thousand rupees. This is really most disgraceful, besides its wickedness. Lord Dalhousie was guilty of offering one thousand rupees at the shrine of Govind at Amritsur, and it is said he did it with his own hand.

Colonel Mackenzie met with a curious illustration of his favourite doctrine that education without Christianity does more harm than good. He was speaking to a very intelligent native merchant, who gave him much information on trade in general, in very good English, and mentioned the high prices fetched by the Kirwee jewels, which were then selling in Calcutta. The merchant said he had bought

nothing but a lot of gold Mohurs of the time of Shah Jehan and Akbar, worth about £50. The Colonel asked if he expected to make a good profit on them. "Oh," said he, with an air of surprise, "I don't mean to sell those. I bought them to worship them. That is very lucky gold—that brings luck." So much for an English education, or rather an education in English. The Názim used to say he had only one fault to find with his own education, which was, that Captain Showers would not suffer him to read anything on religion, consequently he grew up ignorant of all creeds, even of his own. But Government so far as they can, *forbid* Christian instruction being given even to those who ask for it. This irreligious system is by no means approved of by the natives in general, and there is no doubt that they have much greater confidence in mission schools than in Government ones. Dr. Duff mentioned that he urged a very intelligent Bengali gentleman to tell him frankly the real reason why Bengalis were so opposed to the education of their women. "Is it fear of loss of caste?" "No," said the Bábu, "it is not that. Some of us at least, know better than to care for caste." "What, then, is it; is it fear of something?" "Yes, it is fear." "But of what?" "Well, the truth is that the young men by education have become so bad, that we are afraid of the women becoming bad too." Dr. Duff said he never heard the real reason of the opposition to female education so plainly stated before. He showed the Bábu that this was only the result of education without religion, but not of that which is given by the missionaries. A little time ago a native gentleman said of the young girls in Dr. Duff's school: "I know a good deal of them. I am acquainted with many of their families—they are very strange girls." "How are they strange?" inquired Dr. Duff. The answer was remarkable: "They are incapable of vice."

According to our intention we left Calcutta on the 9th April 1863 in the French steamer at 5.30 A.M. In spite of the early hour many friends came on board to bid us farewell.

We had a large and pleasant party, among them Colonel and Mrs. Vincent Eyre, Colonel and Mrs. Waller, all Afghan captives; Colonel and Mrs. Saunders Abbott, and Mr. Hutton, the excellent chaplain, from Dumdum. An A.D.C. of General Hearsey, who was on board, mentioned that when the outbreak took place at Barrackpore in March 1857, the General strongly urged Lord Canning to send for troops from the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, and China, and remonstrated against sending the Artillery and the 88th back to Burma; but his advice was considered "very wild."

From Alexandria, where we had for the first time the pleasure of seeing the flag of Italy, the voyage to Trieste in the Austrian-Lloyd steamer was a perfect pleasure cruise, among the lovely Greek islands.

At Miramar we came across the Archduchess Charlotte, blooming and radiant, walking at a most vigorous pace with her husband. Both bowed courteously, and she turned to look at Ghulám, who was gorgeous in yellow satin. The ill-fated pair were about to leave all the beauty of this enchanting abode for Mexico, the husband to lose his life, the unhappy wife her reason. In the train going to Verona, we met a very interesting Italian gentleman who had fought for freedom in 1848-9, was arrested in 1853, condemned to death without any trial, and with his fellow-sufferers kept for nine months under that sentence; so that, whenever they were sent for to be questioned, they took leave of each other, thinking they were summoned to execution. He was imprisoned for four years on the Spielberg, and said that Silvio Pellico had not told half the horror of that captivity, for in Pellico's time two were imprisoned together,

and they were in the hands of the civil authorities; but it was afterwards placed under military rule, which is far more severe. Seven of this gentleman's unfortunate companions were put to death. "Shot?" With an indescribable tone of grief and horror he gently corrected the speaker —"*Hanged.*" At the end of nine months' suspense he was condemned to seventeen years' "carcere duro"—*i.e.* cruel imprisonment—and was kept for fourteen months in solitary confinement. He said it was quite impossible to convey any idea of the suffering of solitary imprisonment. He asked for an English grammar, and even that means of passing the weary hours was refused him. Once in three months he was allowed to hear from his friends; but the letters were always three months old before they reached him. He is a Lombard, and therefore now, as he said, "as free as in England." As a specimen of the value of the brand new Austrian constitution, he mentioned that he had just been on business into Venetia, and was quietly in his bed at midnight, when Austrian officials burst into his room, obliged him to get up, ransacked all his baggage, and when they found nothing went away. Of course they dared not touch him, a free Italian; but they might have found some letter or paper which could have been made a pretext for injuring an unfortunate Venetian. He spoke of Ricasoli[1] as a man whom all Italy loves and honours—of ancient, chivalrous good faith and honour; of Rattazzi with moderation, but as "*servissimo*" (most servile) to Louis Napoleon; and with great pleasure and pride of Visconti. He was a man of few words, who was only drawn on to speak of his sufferings by the ardent sympathy for Italy of his fellow-travellers.

Verona was swarming with Austrian troops, and several

[1] Ricasoli, though not avowedly a Protestant, yet reads the Bible to his family, and is a man of unblemished private character.

of their officers dined at the *table d'hôte*, and made themselves very obnoxious by their gross manner of feeding, and by the airs of superiority and swagger they gave themselves. The insolent manner in which they spoke to the Italian servants was most irritating.

At Milan we made friends with the excellent English chaplain Mr. Williams and his wife, and with Signor and Signora Turino, at the head of the newly-founded Waldensian Mission. Almost every educated Italian is an unbeliever; but everywhere people are willing to hear the Gospel, and many think that *if* there be any truth, it is to be found among Protestants. Some thirty students at Pavia, where Signor Turino holds a weekly evangelical conference, said to him on first coming: "We do not believe, but we want to know; we think *if* truth is to be found, you probably have it." The feeling against clerical schools is very strong. The priests are thoroughly distrusted on account of their immorality, and this reason is openly stated as an undeniable fact. Superstition seems to have eradicated all reverence. An Italian lady related to an English friend that she had required a picture of the Virgin for some festival, and that, not having one, another lady lent her "a picture of Venus, which *did just as well!*" People were making merry over a speech of Gavazzi's, in which he mentioned that no less than *five* tongues of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, are exposed to the veneration of the faithful in different churches. The great preacher added sarcastically: "We all know the use a woman can make of one tongue, what must it have been in the days when women had *five!*" The famous Ambrosian Rite is still cherished at Milan. When questioned as to its use, a priest answered: "Yes, and never will it be changed (*mai non si cangerà*)." They will not suffer priests of the Roman rite to officiate at high altars or on great festivals. The Ambrosian Rite is

said to have been tampered with; but though it is somewhat better than the Roman—for instance, on the 5th of May instead of honouring S. Pius V. as an "inflexible Inquisitor who crushed the enemies of the Church," Milan commemorates only the conversion of Augustine. On the 26th May the Romish service is in honour of Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), who is lauded for depriving the Emperor Henry IV. of his kingdom, and releasing his subjects from their allegiance (*fide ei data liberavit*); but Milan only honours Dionysius, an old archbishop. The version used is the old Italic which preceded the Vulgate. Carlo Borromeo stoutly defended the Ambrosian Rite; but nothing can be more clearly idolatrous than the *ex votos* (arms, legs, eyes, etc.) offered at his shrine, or the inscriptions on the grave-slabs of his successors, Federigo Borromeo, Visconti, and others commending themselves in life and death to the Virgin as "her devoted slaves."

Colonel Mackenzie travelled in uniform, having no plain clothes; and when he attended the evening service of the Evangelical Church (then held in a large room, which had been a shop), Mr. Turino begged him, after the service, to say a few words to the people, as it would encourage them to see a Christian officer and a foreigner express the same faith as themselves. Mr. Turino interpreted sentence by sentence. The Colonel began by expressing the deep sympathy felt by his countrymen for the Italian cause; his delight at seeing that they now enjoyed religious freedom, and the power of hearing the Gospel; and, still more, that some had embraced it. He told them of the progress of the Gospel in the Indian Army; of Havelock and "his saints;" and of dear Hope-Grant meeting for prayer with his men throughout the Panjab campaign, and of some of the wonderful deliverances from peril he himself had experienced; and gave the history of the captives' deliverance

in Afghanistan; how they were all brought together to be sold as slaves to Tartary, without which gathering all could not have been rescued; how Saleh Muhammad, their jailer, though belonging to that most suspicious of all races, the Afghans, yet risked everything on a scrap of paper signed by himself, and three other officers; how prayer had been made, and *was* heard, and the captives delivered. They seemed greatly interested, and one reminded him of it sixteen years after. We spent a very interesting week at Turin in the beginning of June, in the society of our old friends the Pulszkys, at whose house we met many of the Italian "Party of Action,"—and in that of Mr. Charles Bunsen, Prussian Secretary of Legation, and Mr. Meille, the Waldensian pastor, an admirable preacher. In the Chamber of Deputies the gentlemanly appearance and behaviour of the members were remarkable, as also the extreme fluency, ease, and propriety with which they spoke. There was no hesitation, no awkward habits, a good deal of animated action, but nothing violent, theatrical, or declamatory; much natural eloquence, but no French spouting. The fine heads of the majority were very noticeable.

As the clergy of Turin were to sing a *Te Deum* on the Festival of the Statuto (Constitution), a few troops were sent *per contra* to the Festival of the Corpus Domini, with a band of music, which played the most vivacious and irreverent, one may say, rollicking marches, as the Host passed by. Scarcely any one knelt; some raised their hats each time a crucifix passed, but, as a whole, little respect was shown. The priests talked and looked about them, so did the penitents. Everything was rather shabby, hurriedly and carelessly done.

We heard a perfect encyclopedia of histories and anecdotes of the King and Royal Family, of Garibaldi, Cavour,

etc., etc. All the Princes of the House of Savoy were formerly brought up by priests; were extremely ignorant, very bigoted, and very immoral. Carlo Alberto would

> "Compound for sins he was inclined to
> By damning those he had no mind to,"

and was persuaded to buy up all the ancient Waldensian books and documents he could procure, and burn them. "Nostro Vittorio," as he was affectionately styled, was very wilful in some things, undisciplined and unaccustomed to control himself. He was passionately fond of chamois-hunting; and rented some hunting-grounds, where all the peasants knew him, and were very fond of him. Returning one day heated from his sport, he found the river swollen, and no horses to take him over. Too impatient to go round half a mile over the bridge, he plunged in nearly up to his neck and waded through. His suite were obliged to follow his example. What happened to them is not recorded, but His Majesty got a severe cold and fever, and became very ill indeed. The Court doctor, who was already blamed for the deaths of the two Queens and the Duke of Genoa, went to Cavour and begged to give up the charge of his Royal patient, saying he could not undertake the responsibility. Cavour reassured him by promising that he himself would be answerable for the King's observance of his prescriptions, and accordingly took up his position next to the King's bedroom, where he could transact business, and at the same time watch over his Royal master, and make him take his physic. The anxiety felt lest the King should die, reached the peasants of his shooting-ground, and three of them came down to inquire for him. The King desired that they should be admitted into his room, and, when alone with him, they expressed their grief at seeing him so ill, and asked what they could

do for him. "Oh," said the King, "they won't let me eat anything, and they won't let me smoke. I should like some polenta, but how could you get that?" "We'll manage that easily," said the peasants; so they went out, bought tobacco and meal, and all the materials for making mushroom polenta, including the charcoal, which they hid under their loose jackets. They returned, lit a fire on the floor of the royal bedchamber, and made a huge dish of polenta. The King got out of bed, wrapped up in his blankets, sat on the floor, and made a mighty meal with his three peasants. When they had finished, they began to smoke the strong tobacco, and were so happy and noisy that Cavour, who fancied the King was asleep, looked in and saw what they were about. Great was his alarm; but the King, far from dying, began to amend from that hour, so that experience may be said to prove that mushroom polenta and strong tobacco are the best remedies for fever.

Returning to Milan, the whole journey—*via* Bellagio, the Via Mala, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basel, Heidelberg, reaching London on the 9th July—was marked by enjoyment, greatly heightened by the companionship of a dear kinswoman, Mrs. Elphinstone Dalrymple. Then followed happy meetings; and then, alas! a summons to the death-bed of an attached friend, the Rev. Edward Eyre. We afterwards had some delightful visits to that abode of love and peace, Beckenham Rectory.

But at Bath in October 1863, my husband suddenly became dangerously ill, and a time of intense anxiety followed. He was reduced almost to a skeleton, and it was not till the following May, after a most beneficial stay on Dartmoor, that he was convalescent. As the illness was partly attributed to the change to a cold climate, he was allowed to return to India in October 1864, and our Silver Wedding

(21st November) was passed at sea. We arrived in Calcutta on the 29th.

Sir John Lawrence had succeeded Lord Elgin as Governor-General the previous January. Great anticipations of his career as Viceroy, were entertained by most Europeans, but the appointment was not regarded with satisfaction among the natives. One Raja wrote to us:—"From what I know of Sir J. Lawrence since he was a magistrate of Delhi, the natives of this country, owing to the rough way in which he treated them, will not like him much." His Viceroyalty certainly did not increase the deservedly great reputation he had won in the Panjab. Staff appointments in India are for five years, and if an officer takes furlough he resumes his appointment on his return. Colonel Mackenzie accordingly went back within the allotted time; but no sooner did Sir John Lawrence hear that he was coming out, than he abolished the post of Superintendent of Army Clothing for all India, leaving merely an Agent for each Presidency. Colonel Mackenzie received a gratuity of six months' pay, and had an interview with Sir John, who pointed out that there was at the moment no vacancy of a sufficiently high class to suit him. Colonel Mackenzie replied, "Then I'll wait," and came away persuaded that the Viceroy would replace him in a position at least equal to the former as soon as one became vacant. To this he was absolutely entitled by the custom of the service. Sir John sanctioned his waiting in Calcutta, with the privilege of the *entrée*, which belonged to his late appointment. My husband wrote:—"We are content to wait on the Lord, and meanwhile are very grateful for partially-restored health.

As usual we were warmly welcomed by our friends and soon took up our old quarters at 3 Middleton Row. Calcutta and the neighbourhood were full of traces of the

terrible cyclone of October. One great steamer, the *Bengal*, was lifted inland by the wave without being damaged, and a canal had to be cut to get her back. In one part of the river six or seven large steamers were lying wrecked; another was broken in two, so that one saw a section of each deck; one vessel lay across the course; and at the landing-place they were piled up one above another as if a child had been weary of its toys and flung them down in a heap. Trees at Barrackpore lay in rows like swathes of corn. The loss of life among the native population below Calcutta can never be known. At one place where there were fifteen thousand inhabitants some years ago, and which had since increased in numbers, there are now only five thousand left. Lord Dalhousie saw the necessity of an auxiliary port to Calcutta, the Hugly being the most dangerous part of the whole voyage from England. A safe and convenient port was found at Mutlah, a railway was made, a town planned, the lots sold, and a Port Canning Land Company was formed with shares of one thousand rupees each. There was a sort of mania for them, and they quickly ran up to nine times their value. Colonel Mackenzie had forty shares, but he steadily refused to sell more than two, thinking himself bound in honour not to back out of the Company. The shares fell, and the result was that he was rather a loser. Sir John Lawrence eventually gave up the port, and caused considerable loss to those who had bought lots on the faith of Government support. The Bhutan affair, so justly characterised by Sir Charles Wood as "disgraceful," had just taken place. The Envoy, Mr. Ashley Eden, having been treated with every kind of indignity, had signed a treaty binding the Government to pay tribute to Bhutan! Colonel Mackenzie remarked to the Military Secretary (Colonel Burne): "You or I could never have got over such an affair." "Ah, but we are

military," was the answer. Long may it be before an officer is not "politically extinguished by such conduct!"

The Wahábis had been proved guilty of causing and supporting the invasion of our territories by the Sitana fanatics, with whom they were in the closest connection. A young civilian, Mr. Monro, was the means of discovering the thread of the intrigue, and arrested Ahmedullah, a deputy-collector and trusted servant of Government, who had been at the bottom of a whole series of intrigues against Government. Mr. Tayler had arrested him in 1857, but the Bengal Government insisted that there were no Wahábis, no danger, and no disloyalty. Sir Herbert Edwardes tried some Wahábis at Ambala, found them guilty of stirring up a crescentade or religious war against the Queen, and sentenced them to death. But the Viceroy commuted the sentence to transportation, on the ground that the Government had been informed long before of their plots, and had taken no notice of the information. This was fair, but what a censure on the stupidity of Government! There was no doubt that the Wahábis of both Patna and Lucknow were at the bottom of the plot, but Ahmedullah himself had been so cautious that nothing could be traced to him, until a bill for five hundred rupees—part of a sum of four thousand which he had supplied to the Sitana fanatics —was, owing to some mistake, protested. All the other bills had been duly honoured, but this one was sent back, endorsed by every person through whose hands it had passed, to the Hindu banker from whom Ahmedullah had purchased it. A telegram about it fell into the hands of the magistrate, who had the sense to follow up the clue. All the Hindu bankers concerned in remitting the funds for the Crescentade were obliged to attend the trials at Ambala, and to produce their books, which were kept for months. They then had to attend the trial of Ahmedullah

at Patna, and produce their books again, a thing a Hindu abhors, and altogether they were put to such inconvenience, besides being frightened out of their wits as to personal consequences, that it will be very long before they again lend any assistance to Wahábis. One banker was so alarmed that he produced two more bills of which the authorities had known nothing. Ahmedullah was sent to the Andamans. But "throughout Eastern Bengal, up by Delhi and the Panjab, the Wahábi organisation is still alive, waiting for better times, and expecting a new generation of Sahibs who *will have forgotten the past.*"

Colonel Mackenzie was speaking of —— to Mr. Harrington, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and bluntly pronounced him "a rogue." Mr. Harrington, who is remarkable for the mildness and moderation of his expressions, replied: "I don't know that he is exactly a *rogue*, but he has such a *crooked mind*," which was really charming by way of a charitable excuse.

Our dear old friend Behari Lal Singh, who was carrying on a successful mission at Bolio, came to Calcutta to see us. He said: "Missionaries in Calcutta do not know the natives. I thought I knew the Bengalis, but I did not know half their wickedness and tricks till I went to live among them in the Mufassil.[1] As long as I lived in Calcutta I thought the missionaries were right about the indigo planters, and that these were tyrants and oppressed the people; but, now that I know them, I have quite changed my opinions. It is their native Omlah who oppress the people." Mr. Deverill, an indigo planter of very high character, when asked if the ryots were oppressed, replied; "They are, by the Omlah" (officials, clerks, etc.), "but if they would complain we could prevent it." This is the great difficulty in dealing with Bengalis—they will not stand

[1] *Mufassil* (country districts).

up for themselves. Behari remarked: "And if they had wished to complain to Mr. Deverill, they would have found the Omlah like twelve or twenty closed doors, to prevent their getting at him."

The one zamindar (landholder) who has exerted himself to alleviate the distress caused by the cyclone in the Sunderbands, is Mr. Hugh Fraser, and he has been toiling at this good work from the first, although the poor starving people broke open his salt *godowns* (storehouses) to get salt to eat with the grass on which they fed until help came.

Sirdar Muhammad Hasan Khan unexpectedly arrived from Lodiana, and stayed some days. He looked sadly worn, and by his face might have been thought seventy. It was like a sharp sword wearing through the scabbard. He hated John Lawrence, who long ago, not knowing how to bear with his Afghan vehemence and plain speaking, turned him out of his presence. Henry Lawrence would never have done that! Hasan Khan was present at a party one evening, and every one was most courteous to him. The evening before he left, he suddenly asked his friend: "What do you think of my religion?" Colonel Mackenzie replied: "If I thought well of it I should be a Musalman, but you see I am not." Then said Hasan Khan: "What are the principles of your religion?" He had often heard them before, but this time he *asked* to be told, and listened with interest while my husband explained to him the necessity of a sacrifice for sin, and the nature of our Redeemer's work. He assented and approved, and Mirza (who had been in our service as writer at Murshedabad)—being an educated man and knowing somewhat of the Scriptures—openly agreed. On leaving, Colonel Mackenzie presented Hasan Khan, to his great delight, with his own magnificent telescope rifle. It was their last parting. This chivalrous soldier died suddenly about a year later. His

daughter wrote to me some time before: "My father goes now and then to the missionaries of this station, and hears them cordially, as he is much anxious for the future world, and he shall feel much obliged to you for your precious words for the immortal soul."

Our faithful, excellent servant, Atta Muhammad, came back to us when we returned to India. He was very confidential, and used to report everything to me. The rains having almost failed, food was at famine price, and it was necessary to make an extra allowance to servants. One evening Atta burst forth with a description of the sufferings of the poor in Calcutta. "Formerly," said he, "the Sahibs were most tender-hearted, they took care of the poor, and helped them; now, if a man's house is burned down, he gets fifteen rupees, and is told to take himself off. There is much *zulim* (oppression) and tyranny of which you, O nourisher of the poor, know nothing. How should *you* know! There is nobody, not the Police Sahib, nor the Magistrate, nor the Judge, nor the Commissioner, who cares anything about the poor. If a man cries out to one of these Sahibs, they say: 'Go to the Kacheri,' and if he goes to the Kacheri he is hustled hither and thither by the chaprásis, and unless he gives a bribe to this one, and another to that one, they won't let him in. A Sahib will take a palki and go a long way; when he gets out he will give the bearers half their fare, and if they ask for more, he kicks and cuffs them. In some places up country the magistrate goes into the bazar and asks questions, What is the price of rice? of flour? of pulse? How do the poor people live? Any one can speak to such a Sahib,[1] but here they never go round and never ask. A poor man cannot get at a Sahib, and whatever he does *he is fined.*"

[1] This is what John Lawrence used to do. With all his roughness he had great compassion for the poor.

We always took pains to teach our servants that it was a sin to hurt any living thing, because it was a creature of God, and that if it must be killed, it should be done swiftly. Not long after they came to us, some small act of cruelty was spoken of. Atta expressed his humane views in rather a savage manner. "If I were to do that," cried he, "*my mistress would cut me into very small pieces!*" While in Calcutta a little sparrow fell out of its nest in a corner of my room. My husband sent for a cage, and overheard Atta say to the other servants as he took it carefully into the verandah: "Our lives for the life of this little bird, such is the Mem Sahib's order. After all," he added, philosophically, "it was its *kismet* (fate) that it should fall out of its nest."

About this time Colonel Mackenzie was spoken of as Governor-General's Agent for Rajputáná, but it was given to Colonel Eden. My husband's health improved during the hot weather, which we spent with our kind friends at Serampore. We then moved to a charming house at Titaghar, on the opposite side of the river, which Mr. Schiller kindly lent us. A native gentleman, personally unknown to us, also most kindly offered his house for any length of time, through the Diwán Nizámat. Some years before, Sir Charles Jackson had prepared a Bill to allow converts to remarry by recognising the refusal of the heathen wife to join her Christian husband as a divorce; but Lord Canning asked him to drop it "for fear of giving offence to the natives!" Mr. Maine having now brought in a Bill for the same purpose, Colonel Mackenzie asked the Diwán if it would not be possible for the wife to rejoin her husband without breaking caste. He replied emphatically: "This is not a case of caste at all. A husband and wife are one, and whatever the husband becomes, the wife ought to follow him. She ought to be obliged to go with her husband. It

is a question of morality, and if she does not wish to go, probably she is not a good woman. Eighty or ninety out of every hundred would wish to go with their husbands, and yet, from the peculiar notions of delicacy with which they are brought up, most of them would be ashamed to say so, if a free choice were given to them. In the same way, the father of the wife would much rather send his daughter to join her husband, and would be glad to do so if he were obliged to by law, but would not like to do it if quite free." Just as an English girl would not generally announce a preference for being married, and a father would not *offer* his daughter to her lover as his wife.

One day Sir John Lawrence asked Colonel Mackenzie: "Why could you not let the Nizámat Deposit Fund alone?" He replied: "Because, as a matter of common honesty, when I was appealed to on behalf of the Nizámat family, I could not refuse to advocate their rights." It is doing no injustice to Sir John Lawrence to say that he made finance his foremost consideration, and that he did not see that liberality was in many cases required not only by justice but by sound policy. One cannot say if Colonel Mackenzie's action in rescuing the Deposit Fund for the Nizámat family influenced Sir John in his treatment of him or not, but in October he received a notification that after the 1st November he would be "at the disposal of the Government of Madras." In former days such a notification, if deemed necessary after twenty-five years' service under the Supreme Government, would have been conveyed either in the Governor-General's own handwriting, or at least in that of his private secretary, and would have been accompanied by a general order, expressive of His Excellency's regret at losing the services of such an officer, etc., etc.

Mackenzie sent in a remonstrance, reminding the Viceroy that he had promised to do his best to give him suitable

political employment, and saying:—"I trusted to Sir John Lawrence's character for just dealing, as my acquaintance with him was not the friendship which existed between George and Henry Lawrence and myself. In addition, I considered that His Excellency was partially aware of my services, and that he knew that in the Murshedabad affair the late Viceroy and the Secretary of State had approved and confirmed all the mooted points in my favour. . . . Seeing that I have done good service under the Supreme Government for a quarter of a century, sending me back so unceremoniously to Madras will be a great disgrace, and this, at nearly the close of my earthly career, bears hard on me. *Mens conscia recti* is good, and God's final judgment will be better; but I would leave the service with honour. In February I shall be entitled as Colonel to take my furlough. Can I not, if the Governor-General can do nothing else for me, be permitted to remain as heretofore, on the strength of this Presidency until then?"

To this he received for answer:—"The rule of thirty-five years' service, which has been recommended" (not yet passed) "would prove a bar to your being employed in a civil or political capacity;" adding: "His Excellency would rather you went to Madras, but . . . if you intend to retire in February" (of which he had never said a word), "you can apply for leave to stay at the Presidency, and Sir John Lawrence will take your request into consideration!"

Nobody expected any great courtesy or delicate consideration, but here was a want of justice. The thirty-five years' rule did not apply to Colonel Mackenzie, who was entitled to another appointment, because his own had been abolished. Secondly, the Government had full power to set it aside. Thirdly, Colonel Mackenzie, though five years the senior, was in every other respect a younger and more vigorous man than the Viceroy himself. Colonel Mackenzie

had no intention of retiring, and therefore made no further reference to the Viceroy, but took privilege leave, which could not be refused. It is not likely that Sir John meant any special neglect or discourtesy, but he was callous in these matters, as others of the best men experienced.

When Colonel Mackenzie showed the correspondence to a most able military man, the latter was so angry that he could not speak. At length he said slowly: "I must learn from you how to bear neglect." One of the most distinguished members of the Civil Service wrote:—"It makes me boil with indignation to think of the treatment Colonel Mackenzie has received. That order to go to Madras is the most insolent thing I ever heard of. As for the thirty-five years' rule, it would have been an appropriate one to quote if the Colonel had been in office, and asked to be transferred to another. But when the appointment which he held, and which, even under the thirty-five years' rule, he was entitled to hold for five years, was abolished, it was unjust, ungenerous, and insulting to quote the thirty-five years' rule as a reason for not giving him another. There are certain subjects on which I can hardly trust myself to write, and the policy of the present Government generally is one of them." Another said:—"It would have been disgraceful to treat any officer so, much more Colonel Mackenzie; it makes every officer feel insecure in his position." My husband himself said little, and took this as from the hand of his Heavenly Father, but the annoyance affected his health. In November the doctors pronounced him suffering from "great nervous debility;" he was tormented by bad boils—the special plague of Bengal; and when the cold weather began he had violent sciatic pains, and therefore took twenty months' sick furlough. Just before leaving we had the pleasure of meeting that fine fellow Captain Grant of Africa. He had served with the 78th

in Havelock's advance on Lucknow, had his ear split, and his right forefinger and thumb shot away in that deadly rush through the city. He put his hand in the breast of his coat, and would not let his wound be dressed, till those who were more severely hurt were attended to, and thus lost so much blood that he fainted from exhaustion. Bad and insufficient food prevented the wound from healing, he nearly lost his arm, and only recovered when he went home, and then he must needs walk off to Africa! There he had fever the whole time, and Speke most of the time. Excessive hardships and want of nourishment for two and a half years ruined his constitution. On their return to London he was dangerously ill; and Speke, who was then made a lion of every night in the highest society, never failed to come night and morning to sit on his friend's bed to watch him. Captain Grant is as modest as might be expected of such a patient, heroic soul.

We left in the *Erymanthe*, Captain Jehenne, accompanied on board by quite a crowd of friends, including Raja Prosunno Narain Deb. The parting with our faithful Atta and other servants, who had been with us for years, was most painful. All the chief papers had valedictory articles, foremost among them the *Friend of India* and the *Englishman*. The latter (28th Dec. 1865), said:—"When India loses this officer, she loses a soldier filled with the experience of forty years' hard service. Brave to excess, and one in whom the only qualifications for the highest success in official life that are wanting are a less sturdy independence and a somewhat colder heart." This cordiality touched my husband very deeply, and he said to me: "I have prayed that I might leave India with honour, and, though the Government has done nothing, I feel that my prayer has been answered.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

(1866.)

My husband suffered greatly on the journey home, any unfavourable change of weather, and above all the sirocco, bringing on fits of exhaustion and violent pains in his old wounds, and in all his limbs. During a stay of six weeks in Egypt, we met with great kindness, especially from our old friends the Rev. Mr. Buchan and Mrs. Wright, the Vice-Consul and Mrs. Reade. Though there was "no society" to speak of in Cairo, there were some very interesting people—Miss Whately, whose devoted labours were endearing her to the poor; her colleague a Syrian gentleman, Mr. Mansur Shakur; the excellent American missionaries, Dr. Lansing and Dr. Hogg, who were making great progress, particularly near Asyout at the Natron Lakes; Mr. Palgrave, whose *Arabia* Mackenzie always recommended as the best account of Muhammadanism ever published; the friendly American consul, with Hekykian Bey, and others. Mr. Palgrave was in Damascus during the massacres, and had to fly for his life. He had given warning of what was coming. There is no doubt that the massacres were contrived by the Turks—forged letters and warnings were sent to both Druses and Maronites to excite suspicion and enmity between them. Colonel Mackenzie and Mr. Palgrave often compared notes concerning Muhammadans in different parts of the world. I remarked one day that I had never

seen the smallest sign of a Musalman woman loving her husband, though I had seen strong marks of attachment to a wife. Mr. Palgrave fully agreed, and when I added that Muhammadans were the most henpecked men I had ever known, as the women make common cause against the husband, "Serve them right," said Mr. Palgrave emphatically. He related an Arab anecdote of two enemies, one of whom succeeded in poisoning the other with a cup of coffee while they were sitting together. The victim, feeling he was poisoned, rose to go to die in his own house. "*Where* are you going?" said his foe. "I am going where you have sent me," was the reply. "Tell my father of my welfare," said the murderer. "I do not intend to go round by hell," was the retort. Was there ever anything more diabolical than this dialogue, and yet one cannot help admiring the indomitable spirit of the dying man. Poisoning is as freely spoken of in Egypt as in India. In showing the tomb of Toossoon Pasha, the guide said, without the least reserve: "He was the son of Mehemet Ali, who poisoned him because he was too strong." Mr. Shakoor, who was a devoted missionary of most amiable character, confirmed what Mr. Palgrave says about many of the Bedowins not being Muhammadans, and said he *knows* that they hate the Moslem, and declare Muhammad was "no prophet, only a clever Bedowin."

A residence in Egypt was very unpleasant from the open hatred of the people to Christians. The soldiers in the ranks reviled us as we drove past, and when I went with some other ladies, thickly veiled, to visit the disused mosk of Sultan Tūlūn (built shortly after the time of Harūn al Reshid), we were surrounded by a crowd of women and children, who screamed at us, and cursed us and our fathers and our children, calling us dogs, pigs, etc., etc. They shrieked with such fury, that the guide was obliged to drive them off and

fasten the door, but they remained at the grating howling as long as we stayed. The mosk is most beautiful, quite Gothic, with five aisles. Many persons thought an outbreak against Christians imminent. A butcher said to a female servant: "Ah, just wait a little, and we'll make short work with all you Franks!" The Vice-Consul, Mr. Reade, is son of Sir Thomas Reade, who as Adjutant-General at St. Helena, had the chief charge of Napoleon. Forsyth's vindication of Sir Hudson, written without any communication with Sir Thomas Reade, tallied completely with all the latter used to relate. He told his son it was impossible to rely on a word Napoleon said, so completely did he falsify facts. The plan of the French was to excite sympathy in Europe at any price, and most unscrupulously did they carry it out. The Whigs made such a party question of it, that had Sir Hudson Lowe published his vindication, showing that he had scrupulously obeyed Lord Bathurst's orders, approved by the Prince Regent himself, Lord Bathurst's ministry would probably have had to resign. George IV. therefore begged as a personal favour that Sir Hudson would refrain from publishing; so the reputation of an honourable man was sacrificed to party expediency. That Sir Hudson carried out his instructions with great command of temper, was acknowledged by the French themselves, who confessed that they had no complaint to make of him personally, but that "an angel in his position could not have pleased them."

We next spent three weeks in Sicily at Messina and at Palermo, one of the most enchanting spots in the world. The Eden-like luxuriance of the valley from Monreale to Palermo cannot be described, and the historical associations equal the natural beauty of the country. There are traces of the Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, and other races who have successively ruled, and the most recent

chapter of history, the liberation of Sicily by Garibaldi, was a matter of daily conversation. When Garibaldi landed with his little band (Le mille), some were for going straight to the mountains. Garibaldi pointed to the sky. "There is Arcturus, and there is Palermo. I'm going to Palermo;" and go he did. Admiral Persano, who was sent ostensibly to watch against his landing, supplied him with ammunition, and then kept out of the way, on his own responsibility, but according to the wishes of Cavour, knowing that he would be disavowed if things went wrong. One of our own naval officers saved Palermo from being bombarded by the Bourbon fleet, by anchoring his ship in front of the town, waiting for a boat's crew which *happened* to be on shore.

We were greatly interested in the mission under Mr. Simpson Kay, who with two of his elders, frequently spent the evening with us. Every token of sympathy was valued by the solitary missionary, whose countrymen all stood aloof, "fearing," as the wife of one of the rich merchants explained, "lest it should injure their commercial interests" even to assist a poor Protestant in hospital, most of the wine trade being carried on through the parish priests. Only the Bishop of Gibraltar showed interest in the Mission work. A remarkable number of Sicilian priests and monks have embraced the Gospel.

One of the converts, belonging to a family "full of priests, monks, and nuns," said that the majority of priests were unbelievers, very few believe in the Mass, many openly make a mock at it (beffa) and at the credulity of the ignorant; and do so even in speaking to their lay friends. This is especially the case with confessors, of whose general frightful immorality he spoke, as of an acknowledged fact. Surprise was expressed that if this were the case, priests should be admitted into the family circle. "But they are *not*," was the reply. "No one admits a priest into his

house as a friend. They come only on three occasions—for baptisms, confessions, and the last Sacraments." The immorality of the priests is asserted by all; it is a subject one is obliged to evade, or one would hear too much of it. The tyranny of the priest over the poor is extreme. The parish priest being generally the only person in a village who can read and write, he is "maister and mair;" and it is this tyranny which revolts the men. The men in Italy are universally against the priests, the women generally in favour of them.

We found many things altered at Naples. First and foremost there were no longer any lazzaroni—few beggars—no costumes. The "Illustrissimos" and "Eccelenzas," with which one was addressed every minute, have nearly vanished, and so has the "bacia mano." Garibaldi was very angry when the Sicilians and Neapolitans came in crowds to kiss his hands. "Kiss the hands of your sweethearts," he cried, "but not the hands of any *man!*" There was an interesting party in the hotel; among them, Baron Bach, Minister of the Interior in Austria. He was formerly such a red Republican, that the Hungarian patriots would have nothing to say to him, but he had now become an extreme Conservative and *bon Catholique*, and fasted, *i.e.* eat a capital dinner of three kinds of fish, vegetables, sweets, etc., on Good Friday. We were his next neighbours at table; he became very friendly, and was full of curious information. There is nothing like an old diplomatist for gossip.

Rattazzi, infamous as the betrayer of Garibaldi at Aspromonte, was also there with his wife, a grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte. Not a person of any nationality at the *table d'hote* took the smallest notice either of her or of him. We were all very friendly and courteous to each other, but no one seemed to see the Rattazzis. Never were people so

unanimously sent to "Coventry." He had an intellectual head, but a bad mean face, small sunken eyes, long upper lip, coarse heavy under lip and jaw, and ignoble nose. She was very handsome, but with bold hard eyes, and an insolence of manner which was quite ludicrous. She was evidently furious with the whole company, bore down upon any lady she met in the passages as if she would have walked over her, and generally flung her napkin in the waiter's face. They went on Easter Sunday to the opera, and were saluted with cries of "Fuori, fuori," and obliged to leave. Every one at dinner behaved with the greatest gravity and reserve so long as they were present, while she used to enact a little comedy for the edification of the company, taking Rattazzi's hand, speaking into his ear, looking most lovingly into his face, etc., etc. They always went away before the dessert, and then tongues were loosed. Every one felt at ease, and Baron Bach, who had been looking as grave as a judge, was found to have been watching everything.

Sometimes my husband was able to enjoy the scenery and associations, especially in a visit to Baia and Posillipo, where he delighted to think Paul's footsteps must have trod. But again suffering would deprive him of all pleasure even in a visit to Pompeii. Next to the casts of three or four of those who perished, there is no more touching sight than a lamp with a fresh wick in it, made ready for the evening of the 23d November A.D. 79—while St. John was still on earth—never to be lit; and a rabbit placed in the oven for that day's dinner, never to be eaten. They give such a vivid idea of the "sudden destruction" which came upon the city. Drusilla, and her son by Felix, were among those who perished. It was characteristic of the eagerness of the Italians for war, that when the Colonel excused himself to the accomplished Director of Pompeii, Commander Florelli,

for not calling on him, on account of the pain he was suffering from his wounds, the Italian officer's eyes flashed, and he said: "Ah! I hope *we* shall have wounds soon. Without Rome, Italy is like a body without a head."

Dr. Pinkoff, who had been in the Crimea with Miss Nightingale, was extremely kind in taking us some lovely drives. The southern population was still excessively benighted, for a nation cannot be reformed in six years. For instance, an Italian gentleman, who had the honour of having been exiled and excommunicated for his love of liberty, related that some years before, under the Bourbon rule, he was at La Cava, a town of seventeen thousand inhabitants, only forty miles from Naples, and being in want of a sheet of letter-paper, he was obliged to go to a notary to procure it. No one else had any, and there was not a stationer or bookseller in the place. *Dante* was then a prohibited book in the Two Sicilies. The terrible massacre of the Protestants at Barletta took place just before we arrived in Naples. Some fanatical preachers stirred up the ignorant people on the Feast of Saint Joseph (19th March); they attacked the house of the Protestant minister in open day; four persons were murdered, others wounded, the Delegato stabbed by mistake. The Sindic refused to act; the National Guards behaved shamefully, and have since been disbanded. A young married doctor, G. del Curato, fell a victim to his generous efforts to save the Protestants, to whom he did not belong. He warned the evangelical minister, who, with the other inmates of the house, escaped over the roofs. He himself boldly met the mob, and was massacred on the balcony in the presence of the populace, who shouted: "Give it him! give it him! Viva Christo! Cut his throat (scanni scanni)! Viva la nostra santa religione!" He was killed with sticks, then thrown from the window, and burnt on a pile made of the furniture of the house. Another young man named

Gonza was stabbed by mistake, being taken for a Protestant. He was so far from being one that he wore a scapulary of the Madonna del Carmine; he took it in his hand, and tried to find refuge in the parish church. Three priests shut the door against him, and one of them kicked him on the chest; he fell in the street, and the populace finished his murder with stones. The troops put a stop to the atrocities. The Government acted with great vigour, and the respectable inhabitants of Barletta were so ashamed, that they raised a subscription of £40 on the spot for the sufferers.

We went by steamer to Leghorn and stopped at Pisa, where my husband was quite fascinated with the Campo Santo, and, above all, with the tablet which records the names of Professor Pillo and the young students who fell at Curtatone, the Italian Thermopylae, on the 29th May 1848. It has the simple words—"They went to the war from Pisa—they died for Italy." The story of this noble deed is simply this:—The Grand Duke Leopold allowed Tuscan volunteers to join the Piedmontese army against the Austrian invaders. The Sardinians were besieging Peschiera, when Radetzky endeavoured to turn their flank by sending thirty-five thousand men from Mantua, to relieve the besieged city. The Tuscans, with a small body of Piedmontese and Neapolitan troops, occupied the two villages of Curtatone and Mortanara, their united force being under five thousand. They suddenly found that the whole Austrian army was upon them. These untrained men and lads, most of whom had never heard a shot fired, knew that the fate of Italy depended on their holding out long enough to give the Sardinian army time to prepare. They fought with unsurpassed heroism, and with charming boyish audacity summoned the Austrians to surrender, thus confirming the impression of the latter that they had the whole of

Charles Albert's army to contend with. This little band of heroes held out for six hours, so that the Piedmontese, being forewarned, beat Radetzky and took Peschiera.

We then spent some time in Florence, and had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Dr. Stewart of Leghorn, Dr. and Mrs. Revel, and that remarkable man Dr. de Sanctis and his excellent wife. We were struck by the general indifference and frequent hostility of English travellers towards Evangelical Missions, while they were thrown into a flutter of delight by the arrival of a monk or a monsignore.[1] Count and Countess Susanni did the honours of Florence to us in the kindest manner. At this time all Italy was in a ferment, war being daily expected and longed for. Austria was transferring her troops from the Prussian frontier to Venetia, and Italy was compelled to call out her conscripts. It was very touching to see regiments of these lads march in every morning to the inspiriting sound of Garibaldi's hymn. Not one hundred out of the whole failed to appear. If any did not answer the roll-call, he was either too ill to move, or he had obeyed a higher summons, and was dead. It was impossible to see finer lads, remarkably refined and gentleman-like in appearance. There was no bluster or bullying manner in either officers or non-commissioned officers towards the men; any fault in marching, etc., was pointed out gravely and gently. The patriotism of the Italians was noble, sons of the first families enlisted as privates, and the English ladies settled in Italy vied with their Italian sisters in working for the army and supplying necessaries for the wounded and red shirts for the Garibaldini. But one result of the crisis was that no money could be got. There were no small bank notes, and no silver, while gold cost 7 per cent. A lady who tried to get change for a £10 circular note was told by the banker

[1] A prelate of the Papal court.

that he had nothing but a thousand-franc note to offer her.

Colonel Mackenzie always took a most lively interest in the condition of the country he was in, particularly as regards religion and morals. He was an ardent friend to Italy, and grieved over the prevailing infidelity of almost every educated man. But an account he received from a most respectable person, who held a position about equivalent to a sworn accountant, indicated one of the reasons of this unbelief. This worthy man was much employed in settling the affairs of convents, and had lately been residing in the celebrated monastery of Vallombrosa, which is enormously wealthy. He related that those of the monks who are priests have to celebrate mass in the morning; this they gabble over as fast and as irreverently as possible, flinging off their priestly garments with every mark of satisfaction at having got through so tiresome a piece of work; then rush to a luxurious breakfast of coffee, chocolate, ham, sausages, etc., in the refectory. While eating, one and another pulls out a pack of cards and challenges his neighbour at five francs a game, "if he dares." They play the whole morning till dinner-time, quarrelling and swearing like troopers. After a sumptuous mid-day dinner, during which the conversation is very far from edifying, not a woman's name for miles around being safe, they take their pipes and cigars and parade pompously up and down; after that they enjoy a siesta of two or three hours; then comes a plentiful supper, then cards, until they can no longer keep their eyes open. A rere-supper follows just before midnight, when they retire, *vino ciboque gravati*—*i.e.* decidedly the worse for what they have had. This is their daily life; and not long ago gambling at hazard rose to such a pitch that the abbot was obliged to put a stop to it. Cheating at cards is said to be common; and yet English Protestants, who derive their notions from grave, dignified, and agreeable English

priests, lament over the impending secularisation of these "seats of learning"! "In the same way," said an Italian gentleman, "after being received in the most amiable manner by His Holiness, English ladies cannot believe that 'the dear sweet Pope' has at this moment eight hundred prisoners languishing in his dungeons."

Colonel Mackenzie being constantly attacked by fits of severe pain, was recommended to try the Grotto of Monsummano. We went early in June to the neighbouring bathing-place, Monte Catini, where we spent three weeks with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Charles von Bunsen. The Grotto is a very large picturesque stalactite cave. Ladies and gentlemen walk in together, clad according to taste, but each furnished with a towel over the shoulder, without which conversation would be impossible, for the perspiration soon pours off the face like rain. Seats and lights are provided. The Grotto becomes hotter as you advance into it. Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, was a delightful companion, and his conversation full of interest; but his tall gaunt figure, clad in a jacket and trousers of large black and red checks, a towel round his head, and gold spectacles, was one never to be forgotten. This air-bath is most efficacious in the cure of rheumatism and gout; but requires to be used with care, as too much of it irritates the nerves. I wrote to my mother:—

"16*th June.*

"I was almost in despair a week ago, so great were his sufferings, but after having been four times to the Grotto, all the pains in the limbs disappeared; but the sciatica in the left leg appeared worse, as if the pain had concentrated itself there. Now, that too seems mending. He is so frisky when free from pain, that it is a pleasure to see him. . . . Don't be anxious about the war. We are entrenched behind the Apennines, which cannot be turned in a hurry. Colin is longing to be in the midst of the ploy; and, if I had just seen you all, so should I be."

The sciatica returned again and again until, by the blessing of God, or the skill of Dr. Mouremans, the celebrated homœopathist at Bruxelles, the pain ceased, within a fortnight, and the pure air of Aberfeldy and Fife completed his recovery.

We spent the winter in Charlotte Square, with our kind mother and sister, and became greatly interested in the New York plan for relieving the poor. Mr. Miner, an American gentleman, was asked to explain it at a drawing-room meeting at Mrs. Douglas' house, and Colonel Mackenzie threw himself into the work with his accustomed ardour, and with his coadjutors gathered the names of upwards of eighty men of influence to consider the system. A pamphlet, "How to Relieve the Poor," was published to advocate its principles; the Edinburgh Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor was founded, and when Colonel Mackenzie was summoned to London in March, he came into communication with Mr. Ernest Hart and others, then busy with a Committee on Workhouses, and the final result was the establishment of the Charity Organisation Society. He was certainly one of the very first who set that stone rolling.

Colonel Mackenzie, hearing that it was proposed to include him among the Companions of the Star of India, informed his friends at the India Office that, having been pronounced worthy of the C.B. by Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier, he felt bound to decline an inferior honour which had been bestowed at the pleasure of the Bengal Office on many gentlemen (native and others) who had never rendered any service to the State whatever. It was therefore with great surprise that, on his arrival in London, he found himself gazetted as C.B., exactly a quarter of a century after, in Sir Charles Napier's words, he "had well earned it."

As in the case of his medal, he would not have the packet containing the insignia opened until he placed it in his wife's hands. All his brother officers wrote to congratulate, and it was pleasant to see the notices in the Indian press. The Madras *Athenæum* wrote (May 1867):—"Among Companions, somewhat tardily, it must be admitted, is the name of Colin Mackenzie, which we are especially glad to see, though we should have liked it better if it had been in a higher grade; for of all the officers of the Indian army, there is not one whose exploits have shown him to be more gallant, heroic, and self-sacrificing."

During the four months and a half he spent in London, he was incessantly occupied for others; but the occupation and fatigue did him good rather than harm. He never rested until he had obtained some measure of justice in the matter of pension for one officer, and never ceased urging the claims of his former Adjutant, Major Rothney, to some distinction.[1] He also urged those of Muhammad Hasan Khan and of Raja Prosunno Narain Deb; but the favour was deferred, and they did not live to receive it. How little his own soldierly spirit was diminished, is shown by a letter to me:—

"*6th April.*

"I suspect an expedition to Abyssinia is contemplated. If I were requested to go, ought I not to do so? The task of delivering those who apparently are appointed to death would be a sacred duty if it could possibly be undertaken. You see I conceal nothing from you, my darling."

After his return to Scotland he had a good rest at Tighnabruaich, certainly one of the most restful places in the British Isles; and then pleasant visits to friends, especially a Christmas and New Year with his sister and

[1] Major Rothney received the C.S.I. about a year later.

brother-in-law at Staunton; and after some months in London he determined to return to India. We landed at Madras 17th December 1868, and met with the greatest kindness from the Governor and Lady Napier. Four months were most pleasantly spent with our dear kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone Dalrymple.

Lord Mayo arrived about New Year 1869. He had a great deal of conversation with Colonel Mackenzie, and won all hearts by his genial, frank, yet dignified manner.

By the end of April, I began to suffer so much from the heat that my husband took me up to the Nilgiris. We finally settled at Ootacamund, in a delightful English house called Warley Lodge, where we spent more than a year. The distances and the roads made it impossible to go out in the dark; but there was plenty of society. Picnics were frequent and very pleasant; the scenery lovely, and roses in bloom all the year round.

He took me long rides amid that beautiful scenery, and he was often out shooting the whole day, riding sometimes nearly thirty miles, besides scrambling up the hills after game. He became much stronger and better than when at home. A poor dog belonging to his *shikari* (huntsman) having been carried off by a leopard, he sat up night after night in hopes of slaying the latter; but it never came when he was waiting for it.

Several commands fell vacant, to which he was justly entitled; but whether the Commander-in-Chief supposed he did not wish for a Division, or from some other cause, they were not offered to him, to the great indignation of his friends; but, though occasionally vexed at the neglect, he was very happy and comfortable. John Stuart Mill, who only knew him "officially," wrote (25th September 1869): —"Those who at present dispose of employments in India must be very ignorant of your past history and actions if

they can find nothing better to do with you than to keep you in the position of an unemployed officer."

But my husband never doubted that the Lord would provide that which was best, and we began to think that perhaps the comfort and health of the hills were better than an appointment; and in April 1870 a medical committee gave a strong opinion that he was not fit to do duty in the plains. The senior surgeon, who had known him in Coorg, stated that "the original strong constitution has suffered very severely from very long service, many and trying illnesses and very severe wounds," and that there was a gradual deterioration in health.

Many sad events marked the year 1870. Every mail announced the death of some loved friend, among whom none were more deeply regretted than Captain C. D. Sanders, R.N., who was as a younger brother to us.

A very high-church chaplain having succeeded our friend, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Cooper, we joined Mr. and Mrs. Onslow on Sunday, as we felt their simple way of "breaking bread" to be much more primitive and Presbyterian than the Liturgy. Occasionally there were excellent expositions and preaching in the little Union Chapel, sometimes from Mr. Groves, or from a civilian, sometimes from Mr. Herre, the Lutheran minister of Coimbatore. This excellent preacher belonged to the Leipsic Society, the only Protestant Mission which recognises caste. Their Director (Graul) maintained that caste was a mere secular distinction, whereas it is a claim to superior holiness by birth. How far Director Graul was mistaken was proved at the next New Year, when Mr. Herre having lent his church for the union prayer meeting, his congregation laid a formal complaint against him for allowing their place of worship to be *polluted* by the presence of European gentlemen meeting for prayer!

The complicated Pay regulations obliged the Colonel to go down to Madras for a few days in October 1869 and again to Bangalore at the end of 1870. As Bangalore is on high tableland, and the climate one of the finest in India, he got himself posted as "doing duty" in that division; but General Borton, who was in command (a junior comrade in Afghanistan) would never allow him to be called upon for any ordinary duty; and, like the Commissioner, Colonel Meade took every opportunity of evincing esteem and affection for him. His only military duty at Bangalore was to command the division for a few months during the General's absence. The parade on the Queen's birthday, when he led the cheers for Her Majesty, showed that his voice still retained the remarkable power which had enabled him to make himself heard by three regiments in line.

The course of the war with France in 1870 was followed with great interest, and with great rejoicing at the success of Germany.

Two years passed peacefully at Bangalore, where there were a great many pleasant people, and many new friendships were formed, among them with Miss Louisa Anstey, a most self-sacrificing worker for the salvation of Canarese women and children. Colonel Mackenzie's strongest feelings were aroused by the cruel position of Christian minors, to whom all liberty of conscience is denied by our laws, and on behalf of Christian converts who have been betrothed to heathen husbands. It is clear that, as a convert cannot be treated *as a wife* by a heathen, this merely ceremonial marriage ought to be made void by the fact of baptism.

For many months Colonel Mackenzie exerted himself in this cause, stirring up missionaries, pleading with officials, consulting lawyers, but there still remains *much* to be done. Europeans are not usually aware of the deadly peril alike to soul and body to which a convert or inquirer is exposed

in a native family. In the controversy on the subject every native but one declared the impossibility of a Christian continuing to live in a heathen family, and that one was the head and the bread-winner of his house, so that his family lived with him—a very different position from that of a minor. One instance will suffice to show the cruelty of refusing legal protection to Christian minors. A lovely young girl in one of Miss Anstey's schools evinced such deep interest in the Gospel that her father, a Brahman, removed her. Two years after, her younger sister was taken from school to be present at the ceremony by which the unhappy elder one was dedicated to a life of vice as a dancing-girl attached to a temple. Now that girl had rights, and ought to have had protection. Her mother was most anxious to rescue her from so horrible a fate, but this is the usual destiny of the illegitimate children of Brahmans, and they are frequently sent to mission schools that learning may be added to their attractions. No wonder Colonel Mackenzie felt strongly on such a subject, and could not sleep for thinking of a poor young convert of fourteen who, after remaining steadfast for a year, managed to escape from the captivity in which she was held and obtained baptism. But protection being refused to her, she was carried away from the church immediately after she was baptized. A missionary said, he could not sufficiently admire the Colonel's patience and the perfect temper with which he argued against those who wished to leave the poor girl to her fate. I wrote to the same effect to my mother :—

"It is quite curious to see how perfectly cool and wonderfully patient such a hot-blooded man as my Colin *always is* in every case of either difficulty or danger. I have never known him lose his temper in the least in a matter of importance, just as during the Bolarum Mutiny he was as cool and unexcited, almost *frigid*, as if he had been smoking a cigar."

Just before leaving the hills, we learned that Major Anson's Committee on the Amalgamation of the British and Indian Armies had recommended a measure by which my husband and seven other Indian Colonels would be superseded by about two hundred and thirty officers of the British Army. He expressed his own feeling on this proposed injustice: "I trust in *no one* but the Lord; let who will rule, He overrules." But he immediately sent in a vigorous remonstrance to the Duke of Argyll, then Secretary of State for India. It was strongly backed by Lord Napier and the Commander-in-Chief. A Committee of Inquiry was appointed, when Lord Cairns pronounced the measure illegal, and a violation of the rights of Indian officers. Thus Colonel Mackenzie gained the point for himself and his seven comrades, and became a Major-General in July 1871. "He who has friends must show himself friendly," and the converse is equally true. Every one wrote to congratulate him, and a young friend who was riding with him the morning after the news arrived said every one they passed shouted their congratulations, even some whose names he did not know. Some waved their hats, and General Borton's face beamed with pleasure as he saluted him as "*mon Général.*"

His promotion gave him an additional £600 a year, and he now made up his mind to stay twelve months longer in India. He was still so active that he ran a race one morning of about sixty yards against his Persian horse at a gallop, and won!

Many friends came to us for refuge from the heat of the plains. Among others a young missionary, Mr. Hesse, whom we called our "Russian son," brought a colleague, the Rev. Louis Langel, whose health had entirely broken down from his labours in the damp heat of the West Coast. But when the cold season sets in Bangalore is afflicted by

a cutting east wind, and at the end of November the General was attacked by severe congestion of the liver, caused by falling asleep in the evening in the cold wind. He was alarmingly ill for more than ten days, but was able to go down to Madras on the 20th December. A most kind friend, Major Bonar Deane (who, alas! fell in that sad South African war), went down with us and took all trouble off his hands, and another kind friend, Mr. Gordon Forbes, received us at the station and carried us off to his delightful house at the Adyar. The change from the dry sharp air of Bangalore to the soft sea-breeze at Madras was most beneficial.

We had gone to early tea with Lord and Lady Napier at Guindy, and were enjoying the dewy freshness of that beautiful garden, when Lord Napier came out looking very pale and sad, took General Mackenzie aside, and told him the dreadful news of Lord Mayo's assassination, and that he himself had to start immediately for Calcutta to act as Viceroy.

Not a shadow of blame could be attached to any one, every possible precaution having been taken, and it was by what is called "the mere accident" of turning aside to speak to an overseer, that General Donald Stewart was saved from sharing the fate of the lamented Viceroy.

General Mackenzie learned that it had been Lord Mayo's intention to send him as Envoy to Persia, but the Embassy was deferred, apparently on account of the terrible famine which desolated that country. We returned to Bangalore 21st March, just as that Madras equivalent for the scirocco, the enervating "'longshore wind," set in.

At the beginning of May my husband had slight fever, but soon recovered. The heat was quite unprecedented, and early in June I fainted in the carriage, and from that time was never really well.

A most fatiguing journey, during which we were twenty

hours without any food, brought us to Coonoor, where we spent a month with the Bishop and Miss Gell, which was ever afterwards remembered as an oasis in the journey of life. The most cordial hospitality, delightful companionship, lovely scenery—there was nothing wanting for either edification or enjoyment.

After returning to the plains, to our great joy Colonel Haughton walked in one day. How we discussed past and present events may be imagined. Among other things Colonel Haughton told the story of one of our many unknown heroes, an artilleryman named Thomas, who was one of those who carried dear Henry Lawrence to shelter after he got his death-wound. Thomas was one of the company of artillery at Chinhat who, when they had not a single round of ammunition left, halted, unlimbered, and stood with their lighted port-fires facing the enemy as if they were going to give them a salvo, and thus protected the retreat of the infantry. On another occasion, during the siege of Lucknow, some tents close to a powder-magazine caught fire. Every one fled save Thomas and two or three others, who with their swords cut down the blazing tents and dragged them away, though a spark might at any moment have caught the magazine. He then distinguished himself under Vincent Eyre at Alambagh, when Mansfield had persuaded Sir Colin Campbell to denude that fort of almost the whole of its garrison save the artillery. Lord Clyde, Outram, and Havelock all offered to recommend Thomas for a commission, but he declined, saying he was an uneducated man, and not fit company for gentlemen, adding: "Besides at mess they might poke fun at me, and then I might knock their heads together." At last on parade his horse came down with him, the pommel of his sword crushed into his ribs, and he died of rapid consumption brought on by the accident. After he was an invalid

Colonel Haughton obtained a pension for him of five rupees a month, and got himself into disgrace with Government by never resting until the miserable pittance was increased to ten rupees. He said: "A better soldier and a better man never lived; he was a simple child of God."

A subject which deeply interested my husband was the right of soldiers to liberty of conscience. At present a soldier, *unless* he is a Muhammadan, a Hindu, or a Romanist, has no such right. He is entirely dependent on his commanding officer's pleasure, and there is great need that it should be authoritatively settled, that a soldier has the same right as any other British subject to employ his time off duty in any innocent way he pleases, and to attend prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, etc., etc., however contrary they may be to the religious convictions of his officers.

At Coonoor two gentlemen, one of them a member of the Church of England, conducted a meeting for the study of the Bible and prayer, which many of the troops gladly attended. The officer in command of the Depot prohibited either the men or the women from doing so, and sent a sergeant to take down the names of those who came. This was nothing short of persecution, especially as a large proportion of the men at the depôt were Presbyterians. Colonel Mackenzie represented the case to the Commander-in-Chief, but the latter, though apparently disapproving of the act, declined to interfere between an officer and the men under his command. At Bangalore Sergeant-Major Stewart, the army Scripture reader, had full liberty to visit the artillery, the lancers, the hospital, and the prison, but was not allowed to enter the barracks of the Infantry, so that the only opportunity a poor soldier of that famous corps had of hearing the Gospel was when he was either sick or in prison. One of the regimental doctors began a prayer-meeting in the quarters of the married men, but the Colonel put a stop

to it. Again, a Madras officer was in the habit of distributing books and tracts to the officers and men of one of H.M.'s regiments in Burmah. He and his tracts were greatly liked, but the chaplain instigated the Colonel to forbid his men going to the Christian officer's quarters, and placed the schoolmaster under arrest for taking the children there to receive some little books!

Now in all these cases both officers and men had a perfect right to visit whom they chose, and to read what they chose; and passes would have been given them to attend the theatre or any other amusement. This is a subject that the Scottish Churches and all the Nonconformists ought to take up, for Presbyterians are the usual sufferers from this species of petty tyranny, as many commanding officers are High Church, and consequently disapprove of any religious instruction given by those who are not in "Holy Orders." Even working parties for the women of a regiment are often discountenanced. Surely any poor soldier or soldier's wife who desires to learn the Way of Life more perfectly, or who finds comfort in reading and praying with other Christians, ought to have the same full religious liberty which is accorded to a Muhammadan. No officer with any value for his commission would dream of interfering with a Moslem praying five times a day, or a Romanist confessing as often as he chooses!

General Mackenzie was now in very good health, but my recurring fainting fits made him decide on avoiding another hot season for me. In February we left our pleasant home at Bangalore with much regret, and stayed with Mr. Gordon Forbes until we quitted India for ever on the 22d March 1873, Mr. Hesse accompanying us, to our great comfort. At Marseilles, the evidences of the increasing idolatry of the Virgin vexed my husband to the soul. In one church were three images of the Virgin in a row—Notre

Dame de la Miséricorde, Notre Dame de la Salette (*i.e.* Mademoiselle la Merlière) and another, with cards setting forth the special advantages of worshipping each. There was a box for offerings to Mary the Almighty (de toute puissance). Notre Dame de la Garde, a magnificent newly-built temple to Mary, is covered with *ex votos* from roof to floor in acknowledgment of her mighty acts,—saving in shipwrecks, railway accidents, and even for bringing about the marriage of two lovers! Short journeys to Arles, Avignon, and Lyons brought us to Geneva and Lausanne, at both of which the General was made to give addresses in the Church. He told them about Colonel Wheler; about dear Aga Muhammad's conversion, etc. M. de la Harpe translated beautifully, and the congregation seemed much interested. We not only met beloved old friends, such as M. Panchaud and M. Trivier, but made new ones, especially Colonel and Mrs. von Büren at Berne. We had also a most interesting visit to Treves, the oldest city north of the Alps, and reached London at the end of May 1873.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOME.

(1873-1881.)

FROM the time of his landing in England there yet remained more than eight years of active, peaceful, useful life for him,—not without trials, chiefly from illness, but with many pleasures. He had a severe fit of gout almost immediately, another in the following autumn, and a third in 1875. He bought a house in Queen's Gardens, which he sold within a year. We spent the winter of 1875-76 with Mrs. Douglas in Edinburgh, and in February took up our abode at 9 Bina Gardens, South Kensington, his last earthly home. He had, but for a short time, the satisfaction of frequently seeing his brother James, who was settled at Wimbledon, whose death in August 1874 was a great pang to him.

We had never seen much of Sir Herbert Edwardes, but we met several times shortly before his early death; he and my husband were so much of one mind that they fraternised immediately. Herbert Edwardes spoke of "dear Henry Lawrence," as he was universally called, as having led him to Christ. He related that Havelock had written a *Life of George Broadfoot*, which Henry Lawrence showed him. In it were the words:—"Broadfoot was not a pious man." "I," said Edwardes, "in my youthful ignorance and folly, blazed up at this, and Havelock coming in, I attacked him, and talked

of illiberality, and harshness, and judging, and during my tirade you may imagine Henry Lawrence vexed his beard considerably." [He had the habit of pulling it, stuffing it into his mouth, and gnawing it.] "When I had done, Lawrence said nothing. Havelock quietly put the MS. into his pocket and I saw it no more."

We had the pleasure of almost yearly visits to our dear sister Mary and her family at Staunton Park, to my mother and sister in Edinburgh, until my dear mother's health failed, and she passed away in a moment, 22d April 1878. Other visits to valued friends, Colonel Russell, Mr. Longueville, Sir Hope-Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, and at Burnfoot, Grangemuir, etc., marked each summer, while his own house was filled with a succession of guests, some from Germany, Switzerland, India, etc., as long as he was in it.

One loss that he did not get over for weeks, was that of his devoted little pet the parakeet "Bibi," who had loved him with all its little heart for twenty-four years, and who died in November 1873. Only those who know the pleasure of the unvarying love of one of God's creatures can tell the pain of such a loss, and my dear husband was especially sensitive to it. He always remembered the beautiful greyhound "Stella" which he had left on first going to India, his unmatched horse "Rubee," and all his favourite animals. It was impossible for him to remain inactive, and he very soon found congenial work. His keen sense of justice combined with his quick sympathy to make him the champion of all who were oppressed. To be in want of help, was to ensure his aid, even in the case of those for whom he had no special regard; and there is no doubt that, like Henry Lawrence, he often injured his own interests by the pertinacity with which he advocated those of others, as in the instances of those who stood by us in Afghanistan, of the

Nawab of Elichpur reduced to want in his old age, of the loyal native officers so cruelly dismissed, of Jugget Seth, of the Názim, the Diwán Nizámat, besides innumerable private cases of wrong. But no thought of himself ever seemed to cross his mind. He never could do too much for a friend; time, trouble, and fatigue were all lavished if he could be of use, and many never knew how he had fought for their rights.

Dr. Murray Mitchell, a friend of thirty years' standing, writes—"I should say that Colin Mackenzie was one of the least selfish of men. I well remember meeting him one sultry afternoon posting by St. Paul's Churchyard, and looking very weary. I asked him what was the matter. He mentioned that he had been employed for many hours that day going from one high official to another on behalf of some brother-in-arms, who had, he thought, been hardly used. I tried to expostulate, and said he was doing too much. 'Too much? it was nothing,' he said. Of the tenderness of his heart I will not say a word, for though I could say much, my words would seem to you lamentably weak."

Among the subjects to which he devoted much time and thought was that of the equal rights of the army to those of the navy in regard to prize. While at home in 1868, his old friend, General W. Miller, persuaded him to join the Committee of Officers formed to advocate the claims of the captors of the Banda and Kerwee booty. He felt bound to do his uttermost to obtain justice for the numerous widows and orphans concerned, and for the privates who have no one to stand up for them. He also saw very plainly the danger of denying the soldier's just claims, and the difficulty there would be in preventing plunder, if the men learned by experience, that their only chance of getting their fair share of the spoil was to seize it on the spot. He was aware that it was Sir Hope-Grant's

knowledge of the discontent of the troops at having been defrauded of their hard-won booty during the Mutiny, which induced him to take the unprecedented step of dividing the booty at Pekin without waiting for Her Majesty's grant, refusing at the same time to touch a penny of his own share as Commander-in-Chief. When General Miller died, General Mackenzie was unanimously entreated to take his place as president of the committee, and accordingly, without any personal interest whatever in the result, he became "the bold and unswerving advocate of the soldiers' prize-rights in the contest carried on against Government for upwards of twenty years, sparing neither time nor trouble, money nor influence, in the endeavour to obtain a legal decision of the question in the Admiralty Court." This is what the captors asked, and this has been pertinaciously refused to them. Liberal and Conservative Secretaries of State have alike thrown every obstacle in the way, sometimes by ignoring the right of the Prize Committee to represent the captors, sometimes by official delays, and on one occasion, when Her Majesty required a return from India of "*undistributed* booty," altering the word into *undisputed* booty, which of course rendered the Return totally useless. Even when the case has succeeded in getting into Court, as it were, by a side door, the claim was not examined, but dismissed on subtle legal distinctions, such as—the Secretary of State is not the trustee of the prize,—the case ought not to have been brought forward in this way, but in some other; so that it has been found as impossible to obtain a fair hearing and legal trial before H.M.'s Court of Admiralty as it could have been in any corrupt native court in Asia. Her Majesty granted the prize to her troops, but the latter have never been able to get a judicial decision as to what the prize consists of. General Mackenzie also took a warm interest in the Marine

Society for destitute boys. He also belonged to the Evangelical Alliance, the Aborigines Friend and Anti-Slavery Societies, the Lord's Day Observance Society, the National Orphan Home and the Trinitarian Bible Societies, which brought him the friendship of Messrs. Edmund Sturge, Joseph Cooper, and many other Christian workers. He retained his strict Madras military ideas of discipline, and looked upon attendance at committees as a duty, which he never wilfully neglected. He and his old friend, General Robert Alexander, always worshipped in the Presbyterian Church, and greatly valued the ministry of Dr. Verner White.

In May 1876 he was very seriously ill of congestion of the liver, but a round of country visits in the autumn quite restored his strength. His indignation was greatly roused at the discovery that the atrocious cruelties of vivisection were rampant in our own country. Miss Power-Cobbe was the first person who openly protested against this iniquity, and General Mackenzie was one of the first who joined her. He took the ground, that no amount of supposed utility could justify cruelty, but he rejoiced in the testimony of Sir William Fergusson and other competent medical authorities that these sickening tortures were entirely misleading, and were productive of no real benefit to mankind. He was convinced that real humanity and tenderness towards the poor and unprotected could not be felt or shown by those who were capable of torturing innocent animals; and in the interest of the sick poor, he refused assistance to any hospital which had a practiser or patron of vivisection on its staff. He had a special horror of men calling themselves Christians, like some who held office in the Church in Scotland, and yet forgot the laws of Him "whose tender mercies are over all His works;" and he never ceased working for the total abolition of vivisection.

Like most men who have served long abroad, he was no

partisan. He judged men by their measures, and not measures by the men who advocated them. He judged each question on its own merits, and was both surprised and grieved to find how seldom this is done, and how greatly even upright men are biassed by mere party spirit. By a most curious exchange of parts, the Conservatives enacted the same folly and injustice in Afghanistan which their opponents the Whigs had perpetrated forty years before. The General often denied the truth of the saying: "*Experientia docet stultos*," saying personal experience might do so, but that only wise men learnt from the experience of others. So early as November 1877 he saw that there "was an inclination to repeat the idiotic and dishonourable Afghan tragedy," and he strongly expressed his opinion that we ought to adhere to the policy of conciliation and non-interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, and contributed a series of masterly letters, chiefly in the *Daily News*, against Lord Salisbury's unrighteous attack on a friendly State. He held that unnecessary war was murder, and, in an able letter of the 18th October 1878, pointed out that to decline receiving an embassy was no ground for hostilities.

"Shere Ali declined to do so, on the ground that he could not guarantee the Envoy's safety. He is an independent prince, and we have no right to force an Envoy upon him, and war on such a pretext would be wholly unjust and unjustifiable. What we want is the friendly alliance of Afghanistan against Russia, and a hostile attack is clearly not the way to gain that. If a man flies at my throat because I refuse to shake hands with him, my inclination for his friendship will certainly not be increased. By invading Afghanistan we should play the game of Russia, by forcing the Amir to look to her for help. I therefore consider the proposed hostilities as 'not only a crime but a blunder.' It is wholly unnecessary to vindicate our

honour, which has not been insulted; it is grossly unjust, and it is defeating our own object. A native Agent, such as Nawab Ghulam Hasan Khan, would answer every purpose—but that of coercion—much better than a British officer, and would gain ten times the amount of real information. . . . If the Russians occupy Afghanistan, the Amir would undoubtedly welcome our alliance; if they don't, there is an end to danger to India from that quarter. In a military point of view, I consider we are in a much stronger position within our own frontier than beyond it. What should we gain by war? On the most favourable hypothesis, a triumphal march to Kabul, what are we to do when we get there? Hold the country at the expense of untold bloodshed for an unknown number of years? or march back again—leaving a track of fire and slaughter behind us? What good could that do to India, or to the Afghans, or to ourselves? My firm belief is that the line of conduct which is right between men, is the only one that is right between nations; that injustice and violence never yet prospered in the long run, and that righteousness alone exalteth a nation."

This letter brought an invitation to join the projected Committee to watch the progress of events in Afghanistan "in the interests of peace and justice." Of this he became one of the most active members. Lord Lawrence was chairman, and greeted General Mackenzie warmly, apparently entirely unconscious that he had given the latter any grounds of complaint against him. Colin Mackenzie was not the man to remember personal slights, and several times said emphatically: "I am glad I am friends with John Lawrence." He had previously written a letter to excuse Lord Lawrence's error in thinking of giving up Peshawar,[1] showing that this very blunder had been nearly

[1] It was Herbert Edwardes who made known that John Lawrence had contemplated giving up Peshawar, if Delhi had not fallen when it

committed by Lord Dalhousie, and that he himself had been the means of preventing it; and pointing out that a mistake on that point by no means lessened the weight of Lord Lawrence's opinion on the present question. Henceforth they continued to work together most cordially. Shortly after, General Mackenzie entered a protest "against the 'tall talk' about maintaining our prestige in Asia. Our good name for justice and honourable dealing is what we have to maintain, and not a vague bombastic notion like *prestige*. Bluster and bombast, a readiness to bark at shadows, and to lash ourselves into fury at imagined or invented insults, will never impose on the quick-witted Asiatics. That which they do admire in us is our truthfulness and justice. . . . Natives are extremely apt to suspect intrigue and bad faith, even where they do not exist; but so barefaced a pretext as that alleged for attacking the Amir, so cynical an avowal that 'we must rectify our frontier'—*i.e.* act upon the principle:—

> 'That we should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can'—

will do more to lower our reputation and to shake confidence in our integrity, than any measure during the last twenty years. The stability of our power depends even more on the trust placed in our truth and justice than in the faithfulness of our troops. In fact the first is the basis of the second. So long as they rely implicitly upon us, we may rely upon them. But let our Government show itself faithless to engagements, eager to grasp supposed advantages at the expense of a neighbour's rights, and the

did. Colin Mackenzie immediately said, that in that case the Europeans in the Panjab would have to fight their way down to Bengal; and Sir Robert Napier thought we should probably have had to fall back on the Satlej.

corollary will be instantly drawn by every native in its service, that it is not to be trusted in regard to himself."

In another letter he wrote, almost prophetically :—"The history of our progress in India is full of examples of assassination of English gentlemen at native courts, with the inevitable sequence of retribution and overthrow of the guilty power. The danger to our envoy would be of no moment if it were useful to the State, but the Government ought clearly to avoid so great an inconvenience as that of being forced into war to avenge the death of their representative. It is this that Shere Ali fears. The Afghans are the wildest and most independent men in existence—a personal affront or injury would be avenged quite irrespective of the wishes or policy of either chief or Amir. . . . A native envoy will know more of the real state of affairs than any European envoy, who must be dependent on information received from natives, and who is much more likely to be hoodwinked than one of their co-religionists. What did Burnes or Macnaghten know of the Kabul outbreak an hour before it took place? Warnings and signs were disregarded and misunderstood by both these able men up to the last moment."

He next contributed a summary of the Afghan correspondence in a letter to the *Daily News*, 26th December 1878. He remonstrated against judging questions of right and wrong by party spirit, and showed that "the just, sound, and conciliatory policy which had been steadily pursued since 1855, had been invariably approved by Her Majesty's Government, whatever their politics." He proved that "this policy rested first on 'a pledge given by treaty in 1855 *never to interfere* in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, or *with its territory;* including a stipulation in 1857 *not to send a European officer as our envoy;*' and secondly, on our own interests, which require a strong, independent, friendly

Government on our North-West Frontier. . . . Dost Muhammad was as averse to receive European officers as Shere Ali; the jealousy and aversion of the Afghans being so strong that he could not have consented had he wished to do so. He stated plainly that he could not answer for the safety of European officers, and that those hostile to him might injure the British envoy, in order to injure the Amir himself."

So early as 1868 Sir Henry Rawlinson had advocated more active measures in Afghanistan, but Sir John Lawrence in Council refuted his proposal, considering that it would be reverting to the disastrous policy of 1838. In January 1875 Lord Salisbury instructed Lord Northbrook to get British agencies settled first at Herat, and next at Kandahar. Lord Northbrook took the advice of seven men best qualified to judge, stigmatised the measure "as a grave error," and objected to Lord Salisbury's tortuous proposal "to induce the Amir to receive a *temporary embassy*," which the writer meant to be permanent, "*ostensibly* directed to some object of smaller interest, which it will not be difficult for your Excellency *to find*, or, *if need be, to create!*" Lord Northbrook refused to be a party to any such dodges, and told Lord Salisbury that if he insisted on sending a mission, "its real purpose ought to be stated frankly and fully," and deprecated the proposal "as involving serious danger." Sir Henry Norman, Sir A. Hobhouse, and Sir W. Muir, all protested against any pressure being put on the Amir, as "it may be the first step in a very disastrous course." General Mackenzie pointed out "the inordinate self-conceit of Lord Salisbury in brushing aside, as so many cobwebs, the deliberate opinions of men intimately acquainted with the people with whom we were dealing; it is obvious that we have no right to withdraw from our pledges to support Afghanistan, because the Amir refuses to let us set aside

another pledge not to force British officers upon him. This is a distinct breach of faith." He noticed the impertinent tone of "the unfledged Viceroy, Lord Lytton," in writing to the Amir and comparing him to a pipkin, etc., and concluded:—"We have provoked a fight with an old and faithful ally, as clearly as any Irishman who ever trailed his coat and challenged a row. . . . I have seldom read anything more humiliating than this record of despotism, trickery, and breach of faith on the part of our Government. This is no party question, but one to be weighed by the Queen and nation in the scales of justice and conscience."

When at last the tragical termination of the embassy took place, numbers of his friends reminded him how exactly he had foretold what would happen. He was greatly grieved at the accounts he received from the army of the unjust and most impolitic way in which the camel-men, cart-men, etc., and their cattle, were treated; and circulated largely Sir Charles Napier's excellent Letter on the management of the baggage of an army, and of camp-followers. The brutality of some officers, even in high positions, made his blood boil. A petty Afghan chief being brought forcibly before an officer in command, made no salam. He was asked why. He said: "I did not come of my own accord; why should I?" Colonel ——, a giant in strength and stature, seized him, and by main force bent him to the ground, and as he would not yield, the free mountaineer was flogged; an act of tyranny which disgraced those who perpetrated it. These things sow the seeds of a hatred which can only be quenched in blood.

My husband said to me one day: "I suppose Roberts is hard at it *now* with Job (Eyub) and his friends. I never grudged the honours which Cavagnari so richly won, albeit in a wrong cause, but I confess I almost envy him the

manner of his death, so becoming a Christian, gentleman, and soldier :—

> 'I'll listen till my fancy hears
> The clang of swords, the crash of spears.'"

On our way back from Herefordshire in the autumn of 1878 we had a most interesting visit to Oxford, and became acquainted with Professor Bonamy Price, Mr. Nutt, and Dr. Liddon, who were all anxious to hear his views about Afghanistan.

The cold at Christmas was unusually severe, and on New Year's Eve, while we were dining with Dr. Liddon, near St. Paul's, my husband was taken so seriously ill that he could not be moved for ten days. Nothing could exceed the brotherly kindness shown us by Dr. Liddon and his sister Mrs. Ambrose.

At the end of August we went *via* Antwerp and Aix-la-Chapelle to Homburg, where my husband took the waters with much benefit, delighting in the early morning walks to the spring and the beautiful drives in the neighbourhood. The most interesting spot near Homburg is the famous Saalburg, one of those forts which mark the boundary of the old Roman Empire, erected by Drusus to defend the famous hedge or palisade which marked the boundary of the Roman Empire from the Rhine to the Danube. There are still some remains of it.

We visited several of the pastors, and heard much of the present state of religion in Germany. At the service in the Reformed Church no chapter was read, only a short Gospel and Epistle, nobody had a Bible, and the communicants consisted of two men and a boy and afterwards about a dozen women. Practically the Reformed Church, like the Lutheran, looks upon all baptized persons as Christians. There is much less infidelity in the pulpit than

formerly, but it has filtered down into the mass of the nation as much in the country as in towns. A good pastor said it was by no means true that the Gospel is generally preached, and when it is preached it has *very little effect.* General Mackenzie said: "I fear the clergy and people do not believe in the necessity of a new birth according to John iii., and therefore not in the Holy Spirit." The pastor assented, and related that a pious Hungarian nobleman wandered all over Germany in search of a truly Christian tutor for his son before he could find one who believed in the Great Teacher, the Spirit of Truth. All say that Romanism has no power of attraction in Germany; it is extremely rare to hear of any one adopting that creed.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the music of the band in the evening. Without any pretensions to be an amateur, my husband had the most vivid enjoyment both of music and painting. He was charmed with "Der Wanderer," by Schubert, and, as he invariably had a quotation applicable to every circumstance, he said the chorus of violins, with a tenor wind instrument, was described in the lines:—

> "While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
> And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed."

It was very refreshing to spend some days at the industrious little Pietist town of Calw to see the Rev. John Hesse, his wife, and family. It was truly a "Happy Valley," and we were surrounded by love and kindness. The General was requested to give an address in the Verein Saal (which is like a mission-room or one for the Young Men's Christian Association). The clergyman who preached in the morning announced that he would do so in a very kind and sympathetic manner, and was present himself. The Saal was well filled, with more men than women. They read the 97th Psalm. Mr. Hesse began, and Dr.

Gundert, long a missionary on the West Coast of India, closed with prayer. Mr. Hesse relates that "the General gave a bird's eye view of India; explained that the spread of the Gospel was due to private effort, not to Government; spoke of Drs. Duff, Wilson, Murray Mitchell, Lenpolt, etc.; of native Christians, Dilawar Khan (the Afghan convert), Gopináth Nandi (the faithful Bengali Christian); the German missionaries; answered several questions about Mission and Government schools; and last, not least, made a good confession of his faith in Christ as the only peace-giver and the only deliverer from sin. He spoke out most decidedly; but the most unmistakable testimony was given by the fact of his appearing and speaking in such a place." It was the 12th October, the anniversary of forcing the Khurd Kabul Pass, and the last time that he spoke in public.

From Calw we went *via* Stuttgard to Bad-Boll to meet two of our dearest friends, Countess Pückler and her daughter. Bad-Boll is quite in the country, an immense barrack-like building forming three sides of a square. It is like a cheerful Protestant convent, where people of all ranks come "apart to rest awhile," some to seek spiritual counsel, some to seek health. The dear old pastor and Mrs. Blumhardt were like the father and mother of the household. Princes, Counts, and officers, a poor penniless artist in bad health, a wealthy tradesman who is blind, single ladies of noble birth and small means, the very pleasing widow of an apothecary, some who can pay and some who can not, all met at table and in friendly brotherly intercourse. It was a sort of Evangelical Retreat from the world and its worries—everything very plain, but with all needful comfort. The maids dined at another table in the same hall. After a cup of coffee and a roll at eight o'clock the books were brought, and the Herr Pfarrer read the Watchword of the Moravians for the day, and made simple

racy remarks upon it, followed by a hymn and prayer. After this he receives any one who wishes to speak to him, in his room. Dinner at noon, consisted of soup and two dishes of meat and vegetables, with a tart on Sunday. Then Pastor Blumhardt read a chapter, made a few remarks, and a short prayer. In the afternoon we walked or drove amid the exquisite scenery around. "Vesper," the equivalent of afternoon tea, was at four, and supper, consisting of soup and a dish of meat, at seven, when a portion of Scripture, a short prayer, and a hymn concluded the day. There were two services in the church on Sunday and one in the week.

At Ulm General Mackenzie recalled with interest Mack's most stupid surrender to the French in 1802.

We returned home by Eplatures, Neuchatel, Dijon, and Paris, where we visited Miss de Broen's Mission to the Communards, and Mr. M'All's wonderful work among the working classes. The most wonderful thing in Paris was to see the blouses—workmen—filling the halls night after night at the end of a hard day's labour, with nothing to attract them but the good news that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The way in which these poor people, both men and women, hung on the lips of the speakers was most striking. The working classes appeared much poorer and worse clad than with us. They have suffered cruelly from the distress of the siege, the horrors of the Commune, and the pitiless vengeance of Government; and the eagerness and gratitude with which they received portions of Scripture and tracts was contrary to all one's received ideas of the population of Paris. The morning we left, the officials at the railway came about us like bees, and thanked us over and over again for what we gave them.

We returned home for the winter, and about New Year he was confined to his room by a severe frost-bite on

his foot, the same part which had been frost-bitten so many years before in Afghanistan. The medical men all pronounced him "perfectly healthy," spoke of his wonderful constitution, but said he had never got over the excessive loss of blood at Bolarum.

It was a cold, wet spring, he had more than one sharp attack of bronchitis, and I suffered so much from spasmodic cough that he took me to Brighton, which did us both much good. He was quite fascinated with the performances of Doughty's dogs, which he visited several times.

Both of us being tolerably restored, we started (12th August 1880) for Teplitz, where the General wished to try the waters which had been so beneficial to his wounds twenty-four years before. The crossing was rough. We went straight from Flushing to Dusseldorf, too long a journey for invalids, and my husband was very unwell for two or three days. We found ourselves in the midst of the great Exposition—with disconsolate travellers, wandering about in all directions, bags and bundles in hand, unable to find a place to sleep in. Fortunately the porter of the Hôtel de l'Europe was one with whom the General had, according to his wont, made friends the previous year at Frankfurt, and through him we were comfortably quartered in a private house. The landlord, a most intelligent man, deplored the effects of the war with France, and said, as did others, that although it was necessary it had demoralised the young men who served.

On the Lord's Day trains were running incessantly and swarms of people arriving, but it did not appear to be any worse than Brighton, where carriages crammed full of excursionists were driving about all day long in defiance of the command that our animals should "rest as well" as ourselves.

The Exhibition was crowded with workpeople and

peasants, with a remarkable lack of beauty among the women. Even the painters seem incapable of representing female loveliness. The men are much better looking. The pictures all seemed carefully drawn and studied, there was nothing scribbled or slurred over, the figures stand out and look round and solid; altogether there was much more conscientious work than is common with us, the subjects were of greater interest, and the story better told, with more dramatic force and expression. General Mackenzie was particularly struck with a most interesting life-size picture of the gallant old Emperor greeted by his wounded soldiers after Königsgratz, by Steffeck, and with a lovely picture, in the Tonhalle, by Albert Bauer, of a young Christian martyr carried to her burial.

He was greatly interested with the Orphan Asylum at Dusselthal, the excellent founder of which, Count Adalbert von der Recke, died only two years ago.

On our journey to Hanover, we met a Russian diplomatist, who related that when he was *Attaché* at that Court twenty years ago, Count Bismarck said to him one day: "A *blind* King." "Yes," he answered, "and a good one." "Mentally so," said Bismarck, "he must be operated on for mental cataract." Even then, he, like so many Prussian statesmen, longed to absorb Hanover, which cut off Prussia from her Rhine provinces. This Russian gentleman spontaneously expressed General Mackenzie's views as to the Afghan war and the absurdity of Russia invading India, saying that for many years to come the interest of Russia will be not to extend but to consolidate her present hold on Turkestan.

We visited the park at Herrenhausen, the beautiful white horses, and the touching monuments of Queen Frederike and King Ernest.

In the Zoological Garden it was most melancholy to see

dogs shut up in cages or miserable little pens, begging for notice. Nothing is to be gained by imprisoning man's best friends—except the angels—they might almost as well shut up specimens of babies. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to petition for the immediate release of these innocent prisoners, condemned to a miserable life so foreign to their nature. Even the puppies looked solemn and wretched.

The North Germans seem to drink beer all day long. We found a decent old woman sitting alone in an arbour over her pot of beer. Well dressed women were breakfasting on ham and beer, even young girls take beer at all the points of view at Teplitz. Passing through Dresden, we had the pleasure of revisiting all our old haunts—the beautiful Grosse Garten, the Bruhl'sche Terrasse, the Green Vaults, and the Gallery. Germany is evidently prospering, for all the towns are increasing. Nothing can be more obliging than all the officials. By serving twelve years in the army a non-commissioned officer has a right to Civil employment, and the character of the Prussian Civil Service stands very high. The custom-houses everywhere proved to be the most amiable of scare-crows, perhaps because of the General's military rank. The Germans are as fond of predicates to their names as ever, but women, who before 1848 would have been called so-and-so's wife, now call themselves "consort" (Gemählinn). In the visitors' list was an "Oekonomiepächters Gemählinn" (tenant-farmer's consort!) Our mornings at Teplitz were occupied in drinking the waters and bathing; the afternoons in long drives through this most interesting neighbourhood. Mariaschein is a famous place of pilgrimage, where a small clay image is said to have worked many wonders. As usual, it is not even the Virgin herself, but the particular image of her which is so

potent. The most curious *ex voto* is a fresco representing the famous "Defenestration" at Prague in 1618, when Count Martinez "who had always had a special devotion *to this image*, was *by it* saved from breaking his neck when pitched out of a window" (according to the vigorous Bohemian fashion of turning out a Ministry), "by coming down on a 'midden!'" The coal-pits and factories are filling the country with black smoke.

The battle-field of Kulm was an object of great interest. Colloredo Mansfeld is commemorated by a monument erected "by the Austrian army to one of its leaders—on the field of his fame," and described as "Terrible to the foe; dear to his own." The Prussian pillar is erected. "Die gefallenen Helden Ihrem dankbaren König und Vaterland" (To the fallen heroes—by their grateful King and country). The women are much prettier in Bohemia, but all over Germany they work far too hard, which makes them prematurely old. So do the elder children, so do the cows and the dogs.

The great Cistercian Monastery at Ossegg has a splendid view of the whole valley. It still retains much of its former grandeur, and has a fine suite of apartments for entertaining distinguished visitors. The monks were walking about outside, in chimney-pot hats and paletôts over their flowing robes, which had a very grotesque effect, and a woman was preparing their sideboard for dinner. The church was draped in black and silver, and there appeared to be a coffin covered by a velvet pall before the high altar, but on inquiry our guide lifted the pall and there was nothing under it! Next day there was to be a mass for the soul of one of the founders. All this *make-believe* seemed so like child's play, that one can hardly imagine educated men taking part in it. The places in the great folio psalter in the church were marked by playing cards!

From Teplitz we went to Weistritz in the Silesian Mountains, and spent three weeks delightfully with our friends Count and Countess Pückler, who took us to see the first soldier of the day—Field-Marshal Möltke. He is very tall and slim, and as active as if he were five-and-twenty, extremely simple, courteous, and quiet in manner, and his sister and sister-in-law most amiable. He soon began an earnest conversation with General Mackenzie, putting short pertinent questions about the wars in Afghanistan and Zululand, their causes, progress, and probable results, agreeing cordially in my husband's condemnation of their folly, especially as to the "fantastic scientific frontier," which he considered an idiocy. The Marshal was curious to know his opinion of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, and several times gave a quiet laugh at the outspoken answers he received. The General happened to say, "Truth is unpalatable," whereat he laughed as if he had experienced *that*. He fully entered into his comparison of Afghanistan to a quicksand which could engulf England's means and honour and those of Russia also. "The Russians," said the Marshal, "have enough to do in holding their own position in Turkestan." It was very satisfactory to my husband that such a soldier should confirm all his freely-expressed opinions. He showed us a portrait of Prince Bismarck—the first impression is "How clever, and how full of fun!" The face brims over with humour. After "Vesper" the Field-Marshal shook hands heartily with us, and expressed his great pleasure at making the General's acquaintance.

Bismarck's popularity rests on the fact that it was he who conceived the great political idea of breaking down the influence of Austria, which was always opposed to that of Prussia. He said to the King in 1866, "Majestät, verschaffen Sie mir einen Sieg" (Get me a victory—I'll

take care of the rest). Möltke got the victory, and was made Count and Field-Marshal. The Deutsche Bund (Confederation) was dissolved, and Bismarck brought about the North German Confederation from which Austria was excluded, and in the same year concluded secret treaties with Bavaria and the rest of South Germany, binding these States to side with the North against France. If Prussia had been better informed of the state of things in France, she would have gone to war with her in 1866; but fearing that she was too strong, Prussia yielded unnecessarily to Napoleon III. at the peace of Nicolsburg, and refrained from annexing Saxony for having sided with Austria. By giving Napoleon four years to prepare, the campaign of 1870 was a far more bloody one than it would have been in 1866. Count Pückler had two sons in the army, and his eldest daughter served as Deaconess in the typhus hospital in France. His second son Friedrich was one of the only three unwounded officers at St. Privat, out of the seventy-five in the 1st Regiment of Guards. He was afterwards struck down by typhus, but recovered. His father went to fetch him at Villers-le-bel, and found a map on the wall on which some one had marked with pins the position of the French Army before Berlin, but military studies must have been disagreeably interrupted by the arrival of the German Army before Paris!

We paid a visit of great interest to our dear old friend the Rev. D. Edward, Missionary of the Free Church of Scotland to the Jews, and Pastor of the Free Evangelical Church of Germany, which has altogether about five hundred communicants. There is a great desire for the pure Gospel in many neighbouring towns, and there have been some most satisfactory conversions among the Jews chiefly from Bohemia. The working classes in Germany seem to have generally given up attendance on public

worship, but Mr. Edward's daughters have most useful classes for big lads, Jewish girls and others, almost every evening in the week. It is a pity we in England know so little of what goes on among our neighbours. For instance there have been some remarkable conversions from Romanism. Count Sedlinsky, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, gave up his See in the reign of Frederick William IV., and afterwards became a Protestant; a most excellent man, Baron Richthoven, renounced his Canonry, joined the Lutheran Church, and was burnt to death under suspicious circumstances about 1877 in Berlin; and the celebrated preacher Knak was a worthy parallel to MacCheyne or Haslam.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

(1881.)

Air—*Morgenroth.*

"Lasst mich gehn, lasst mich gehn,
Dass ich Jesum möge sehn.
Meine Seel ist voll verlangen,
Ihn auf ewig zu umfangen
Und vor Seinem Thron zu stehn."

GUSTAF KNAK.

AT the close of our happy visit to Weistritz an extraordinary degree of cold suddenly set in. The General got a chill on the 20th October, the anniversary of his dangerous illness at Chikalda in 1850, and Bath 1863, but he was anxious to return to England, and we left in spite of the persuasions of our kind hosts on the 22d. A heavy snowstorm came on, a thing unheard of so early in the season, for at least sixty years. He was worse that night at Görlitz, but reached Dresden the following day (23d October), where he continued very ill for about ten days. We had constant visits from kind friends, and the skill of Dr. Elb was blessed to his gradual restoration, but as there was every prospect of a bitter winter, he was ordered to Italy instead of England. He had great pleasure in making the acquaintance of Major von Weber and Captain von Kotselizky, the President and Vice-President of the Anti-Vivisection Society, and rejoiced to see two soldiers fore-

most in the cause of humanity. He often said during his illness: "I am *so* happy here with you." The weather improved, and he was able to drive to Moreau's Monument, a place to which he had constantly walked when we were living at Dresden in 1846.

We left on 17th November, and went by short journeys to Verona. He took a most lively interest in that horrible Museum of Torture at Nuremberg—the "Iron Virgin" made by the contemporaries of Shakespeare (!), and other diabolical implements used by Protestant rulers a hundred years ago. It would be incredible, were there not now office-bearers in the Free Church of Scotland who inflict equal or worse tortures on innocent animals under the same pretexts—"public utility" and the "discovery of truth!" We came away feeling as if we had had a peep into hell. At Innspruck he rejoiced over the faith and hope expressed in the Archduke Rainier's epitaph written by himself. Both the Archduke and his consort read the Scriptures, a privilege belonging to the Imperial family of Austria. The lines run—"My faith shall not fail, O comforting thought! I shall, through His Resurrection leave my grave. . . . My Saviour will call me thither where none die, to Himself."

At Verona we attended the service in the Evangelical Italian Church, and made the acquaintance of the excellent minister Signor Lissolo, who has about one hundred communicants. Thence *via* Milan, to the Grand Hotel at Pallanza on the Lago Maggiore, with which he was so pleased, that we remained for the winter. Although in better general health than for some time past, yet he never fully regained strength, and was seldom able to walk much above a mile; but he enjoyed himself and looked so much fresher, that I had hopes of keeping him with me for some years still. The winter at Pallanza (which, I believe, prolonged his

dear life) was rendered very pleasant by the great friendliness of the other guests in the hotel. General Cadorna, who commanded the army which took possession of Rome for Italy, was among the visitors, and, with the usual courtesy of Italian officers, called on General Mackenzie the moment he arrived. His conversation was most interesting. The army is at present a great means of education for the rural population of Italy. Service in the ranks tends to diminish the provincial spirit and to weld the men together, as Italians. They see other parts of Italy, being moved annually, learn to speak Italian instead of mere patois, acquire habits of discipline, order, and cleanliness. The regimental schools are excellent, and by a wise regulation none are allowed furlough until they can read and write. The consequence is, that they all learn to do both. The Southern Italians are handsomer and much quicker and more intelligent than those of the North, but excitable, less persevering, and less thoughtful. The people of Northern Italy are very poor, but passionately attached to their homes. Every one has a little land, and nothing will induce them to part with it, but all over Italy far too much field labour is exacted from the women.

It was at Pallanza that for the first time in our married life I found, to my grief, that I was the stronger and more able for exertion of the two. He had set his face homewards, and more than once said to a friend: "I *long* to see the Lord face to face." We were joined by our dear sister and niece (Mrs. Baines and her daughter) and had many charming drives together. He was greatly interested in the Italian Wesleyan Mission at Intra under Signor Bossi. There is an excellent day school which is necessary for Protestants, as the Government schools, even in secular hands, teach Romish doctrine. The night school, to which

Signor Bossi and his wife devote their time and their house five evenings in the week, is attended by a hundred hard-worked factory lads and girls of all ages. They often bring their supper in their hands to be in time, at eight o'clock, and return after ten, to do piece-work at home until the small hours. We left Pallanza in April, spent a week in Milan, where my husband rejoiced to meet our valued friends Signor and Signora Turino, and to hear of the progress of the Gospel. The church was so crammed that it was scarcely possible to get in. In all the country churches we had found engravings representing our blessed Lord on His knees, His hands crossed on His breast, at the feet of His mother, who is "dismissing Him with her blessing to enter upon His Passion." My husband was anxious to see with his own eyes the original of so monstrous a perversion of the true relation between Mary and her Son and Saviour. We found it behind the choir of S. Maria di San Celso, a life-sized modern picture. It is called "a most devout image," and a prayer is attached to it, which speaks of the Virgin "giving up her Son to death for the salvation of sinners," and beseeches her to bless and save body and soul, and "by that generous sacrifice which you carried out with heroic intrepidity at the foot of the cross to obtain (*impetrare*) from that Divine Saviour pardon of sin."

We went from Milan to Verona, Padua, and Venice, where my husband was again ill for some days. He had great pleasure in seeing Signor Beruatto of the Free Italian Church, and his zealous colporteur, a former sergeant. The Waldensian pastor was absent. Signor Beruatto has only been a year in Venice, yet he has a communion roll of sixty-seven men and sixteen women, all converts from Romanism except two Jews. He has also charge of a most interesting Ragged School, originated by Mrs. Maximilian Hammond. The poor little fellows, some of whom belong to the families of

old Venetian nobles, are rescued from the most abject poverty and starvation, receive both instruction and food, and are taught shoemaking. The patriarch of Venice had just preached a furious sermon against these "Ministers of Satan, these emissaries of Belial, these ravening wolves who in the guise of placid lambs make a prey of tender children;" and after this the "Veneto Cattolico" testifies that "this most worthy successor of the Apostles joins mildness of soul to gentleness of word!" The patriarch called on his hearers to say "if they would resist the diabolical flatteries of those who have Satan for their father?" They answered: "Yes." "Always?" They shouted "Always!" "Even *unto blood?*" "Even unto blood," was the zealous response; and having this satisfactory assurance His Eminence exhorted his flock to beware of any feeling of "hatred against the unhappy Evangelical Christians, and to abstain from the least act of violence against them."

Ferraroni, the colporteur, says he is almost invariably well received by the people, who are willing to hear about the Word of God. His object is to sell the Scriptures at a low price, and he added: "It is our business to sow the seed; none can tell the result save He who makes it spring up and grow." He owes his own conversion to a single conversation with a colporteur, which induced him to buy and read the Bible. This excellent mission is in great want of funds. There seems great harmony among the different Italian Churches.

General Mackenzie enjoyed the journey towards England. The Brenner Pass looked beautiful in the fresh green of spring with acacias, may, and roses in full flower, and fields of wheat upwards of four feet in height. My husband always delighted in visiting the scenes of great historical events, and it was with lively interest that he looked on the valley of the Adige down which the first

German invaders, the Kimbri, poured into the plains of Italy. These sons of Ingo came with wives and children, cattle, horses, and dogs, great waggons drawn by oxen, which they fastened together and made into a fort or "lager," as the Bohemians afterwards did, and the people at the Cape still do, and on the leather coverings of which the children drummed with all their might, during battle, to call the gods to the help of their fathers. They came a mighty band of settlers seeking a home. They sent to Rome asking for land, seed, and corn, and their request being ignominiously repulsed, they defeated three great Roman hosts, one after the other, devoting every living thing and all the booty to destruction by a vow, as the Jews did the Canaanites. At last, a hundred years before the Christian era, down they came along the impetuous Adige. One could see the stretches of grass by the river where they must have "outspanned" and rested in the midst of the flowery meads for days after the difficulties of the march. They divided the fertile land beyond the pass and dwelt there in peace for a year, till Marius surprised and defeated them near Verona. Then the women defended the waggon-castle and drove back the Romans, until at length, seeing further defence hopeless, they slew their children and hanged themselves. Innumerable women did this, and the German boys who were captured when they grew up, revolted against the Romans and fell in ranks, every one with his death-wound in front. Some of the Kimbri escaped and maintained their freedom among the Alps, and there are still villages of their descendants to be found—one in the neighbourhood of Trent.

The General was so charmed with the warmth and beauty of Trent that we stayed nearly a week. He heard the celebrated organ. Italian is everywhere used at Trent. We found a prayer in the Cathedral: "Cuore

dolcissimo di Maria, siate la mia Salute," with fifty days indulgence attached, and another: "Fa ch'io vi ami sempre più" (Make me love Thee more and more).

At Manheim there happened to be a great meeting of all the singing Associations of the country, and he was delighted, for the last time on earth, with the singing of "a great multitude." The tenderness and sympathy of his nature was shown in that he would scarcely ever go to a concert because, as I had become totally deaf, I could no longer enjoy music.

We hurried over from Holland on learning the increased illness of his friend and brother-in-law Mr. King King, but alas! too late to see him. After our arrival in London on 14th June he was able to attend most of his committees, and always came home refreshed by the warmth with which he had been greeted. He was also present at the Officers' prayer-meeting, which he preferred to all others of a similar kind. At the conference previous to it a naval officer related, that when he and another middy were the only believers on board, he was teaching an old sailor in the sick-bay to read out of the Bible. Some other sailors came and listened. It grew into a prayer-meeting. One day the captain (then an unconverted man) ordered "all hands on deck." The first lieutenant said: "Sir, the men are all below at their prayer-meeting." The captain blustered: "Up with them;" but the next time when the same thing occurred the captain said: "Let them go on with the meeting." Finally the captain and all the officers joined the crew and the ship was called the *Noah's Ark*. He was delighted with this story, and wrote it down for me when he came home. He appeared to be constantly praying, and one could hardly name any one without his adding: "I have been praying very much for him or her lately."

My dear husband was now seventy-five. His great

personal beauty remained undiminished—though, of course, changed by years—unto the last. His dignity and courteous bearing were as remarkable as ever. "He was a prince among men," wrote a life-long friend. "No one ever had so much fun and so much dignity," said another. His sense of humour, his wit, drollery, and youthfulness of spirit never forsook him, and he would sometimes say: "I feel like a boy still." Like all his family he had a wonderful memory, not only for facts, but words. He could recite literally volumes of poetry; for instance, the whole of *Marmion*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, Cantos of *Childe Harold*. One could refer to him as to a dictionary for almost any quotation, and in those commonplace but rare accomplishments, spelling, arithmetic, and Latin quantities, he was infallible. Any lines that struck his fancy, such as Browning's *Martyr*, or even nonsense verses, he could recall years afterwards and always appropriately, so that one of his friends declared he was "deeply read in doggrel," and after forty years, I was constantly surprised by a new quotation. He often said as he walked up and down, "I do like our own house," and made up his mind not to go abroad again for the winter. He was able to dine out once, and took pleasure in the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall. We drove down to Wimbledon to lunch with our old friends Major and Mrs. Scott Phillips, and though he said on starting, "Don't make any more engagements to lunch for me, I'm not fit for it," yet he talked with great animation and said that he had enjoyed it. He had been styled by friends "the worst used man. in the army," but although injustice and neglect had been keenly felt by him at the time, he had long risen above it all, and seemed to forget it. If mentioned by others he used to say cheerfully: "It's all right." He was satisfied in his affections, and still more was he satisfied with his

Lord's Will. Peace and enjoyment marked all this last year. It was as if he had entered into a quiet harbour, leaving "the winds and waves of this troublesome world" outside. Asked one day why he was looking sad, he answered: "I was thinking of some one I once injured;" and then with a sigh of relief: "But it's all *forgiven* long ago." The last time he attended Dr. White's church more than one friend was quite struck by the beauty of his face. One said she never saw anything like it, it was quite heavenly.

Fortunately in July, Messrs. Maull and Fox asked him to sit for a series of photographs they were making of General officers. There was such an expression of peace on his countenance that the photograph is now one of my most precious possessions. He conducted family worship every morning, explaining the passage as of old, and said more than once: "I can say with Spurgeon—when you see my name in the column of the *Times* I shall be glorified."

There had been for a long time an increasing gentleness and loving-kindness towards all. Any harsh word regarding another seemed to pain him like a discord. A pencil scrap in his writing says: "Love among Christians is produced and fostered by a deep sense of His Love to unworthy us." I said something of the cold. He at once quoted:—

> "There's neither cauld nor care *there*, dear,
> But the day is aye fair
> In the land o' the leal."

Mary Douglas, whom he loved as a daughter, came to us for a day. He spoke to her earnestly, and left a tender solemn feeling on her mind, that he was living very near the Lord. He often told others that he was near his end; and just before we left for Scotland, at the end

of August, said to me: "I am getting weaker and weaker like Alexander" (his old friend General Alexander of the Madras Army); but his kind doctor, Mr. Ayerst, said the feeling was produced by slight indisposition, and he soon got better. He turned back in a walk to say good-bye to one of his tradespeople, shook hands, and said: "This is but for a short absence."

He bore the journey to Edinburgh by night very well, had an excellent appetite, and walked after breakfast to see Mr. Douglas in Castle Street. Meeting his old friend Mrs. Milne, he remarked: "I am near the end of a long journey." "Oh," she replied, "you *must* not say that; Bishop Wilson said that for twenty years." He laughed, but added: "It is true though." His hair had become very white; it was impossible to conceal from one's self that he was much aged; and I saw that he was evidently "ripening." We had a very happy fortnight with a large party of dear cousins at Grangemuir, occupying the same rooms which we had on our wedding visit. He often said: "I am so comfortable here, they are so affectionate." His eyes often grew moist as he looked at the little children; and when they caressed him, he prayed for them, and blessed them. He told Principal Shairp that he often lay awake a great part of the night, adding: "And then I pray for myself and for all my friends, and for my enemies too—if I have any."

Almost every morning when asked how he was, he used to say: "I feel I am very near the other shore." Our friends were struck with his calm heavenly state of mind, but did not think him ill. He looked *full* of peace.

I felt it was our *last* visit; and sometimes he looked so aged and frail that my heart sank. Then again he would seem better; and he improved at the end of our stay, and after we came to The Hitchel (my sister's house). On the

17th September he visited the grave of his dear friend Hope-Grant, and said to my cousin Bertha Sanders: "I should like to lie next him." A younger cousin, who was in the house for a few days, wrote afterwards:—"I thought now and again, what is this wonderful solemn calm over him? He had received the summons, and was allowed a time of perfect repose, watching and waiting on the brink. All was arranged by his loving Father for his comfort, and dear cousin Helen's help. No preoccupation—they were so much together." For years I had prayed—often at family worship: "When we die, may we go with *joy*, not with grief; not because of pain or sorrow, but from love to Thee;" and this was fully answered, for he did not seem to have a doubt or a fear. He called on a good many friends, among them on Dr. Graham; and when the latter spoke of the Home above, my dear Colin replied with such full assurance of being there, that Dr. Graham was quite struck with it. A casual remark, showing his full assurance of faith, impressed me very much. Formerly, I suppose like all very vigorous organisations, he had a great dread of the last act of dying; now this seemed to have been entirely taken away. He often expressed his pleasure at my sister's affection and care for his comfort.

On Sunday, 25th September, we took a long walk together in Blackford Road, and the neighbourhood—our last walk. On Wednesday he walked to see Mrs. Milne and Dr. Bonar, and then to my dear mother's grave in the Grange Cemetery. We dined with the Aitchisons on Friday, 30th; and he spoke to his dear hostess of his willingness to depart, adding: "If it were not for Helen, I should like to go *to-night*." Sir Charles Aitchison remarked: "He is ripe for the better life."

There was no definite malady till the last three weeks, and even then no pain, and he had a fair appetite; but

he constantly expressed his conviction that he was "near home," but seldom said so to me, knowing how hard it would be for me to hear it; but in writing my name in my Bible, he added, towards evening: "At eventime it shall be light" (Zech. xiv.), and this was the chapter (in the Bible and Prayer Union) for the day he died. On the 1st October, writing about his faithful friend and comrade, Vincent Eyre's death:—"Oh that the Lord may come quickly! I think I shall go to Him quickly, but I am *not impatient*, for my life is valuable to others." He was very far from well. I was much alarmed, and wrote to Mr. Ayerst that I dreaded the 20th October, as he had three times been dangerously ill on that day. The frights I had had about him, and the anguish I went through, prepared me. I tried not to let him see my anxiety; but the last week I could no longer ask that he might be spared to me, but only: "If it be for Thy glory, and his own happiness." I pleaded the promise: "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, *shall* keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," and it was fulfilled. I was enabled to give him up into the Lord's hands, to do as He in His love to him saw best.

On the 13th October he wrote to his dear niece Bertha to tell her that the Doctor was anxious about him, adding:—"I can only leave the result in the hands of our Heavenly Father, Whose will be done! You need not anticipate my *speedy* death, but it is better to face every probable or possible trial. . . . I may be mistaken as to my danger." But on the 14th October he was "going on as well as can be." We had some pleasant drives to the Braid Hills 1st October.—Ravelstone 8th.—Queen's Drive on the 15th, and the 18th, a bright sunny day, in an open carriage to Craigmillar—the last drive I had with him. We took afternoon tea with Mary Douglas. My oldest friend E. E.,

who had been one of my bridesmaids, had lived with us at Dresden, and had helped to nurse him at Bath, had been staying with us since the end of September.

His sight had been failing for some time, and very rapidly the last ten days. Mr. Ayerst told him there was no fear of blindness; but he read with difficulty, and latterly hardly anything but Spurgeon's *Morning by Morning*, and *Evening Light* at night. I read the Bible with notes to him daily, and E. and my sister helped me in reading to him a great part of the day, so that he was never dull. I read *New Lines and Old*, with which he was delighted, and the *Conversion of a High Church Vicar*. These two, with Spurgeon's *Bells on the Horses*, were his last gifts to many. We also read the newspapers, and divers books. The last was Kingston's *Two Supercargoes*, for he was as fond as ever of stories of adventure.

One evening I found him speaking earnestly to my maid. She told me afterwards that he had said: "I know I am soon going home; I am quite ready, waiting the Lord's time. Pray that you may meet me at the marriage supper of the Lamb." He wrote to many that he was "near the end of his journey;" and at our last visit, 17th October, to our faithful friends Dr. and Mrs. George Smith, he said to her, "Well, good-bye, dear; if we do not meet here again, we shall meet at Headquarters," looking up with such a beautiful expression that it was more eloquent than words. He felt "decidedly better" the last ten days, and was trying to walk without a stick. On Thursday the 20th October —the fatal date—he had a very restless night with shooting pains in his left leg. On Friday he told them at breakfast that in the night he felt so exhausted that he thought he was dying; but he appeared so much better that Dr. Bryce thought "we were out of the wood," though he said afterwards he could not have lived many months, and attributed

the pains to gouty neuralgia. I went out for some commissions, and when I came back thought him looking pale and dull. He took scarcely any notice of a large-type Bible, in portions which I brought him as a present; but he asked for my tablet, and wrote the single word, "Darling!"

I read to him till ten o'clock, and after prayers he said: "Let's go to bed, I'm so tired." He walked up stairs quite strongly, but soon complained of pain in his forehead, "as if his head were opening and shutting," and also of palpitation; but I could not feel any. He said: "Abide with me." I quoted—

> "Abide with me,
> For without Thee I cannot live;
> Abide with me when night is nigh,
> For without Thee I cannot die."

He corrected me, "dare not die." We had a most trying night of incessant restlessness. I could not understand why he did not answer me, nor why he did not take hold of the tumbler, but let it fall;—I cannot account for my being so stupid. I wrote early to tell Dr. Bryce he was very ill; when he came he said he was unconscious, and feared the vessels of the head were plugged, but thought he was too insensible to suffer. All that day he lay as if asleep, with intervals of restlessness, but would open his mouth to take the milk when I spoke to him. He several times took my hand and kissed it. My maid said, "The Lord will be with you;" he answered, "Amen!" and once he said, "Pray for me," which I did. Dr. Bryce found him "no worse" at three P.M., but at eight his breathing became very loud and oppressed. He never moved the left arm or leg, but was now and then restless with the right. I could soothe him by stroking his head and rubbing his leg and foot, in which dear E. helped. He squeezed our hands, but by ten that

night all power of swallowing was gone; we could only moisten his dear lips with a sponge. Thinking he might hear, I prayed several times that the Lord would fulfil His own promise "to *come* and receive him to Himself" (John xiv. 3), and that if it were possible, He would give some token, let us see some trail of the glory; that He would ease and bless him body and soul. I repeated, "This is a faithful saying, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,'" and others. The last thing I read to him were the first three verses of John xiv., which we had read together on our wedding evening thirty-eight years before.

About seven A.M. the throbbing in the head and chest grew weaker. I watched closely, there was no sign of pain in the dear face; nothing but the slightest possible contraction over the left eyebrow.

At a quarter to nine he opened his eyes, which went back in his head like a person fainting. I thought he was gone; when suddenly he turned them full on me, so bright and blue and young, with such a radiant loving look, so arch and so joyful, that it was like telling me to rejoice, because he was safe through. I can never thank the Lord enough for it. He shut them again, and was at home with the Lord, which is very far better.

Amen! So let it be.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XXVII.

(A, p. 137.)—His faithful friend General Bell, who had left for Burmah, wrote:—"I feel indignant that there should be people in the world who can seriously attach any blame to you. But even those who have allowed their minds to be biassed, are agreed as to the noble and Christian-like manner in which you have borne all you have passed through." Lord Harris, Governor of Madras at that time, a personal stranger, wrote:—"I have been much disgusted at the avidity with which condemnation of Brigadier Mackenzie was jumped at without any proof, and that by his own countrymen."—*7th November* 1855.

(B, p. 140.)—Up to this time Captain S. Orr had borne a high character for personal gallantry. Having been Adjutant of Broadfoot's Jezailchis at Jellalabad, Mackenzie looked upon him as a sort of legacy from his friend and brother-in-arms, and lost no opportunity of forwarding his interests, standing by him through good and evil report. He greatly contributed to obtain for him the command of this very 3d Cavalry, and had exerted himself to save his commission, which was imperilled the previous year, for all of which he expressed himself most grateful.

(C, p. 145.)—No one ever heard of Mozuffur Khan's supposed service until the appearance of the General Order;

the Second in command and the Adjutant of the Rissallah, as well as the Resident, all declared they knew nothing of it. But when Mrs. Mackenzie assured the Resident that from her personal knowledge she could testify that Mozuffur Khan never came, and that Muhammad Huseyn did so, and that this could be proved by every person in or about the house that night, his reply was: "But after all it is a matter of *no consequence!*"

This jemadar had been placed under arrest on charges of using mutinous language *two days* before the outbreak. He was now dismissed without any examination into the truth of these charges, though, if true, they disproved the assertion that the act of the Brigadier in arresting the incipient mutiny could be the cause of that which existed at least two days previously. This unfortunate jemadar addressed a petition to Government (of course through the Brigadier) entreating a trial, but this the Resident refused either to read or to forward to the Supreme Government.

(D, p. 145.)—The case of this jemadar was peculiarly hard, in being dismissed after thirty years' service. He had shown his zeal by coming over instantly; on arriving at the house he received repeated orders as from the Brigadier not to fire. The havildar bore witness to the Brigadier having more than once refused him permission even to load. He could get *no direct orders*.

The decision of Government being made known *before any of the trials had taken place*, the mutinous sawárs, many of whom were previously anxious to give testimony in hopes of escaping punishment, being reassured, shut their mouths, and no information could henceforth be obtained from them.

Only the Rissaldar and two jemadars were dismissed, the others pleading innocence and *alibis*. Some of the assassins were condemned to penal servitude (one of them for fourteen years), and to crown the whole the ex-Rissaldar, Mix Banda Huseyn, the most guilty of all, was in 1857-8

re-enlisted in Colonel Beatson's Horse with fourteen of his followers![1]

(E, p. 147.)—Government was *not unanimous*, for Sir John Low, judging merely from the very imperfect evidence before the Council, maintained that on purely military grounds, for the sake of upholding discipline, the Brigadier ought to be retained at Bolarum, and that he ought not to be in any way publicly blamed for going out in person. He also believed that he had persuaded the Governor-General in Council to bring the cavalry in Mackenzie's division under his command at once, but this was only done subsequently. General Low was kept in ignorance of what the Governor-General intended to do.

(F.)—On his return to England the Brigadier applied (June 1856) to the Court of Directors for compensation for his wounds; this was refused on the ground that the regulation mentioned only wounds received "from enemies in the field," his being from mutineers in a garden.

In 1858 Her Majesty's warrant having formally recognised mutineers as enemies, and wounds received at their hands as entitling to pension, Major Mackenzie represented to the Viceroy that this brought his case within the letter of the regulations, mentioning that "he had received in battle at Sir W. Macnaghten's murder, etc., seventeen wounds, and had never asked for compensation until he was maimed." Lord Canning viewed the matter in the same light, and ordered a medical committee to report upon the Brigadier's wounds, which they pronounced "equal at least to the loss of one limb." This order of the Governor-General was, according to the practice of the service, a recognition of the validity of his claim. It illustrates the confusion with which public business was transacted, that

[1] Sir Hugh Rose used to relate that a squadron of this same 3d Cavalry, when ordered to charge on the banks of the Betwah, rode clean away, leaving him to be carried off by the enemy had not a troop of Bombay cavalry gallantly driven the mutineers across the river.

after Mackenzie's appeal had been thus favourably answered, Colonel Birch, the military secretary to Government, wrote on the 30th September, saying:—"It does not appear to the Governor-General that you are entitled to the benefits of the Wound Regulations *under any view* of them." To this the Brigadier rejoined that he had already received two favourable replies from His Excellency, one through his military secretary, the other through the Adjutant-General, requesting him to appear before a Medical Board ordered to decide on the amount of pension due to him. He received a reply from the Viceroy's military secretary, informing him that his request had been sent "for the *favourable consideration of the Secretary of State*," and every one congratulated him on the pension being secured. It was therefore a very disagreeable surprise to receive in May 1859 the following extract from Lord Stanley's Despatch to the Viceroy (16th May 1859):—

"I regret being obliged to confirm the decision you have thus passed adverse to Major Colin Mackenzie, for I entirely concur with you that he is an officer who has established many claims to the consideration of Government by a long course of distinguished service."

In 1861 a fresh Royal Warrant declared that the right to wound pensions *depended on the result of an examination by a Medical Board*, and made the rules retrospective to March 1854. Sir John Lawrence in Council (certainly a better judge of a soldier's duty than the Military Auditor-General) considered that this warrant applied to Colonel Mackenzie's case, and recommended that he should receive his "wound pension with arrears." They represented that "the very grave nature of the wounds received by Colonel Mackenzie, while in the execution of what, it cannot be doubted, he honestly believed to be his duty, and the very serious effects which they have permanently entailed, would, we believe, be sufficient grounds to justify our supporting, as a special case, this officer's prayer. But Colonel Mackenzie has established other claims upon the consideration of the Government he has served for so many years with credit and distinction. His bearing in Afghanistan is remembered now; and the

example he afforded, and the high position he maintained during those memorable times were of equal value. Indeed throughout a long and distinguished military service, Colonel Mackenzie has ever been actuated by a high sense of duty to the State, and has unswervingly endeavoured to perform it."

To this Sir Charles Wood replied (25th May 1864):—"I appreciate very highly the merits and services of Colonel Mackenzie," but blamed the Government of India for reopening the case, because his case had been pronounced inadmissible in 1856 and 1859, that is *before* the new regulations were made (with retrospective effect to 1854), which, in the judgment of the Government of India, entitled Colonel Mackenzie to a fresh decision. Sir Charles Wood added, however, that should the Government of India "consider that Colonel Mackenzie has claims to a special pension on other grounds than the injuries sustained at Bolarum, he would entertain the recommendation." The Government responded to this suggestion, and Sir Charles Wood announced the grant in the following handsome terms (29th September 1864):—

"The Government of India have brought specially to notice the varied and distinguished character of your services, and have recommended that, in acknowledgment thereof, a special annuity of £200 should be granted to you. . . . Concurring fully in the estimation in which your character and services are held by the Governor-General in Council, and in especial recognition of your courageous and honourable bearing during the memorable events of the Afghan war, it will give Sir Charles Wood pleasure to communicate the sanction of H.M.'s Government to the grant proposed."

Still this was not the Wound Pension to which he was entitled, and so strongly did the Government of Madras feel the justice of his claim that in 1869 they appealed to the Supreme Government, and on their refusal to reopen the case, Lord Napier in Council took the unusual step of forwarding his memorial direct to the India Office. The Secretary of State declared the adverse decision final.

In 1874, after his final return to England, he laid a memorandum on the subject before Lord Salisbury, who, while adhering to the decision of his predecessors, stated that he was "very sensible that his services have been distinguished," and increased the Special Good Service Pension to £300 a year.

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